

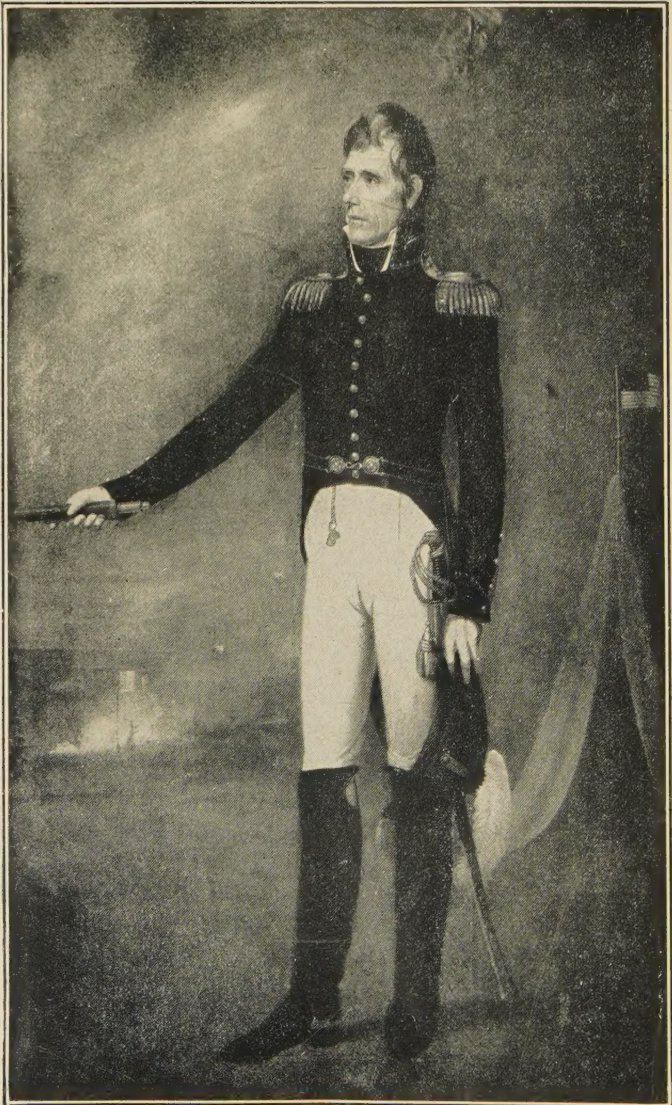
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HEARTS OF HICKORY

By John Trotwood Moore

By John Trotwood Moore

OLE MISTIS—SONGS AND STORIES FROM TENNESSEE
JACK BALLINGTON, FORESTER
THE BISHOP OF COTTONTOWN
A SUMMER HYMNAL
UNCLE WASH—HIS STORIES
THE GIFT OF THE GRASS
TENNESSEE—THE VOLUNTEER STATE
THE OLD COTTON GIN
HEARTS OF HICKORY



GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON

(From a portrait of General Jackson in the Military uniform of the United States Army as worn by him at the battle of New Orleans, presented to the State of Tennessee by Justice John Catron of the United States Supreme Court who was Major on General Jackson's staff at the battle of New Orleans and also Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee.)

HEARTS *of* HICKORY

*A Story of Andrew Jackson and
the War of 1812*

BY

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE

AUTHOR OF "THE BISHOP OF COTTONTOWN," "THE GIFT
OF THE GRASS," "A SUMMER HYMNAL," "JACK
BALLINGTON, FORESTER," ETC.



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HEARTS OF HICKORY

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DEDICATION

In Memory of
CAPTAIN THOMAS M. STEGER

Friend, Soldier, and Scholar
Who has passed

and

To My Wife

MARY DANIEL MOORE

In very tender appreciation of her
great help to me in the preparation of this book

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FOREWORD

FOREWORDS, we believe, are seldom necessary or even appropriate. And never, except to give credit to whom credit is due. To the memories of Theodore Roosevelt and Emerson Hough this book is legatee, as follows:

In the spring of 1914 Emerson Hough and the author of this story visited the grave of Meriwether Lewis, whose tragic death, in November, 1809, at Grinder's Tavern, sixty miles south of Nashville, Tennessee (and in what is now Lewis County, named in his honor), on the old Natchez Trace road leading from Nashville to Mobile and New Orleans, has been always, more or less, a mystery. It was agreed between us that we would start a movement to induce the great Republic, to whose territory Lewis' epoch-making exploration added a third to its domain, to properly honor this wild spot in the wood by making it a National Monument under the War Department.

At present the grave is very appropriately marked by a monument erected in 1848 by the Legislature of Tennessee.

Later, the aid of that great American, Theodore Roosevelt, was sought and by his own enthusiastic request he was added to this committee of three. It was agreed among us that Mr. Hough should write a historical novel of the Lewis and Clark exploration, which he did in his splendid book "The Magnificent Adventure," and that the writer should follow with a story on Andrew Jackson covering the period immediately following, and showing how, while Jefferson with far-sighted vision purchased this uncertainly defined, immense, and inexhaustibly rich empire which now is the seat of fourteen great and sovereign States, it was Lewis and Clark who made it

American from the Missouri to the Columbia and Pacific Ocean by the divine right of that daring courage and scientific skill that carried the flag there, but it was Andrew Jackson who saved it at New Orleans.

It was Mr. Roosevelt's request that he might see the manuscript of these stories before publication. This one was submitted to him when three-fourths finished in the winter of 1917, and the author cherishes among his sacred archives his letter of praise and commendation, far exceeding, through friendship, we fear, the actual merits of the manuscript. Perhaps his praise partly caused us to make this historical story different, as we told him: *to histrionize fiction and not to fictionize history.*

Roosevelt and Hough have passed, each immortal in his sphere. Perhaps this stirred the remaining one to carry on. In November, 1924, President Coolidge, after saying that no honors by the National Government were too great to be paid to Meriwether Lewis, graciously signed the proclamation submitted to him by the President and Secretary of the Meriwether Lewis Memorial Association making the grave a National Monument. On April 13, 1925, the Legislature of Tennessee generously added one hundred and fifty acres to the fifty acres on which are the grave and monument which had previously been donated to the Meriwether Lewis Memorial Association by Mr. J. Clint Moore, of Columbia, Tenn., and on August 18, 1925, before a vast assembly of thousands of admirers of the great explorer, it was formally presented to the Federal Government by the Honorable Austin Peay, Governor of Tennessee, who has been unremitting in every effort to assist the writer in consummating his long-pledged efforts, and formally accepted by the Government in patriotic speeches by Brigadier General A. J. Bowley, of Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and the Honorable De Long Rice, Commissioner of Shiloh National Park. Moreover, many of the States now comprising the great empire which Lewis and Clark made forever American have, through their Governors or civic and patriotic clubs, agreed to contribute their quotas to a fund to build there a memorial in keeping

with the greatness of his deeds and the tragedy of his death.

JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE,
*President of Meriwether Lewis Memorial Association
and Director of Libraries, Archives and History, State
of Tennessee.*

Nashville, Tennessee,
November 16, 1925.

HEARTS OF HICKORY

I

MUSTERING OUT

THEY swung out of the forest trail into the full sunlight of the clearing on the Cumberland. It was morning and May. The wilderness was behind them—that somber, unlighted, unbroken forest of half a thousand miles through which, for nearly a year, they had marched and fought. Home was before them—home and their womenfolk.

They swept through the one street of the village, a grim, dun rank of Indian fighters in a medley of music. Bass drums and kettledrums throbbed and rattled. Company bugles poured out their blaring notes; wild shouts went up to heaven at sight of the home town, and through it fell the shrill crescendo of fife and flute—a thin, fine tone of rhapsody piercing the cloudy tumult of noise; in all a roar half-Indian and half-white—a boisterous, riotous roar that was, indeed, half-horse.

At the public square, where the cheering throng of home folk awaited them, they caught up the fife notes with their lips, and poured out in vibrant guttural music the fierce joy of home-coming in the words of the old marching song they had carried through a winter of long trails and wilderness battles of hunger, famine, and death:

“Home ag’in, home ag’in!
Now we’ll drink ole Tennessee gin.
Ole Zip Coon, Turkey in the Straw,
I’d ruther go to hell than to go to war!

March on, march on,
There's one mo' river to cross,
March on, march on,
I'd swap my gun for an ole blin' hoss."

They came on in companies, unaligned, in the pigeon-toed, Indian swing of the forest stride that carries far and long. There was a flash of tawny, unkempt manes beneath leathern caps, a gleam of rifle barrel and bear knife as they wheeled by the right flank and rushed boyishly forward to the center of the square for the mustering out.

The Creek War was finished. The Indian fighters were boys again, at home again. They swept, column after column, halting before a reviewing stand raised against the roughhewn logs of the courthouse.

"Ground f'lock!" (firelock).

The butts of the heavy rifles hit the ground with the rumbling noise of rolling thunder.

"Stack f'lock!"

The barrels clattered together in gleaming tripods.

"In place, rest!"

Powder horns leaped over shoulders of buckskin, over leathern caps, and were hung on the tips of ramrods.

Philippe sat his horse at the edge of the crowd where the long wooden bridge spanned the Cumberland. It was an unbroken mass of men, women, and children flanking the square where the Indian fighters were pouring into the center.

No one passed, but stopped to look at this horseman so different. They could see that he was not yet twenty, and not too large even on the horse that lifted him above the crowd; that he was broad of shoulders, clean and straight, thick of chest and back, swart and hard as a young hickory.

But what held them was that his face was the face of romance and beauty. Even the unlettered wilderness

knew it. Above them, the rough people of the wilderness, he sat, the statue of another age.

An artist seeing the picture would have labeled it: *Two Civilizations*. In only one thing was he Western: he carried his rifle strapped to his saddle.

It might have been ridiculous as a picture: to him it was a fact—a serious, stern fact, that he was there at all. For though he lived only twelve miles away, near the Hermitage, never had he been to town before, nor mingled with these strange, half-wild people whom his mother called *canaille*. His frankly inquisitive, earnest, and half-embarrassed glance showed that he, too, sensed his incongruous surroundings: the half-savage soldiery in the center, in buckskins and with the bear knives of the forest; the homespun folk in the background, primitive from headgear to untanned leggins and raw-hide shoes; and he, a royally dressed statue in their midst on a pedestal which was a superb horse.

His hat was fur with a white cockade in the jaunty tilt of it; behind, the feather of a white swan plumed it arrow-like. His jacket was a fine cloth of blue. A half-military cloak, with gold lace on sleeves and shoulder, was thrown back from the neck, showing a yellow embroidered monogram on the collar. His legs were clothed with doeskin in soft-top boots, morocco-tipped in front and with silver spurs behind.

And, withal, he was as unaware of himself as a saint of his halo. Chivalry was in his eyes, dark brown and romantically tender, even as they glanced alertly around, as if to find some friend in all that crowd. In the gentle, sensitive curve of lip and mouth, in the eager, service-seeking face, in the cluster of auburn curls that fell halfway to his shoulders, was both romance and knight-errantry.

"He's that French woman's son."

As his heart was pounding in the glory of the martial scene before him these words fell like a slap to his burn-

ing cheeks. His joy and boyish excitement quickly subsided as he turned and looked into the upturned faces of two overcurious wilderness girls who were openly discussing him. Turning in his saddle, his head went up proudly; he looked them in the face and raised his hat with beautiful grace.

Immediately two starchily dressed, rather fat girls dived crimson-faced into the crowd.

He was instantly alert in the saddle, attracted by a greater and wilder roar that swept across the crowd in a wave of huzzahs and shouts of laughter. It was the rear of the home-coming soldiers dressed as Indians, in red paint and feathers, with weather-beaten scalps dangling from their belts. They came into the square with Indian whoops and yells, doing the war dance of the Red Sticks.

"Crockett and his Scouts!" The cry rang through the crowd.

Indeed here he was, the great Indian fighter, with a reputation that spread fear in the hearts of all the red-skins in the wilderness: Crockett dressed in the elaborate headgear of a chief, in moccasins, leggins, and with face and hands a bronzed red. His pantomimes, wit, and sallies rolled in a wave of laughter before him. A half dozen Indian scalps at his belt told of a time when his pantomimes were real.

A small, tired, faded woman with quick, black eyes, stood almost under the boy's horse. Two sturdy boys clung to her gown and she held an infant in her arms. At sight of Crockett her dull face lit with intense excitement. A proud, cackling, half-hysterical laugh broke from her lips. The little fellows became beseechingly wild: "Daddy—I want to go to daddy."

They yelled it in unison and rushed about, butting into the solid mass around them; failing, they turned to climb up their mother's skirt to perch on her shoulders. She looked up wistfully into the boy's face. Already he had seen. He raised his hat: "Madam, it will be a pleasure—

a great pleasure. Here, little man, give me your hand."

They were used to it. They climbed upon the horse almost unaided. In an instant one sat before him on the pommel, the other behind.

"I'm so much obleeged to you, mister. Them chaps sho' led me a dance this day. We came fifty mile in a wagon to git here; been up nigh all night. That 'ar oldes' one is Johnnie W. He's gwine on seven and t'other's named Billy and he's nigh five."

"Fine little men! I hope they'll be as great men and fighters as their father."

"We'll do it or bust!" came vauntingly, humorously back. It was the six-year-old braggart behind him.

"Bet yo' life we will!" It was echoed from the boasting mite in front.

The rider sat watching the grand scene. Now, he realized the meaning of life; this sacrifice and blood; the hardships shown in broken forms and worn faces; the wounded, the crippled, the sick—all had done their duty. All had offered their lives for home and a holy cause.

O the rapture of it to the boy of Romance and Beauty! All were coming home!

For half an hour they filed by. . . .

There burst through the crowd a wild Indian chief. He seized the faded little woman standing near and kissed her savagely. The two boys jumped from the horse into his arms.

The Honorable David Crockett gathered them all to his bosom.

"Polly, don't cry, gal, don't cry! I wasn't kilt as the papers said. Polly, it was a lie. I can prove it by the whole company. Whar's Pamela?"

The lusty one shouted for instant recognition. Crockett looked up. His face began to change, seriously, and then amusedly. "Wal," he said drawlingly, "ef you ain't the pretties' n' nices' little gentleman that ever fell from the clouds into the wilderness! Whar'd you come from?"

His wife whispered to him, pulling his arm.

"An' we're obleeged to you, obleeged to you, sir—Polly an' me—all o' us."

They turned to go, the woman looking back at him smiling.

The boy raised his hat: "The pleasure has been mine, madam."

Even amid the tumult the rough crowd had stopped to look at the unusual scene. Some were too polite to speak; others laughed; some derisively and with sneers.

The rider sat unconcerned. It was so perfectly natural for him to be a gentleman.

But, O the honor of it—these fighters! O the glory of coming home a victor, a Captain of Duty—home to wife and child!

There came across the square a cheer that drowned all others. The boy looked, and the hero-worship which lay dormant in his eyes and which he had come to town this day to visualize shone deep within them.

A tall man was mounting the reviewing stand. A committee of citizens surrounded him. His face was sallow and thin. He wore a weather-beaten cap, a faded, blue uniform, and high boots, too large for his thin legs. His feebleness was pronounced. Two young, strong officers all but lifted him above the crowd which had broken into frenzied cheers at sight of him, and stood bracing him, his cap off, his streaked, red hair rolling high over a lofty forehead. He looked commandingly across the crowd.

Would it never cease, this raving, glorying ovation from the thousands of people who rolled up civilian shouts mingled with the wild, Indian yells of the rough fighters in front? The magnetism of the man had been felt instantly. The boy found himself wondering why he, too, schooled by the Chevalier Dumouriez to self-control, was now standing in his stirrups and waving his hat with the others.

General Jackson was speaking. The address was not long, but it was delivered with directness and struck with the sureness of a rifle bullet. It was simple, as one comrade would talk to another; not a gesture, not a flash of fine things, but almost at the sound of his voice sleeves went to fierce eyes, and as he spoke the old-time fighting fire kindled and leaped upward through the ashes of starvation and disease. Strong, rough faces grew quiet, weeping openly, boldly; the sick ones on the strong shoulders of comrades.

He told of their sacrifices, their devotion, their bravery. Tenderly his ringing voice dropped as he spoke of the sick and wounded among them, of his determination to care for them, their wives, and their children. Almost with tears he told of the unreturned dead, whose graves, hereafter, should mark a highway of memories, a road of progress, a fee simple forever blazing the paths of civilization and progress for the feet of the great Republic which now had a chance to live.

Of their achievements, *they* were for the future—for the Future's heritage of sacrifice and patriotism.

It had come, this utter destruction of the powerful allies of Britain, just in time; their unparalleled victories, never before won in Indian warfare, had come when the gloom was densest, the crisis greatest.

"Within a few days," he said, "you have annihilated the power of a nation that for twenty years has been the disturber of your peace. Your vengeance has been satisfied. Wherever these infuriated allies of our archenemy assembled for battle, you pursued and dispersed them. The rapidity of your movements and the brilliancy of your achievements have corresponded with the valor by which you have been animated. The bravery you have displayed in the field of battle, and the uniform good conduct you have manifested in your encampment, and on your line of march, will long be cherished in the memory of your

general, and will not be forgotten by the country which you have so materially benefited.”¹

“The whip is now in your hand; the rifle has always been yours. We have killed the Red Dog; now, men, by the Eternal God, let us go at the bulldog’s throat. Will you follow me, my lean hounds?”

There was one wild shout of assent.

“Till then, my brave men, farewell. May God, in whom we trust, and who has given us, so far, the victory, be with us till then.”

He turned erect, fearless, triumphant.

Again they saw the grim commander of Emuckfau, Talladega, Tohopeka.

“God bless you, God bless you!” He lifted his cap. He almost collapsed with the effort. Stern tears stood in the eyes of him of whom it had been said that they never saw a tear.

Rough hunting coats surged around him in clamorous exultation. He had spoken their rallying cry. They laughed it. They danced it. They whooped it: “Now for the bulldog’s throat! Lead us, Old Hickory, lead us ag’in’ the bulldog! Lead us now!”

It was over. General Jackson stood in the midst of the committee appointed to escort him to the ball and reception prepared for his triumph.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “I fear I am too feeble. Honor these”—he turned and affectionately placed his hand on the tall shoulders of a dark, somber giant who stood by—“to these belong the triumph, not to me.”

His hand rested tenderly on the shoulder of this one: “Here he is, John Coffee, the greatest natural-born general God ever gave to the Republic; and Houston, he is not here, he is sick and wounded—the first, save one, to go over the breastworks at the Horseshoe Bend; and Carroll, a brave fighter, my counselor and pillar of support.”

¹ “The Life of Andrew Jackson,” by John Henry Eaton, pages 185-186.

Then his hand sought the shoulder of a man, younger and taller than the others, of quiet face and stern demeanor, with dark eyes that were far-seeing, and rich auburn hair cut squarely away, a glossy mane above his shoulders: "Captain Jack Trevellian, our pillar, also, and support, our savior in the attack at Enotochopco."

He waved his hand: "And all these men of the ranks, gentlemen. Give honor to whom honor is due. Let your tired General go to his home for a brief rest."

From the extreme end of the square the boy had gradually closed in until the boy and horse now stood by the platform within ten feet of the man who had so kindled in his soul a fierce but holy fire.

At the mention of his name, the boy's eyes rested on the form of Captain Trevellian.

From keen exultation his eyes fell to sullen silence.

Two things had made it: the calm, fearless face of Captain Trevellian; and again it had come to him subconsciously, he was the center of amused looks, of jeers, of open remarks as the crowd began to see him for the first time.

Surrounding him was a group of men with unshaven faces and long, flowing hair, some of which was plaited in buckskin; all dressed in battered, torn buckskins that told of hardships, of bloody battles, of long marches attended with death and disease; heavy moccasins of undressed deer; caps of leather or fur. As they passed him they eyed him humorously; some laughed and others with a silent, malicious sneer, while others with free comment abused him to their friends in profane words as they passed him.

"*The damned little gentleman*" (it came scowlingly from a big soldier near by), "*so clean, so beautiful; looks like a duke—whar'd you git that ruffled shirt?*"

The boy flushed to his eyes. Never before had it

occurred to him that one should wear anything but a ruffled shirt on public occasions.

They surrounded him, boisterous, hilarious, fun-loving, keen-witted, braggart bullies!

"Throw mud on 'im, throw a louse on 'im boys—mess 'im some way—he's too clean an' purty."

Shouts of laughter followed this. *"An' them little red curls under that grandma's bonnet."*

The boy turned deadly white for shame, but not of his own making. The little mother—they were hers; not for the world would she think of clipping them. And the cockade hat, the feather of the white swan shimmering behind; had not the Chevalier Dumouriez always made him wear it on dress parade? And was not the General one of the nobility of France—one of her greatest generals?

They fingered, humorously, his finely finished boots. They touched, with affected sacredness, his beautifully fitted coat and feigned removing the gold braid and the monogram from his collar.

The boy looked gravely ahead, noticed not, nor answered, like the gentleman he was; but he wished himself anywhere else than there. O for little mother and the cottage on Hunter's Hill!

Suddenly he was conscious of its ceasing, as the clamor of a flock of crows when a hawk swoops down. The silence hurt him more than their noise, for it gave him time to think of his loneliness and the undeserved ridicule. He wished he had not overpersuaded his mother. If only he had not come to the dirty, noisy town where they drank whisky from barrels with tin dippers tied to them, and insulted gentlemen who had done them no harm.

The eagle that had stopped the crows was General Jackson. He was riding slowly past on a gray thoroughbred horse with a group of officers surrounding him.

The boy felt his presence before he saw him; and as he turned in the saddle, General Jackson, the best judge

and greatest lover of horses in the Southwest, was looking with keen, quick eyes at the horse the boy was riding. The boy understood instantly. A proud smile shone on his lips and in the sparkle of his brown eyes. He knew what *his* horse was; nor did he fear unjust criticism there. Secretly, in his boyish pride, he exulted to think that in all the troop of mounted riflemen led by the grim giant, whom they called General Coffee, not one of them could eat grass in the same pasture with his Pacolet!

He turned shyly. General Jackson was talking and pointing out to the officers the good qualities of the boy's horse.

"He is low, Major," he was saying, "and that long back and bunch of driving power behind looks like my old Truxton. He is clean in his pipe, with thin nostrils and a clean-cut head of intelligence. His legs are a trifle short; he would be slow getting away, but he comes mighty nigh being a horse that would run all day if put to the spur. His ears—now you know how little family traits crop out to one who has bred and raised them; these long, thin ears and that neck—well, I'd guess the combination is Truxton and old Pacolet."

The boy's face lit up.

"You are correct, sir," he said. "He is by Pacolet, his dam by Truxton. I raised him from a colt."

The General now looked the rider over. There passed across his face wonder, doubt, admiration. A smile trembled around the General's stern mouth. There was one small vain spot in his make-up. It was horse.

"Ah," he said. "I did not think I could be deceived. May I ask who you are, my son, and where did you get this splendid horse?"

The boy's eyes met the General's frankly and without flinching. "I live near Hunter's Hill, on General Trevelian's estate, sir. I bought Pacolet from Uncle Jere, General Trevelian's care-taker. His dam, Fair Lady, died and I raised him on a bottle. He is the only friend

and companion, except the Chevalier, that I have ever known."

The General kept nodding his head. "And your name, son, your name?"

"I am Philippe Trevellian," he said, with a simplicity that caused the General to look up with embarrassment.

"They call me Philippe, but my mother," he flushed proudly as he lowered his voice, "calls me her little Duke."

"Ah, I remember—young Trevellian—Philippe Trevellian, of course." He said it with emphasis, then reached up and warmly shook the boy's hand.

Some soldiers near by looked at him queerly. One, a young fellow with a savage, sullen scowl, sneered as he drawled: "A little duke, hey? A little wood's colt duke."

The boy went white under the blow. His eyes flashed. He wheeled his horse as if to go, but the General's hand was on the bridle rein as he turned fiercely on the soldier who had spoken: "If you open your mouth again, I'll put you in the guardhouse, you coward!"

He looked at the man. He was one who never forgot a name, nor a face.

"I know you. You are one of the cowards who broke in flight on our left flank and let the Creeks through to my rear in that attack at Talluschathes. I wanted to kill the whole of you then. Begone, damn you, or I'll do it now!"

He spoke to Coffee: "General Coffee, that man's name is Jim Leatherwood. Reject him if he tries to enlist again."

It was enough. The soldier slunk away. No other dared to speak.

"I thank you, sir," said the boy, raising his hat gallantly. "If he were not a ruffian, I would give him the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"Stop a minute, Philippe," said the General kindly. "Let me say that I am proud to know you; let me tell you

that Andrew Jackson is your friend, not because you are dressed like a gentleman, but because you are one."

He shook the boy's outstretched hand. "You will honor me, Philippe, if you ride over to the Hermitage to see me and my stable of horses before I go South again."

The boy turned his horse. His eyes were moist. This was the first time in his life that any man, except the Chevalier, had shaken his hand!

As the General rode away the admiring eyes of the boy followed him. Could ever the stories of the Chevalier surpass the attractions of his new-found friend?

It was all too new for him, this mustering out, this great mixture of every type of character, to be long uninterested.

Smoke curled from a near-by wood where carcasses sent up incense to the skies from pits in which the red embers of hickory drank the fat that dripped from above. The crowd must be fed. The slaughtered beeves and swine were evidence of a public barbecue.

Many things were going on. Preparations were being made for a shooting match. A bran dance was in full swing amid the cedars on the hill. And everywhere was hard cider and whisky with their accompanying roughness and profanity and frequent fights.

It was a new world into which the romantic boy had been thrown; out of which he would have ridden gladly, but for one thing which had this day come to him, and which, with another light, burned now in his own breast: this roughness was its own form of patriotism in a crisis that would soon call for every man who could go to the front with a gun. The boy sensed it, young as he was; and seeing it, he saw farther into the stirring and tragic future. He, Philippe, would go with them! Those words of fire had passed into his soul.

II

TRIPPING TOE

THOUGH praised for much that was good and condemned for much that was otherwise, no one had ever thought for a moment that the Honorable David Crockett was not original.

Under a wide tent he and his scouts were amusing the crowd with exhibitions of Indian warfare and dances.

By far the largest crowd of the day had gathered around his tent. Like boys they rollicked in the pure fun of it; and those also who had not seen the real thing readily flocked to the entertainment.

Beneath it all was arrant egotism. It was a histrionic exhibition of what they, the painted and begrimed warriors, had seen and of which they had been a part. The scalps that hung to their belts were trophies taken in actual battle; the feathers were the headgear of mighty warriors slain; the whoops were the dreadful noises which had met their ears in the treacherous attacks at midnight in the forests. The dancing was the war dance, savage brutality in its poetry of fiercest emotions. There, only the somber trees were seen and the gloom of dark shadows prevailed until from them would come the savage and the scalping knife.

It was history and drama and stirring story in one. Long was it remembered around the fireplaces of later days—this real display of Crockett and his scouts.

The drums and the savage dancing ceased. It was whispered that something else was coming; perhaps, a speech; for the Honorable David Crockett was now home from the wars and not averse to running for the Legis-

lature. He had given one entertainment. He was going to give another.

His very presence was a source of delicious expectancy. The fame of his droll wit had swept with the tales of his bear-and-Indian hunting across the continent.

From the Eastern mountains he had come with that rough humor and tenderness that made the world akin to him. From the East it had come, spreading. To-day, it had reached the Middle Basin of Tennessee, nearly midway between East and West. Later, it would go on to its sunset and the immortality of the Alamo.

The crowd grinned and nodded and cheered; was there ever such another as David Crockett?

It came again and again, the encore that brought him to the front, and each time he came the applause was not decreased by his presence. He had changed his Indian garb and now came forth funereally clad in the high collar, black stock, and long-tailed, double-breasted coat of the backwoods orator or preacher. His face was one shining smile—it had taken much lye soap to erase the red Indian from it. He stood bowing and smiling, a fiddle tucked under his arm.

"Fellow citizens," began the Honorable David Crockett.

The crowd suspected politics. It was not what they came for. They drowned him in derisive yells.

"Fellow citizens," began the Honorable David Crockett, a little louder.

He was met with another deluge. A flock of startled guineas, disturbed in the woods, flew screaming over in flight, adding their clattering to the noise of the crowd. They settled, scattered, and began to call.

"Fellow citizens," he shouted. "What's the matter with you? Don't you want to hear me make a speech when even the fowls of the air are out yonder cryin', 'Crockett! Crockett!'"

In the shout that followed the Honorable David Crockett scored. He walked into the middle of the arena

followed by a fiddler, a long-haired, leathern-clad warrior like himself.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, we're gwine ter have a dance," he drawled, "and my partner in war, old Sam Williams, is gwine ter do the fiddlin'. We want all to jine in. My little Trippin' Toe will start it. She's the comelies' gal, ef I do say it, in this whole settlement. She's my brother's orphant, and she come fifty mile yestiddy with my ole hen an' our little flock to meet uncle Davy. There ain't no gal in the Cumberlin' can match her in dancin', an' to make my word good, ef there's any man here who thinks he can, he can kiss her."

Another ancient fiddler came and sat by old Sam. Both took huge chews of tobacco and tuned up their strings. Crockett waved his hand.

In one whine they struck up the jig tune, "Billy-in-the-Low-Grounds."

The girl came out of a near-by tent in her dancing clothes and moccasined feet. Running like a fawn, she jumped over the heads of the squatting men in the front row and landed in the arena, dancing. A mass of thick auburn hair, double-plaited, was wound upon the crown of her head, encircling it with a beauty which, to Philippe, seemed a halo; her face, the skin of her neck, and her shoulders were as pink apple blossoms at sunset; her eyes were blue, softening in a keen, delicious humor.

To Philippe, her lithe, perfect form partook both of the panther and the doe. Her breast swelled beneath a loose, low-cut dress which fell slightly below her knees.

As she wheeled in and out in shuffle, double-shuffle, pigeon-toe, and chicken-wing, some stricken swain or soldier would spring into the arena and try to match her, only to be howled down by the scoffing crowd and the fiddler's whine.

"Out! you gawk, no kiss for you!" came time and again from her uncle.

She whirled, dancing now on tiptoe. In a burst of exultant emotion she swept from side to side.

Then she saw Philippe. A crimson dawn flushed her cheeks. Her eyes kindled. They met his, eager, yearning. She hesitated, danced toward him, curtsied, threw up a graceful arm, and *snapped* him into battle!

The dreams of a hundred ancestors fired the romantic soul of Philippe. The daring blood of a hundred others swept him from his horse. He stood half-timidly before the crowd, half-timidly, half-boldly, and altogether beautiful. The girl danced toward him, curtsied, and *snapped* again.

The crowd laughed. "Don't take her dare!" they yelled.

Her eyes met his again. A sweetness like the fragrance of wild grapes bloomed in his soul. Something ineffably sweet, unfelt before, thrilled him!

Her hair, now loosened in waving tendrils, fell about her well-shaped, sturdy shoulders; her face beamed with a smile of welcome; her eyes were as brilliant and flashing as the sun spots of the forest; her feet danced in pure exuberance on tiptoe of youth and love; every glance and movement filled him with a subtle tenderness never known before, and for once he completely forgot himself.

The aloofness went from him as a veil uplifted; and with it the unbroken shyness that had held him apart from the crowd.

He advanced a full-grown man, courageous, determined, courtly. The radiance of unspoken love was in his face. Hers flashed it back timidly. With his plumed hat in hand, he swept her a grand bow that trailed the plume in the sawdust. She danced away from him, now on one foot, now on the other, in the swaying rhythm wherein the spectators saw the marriage dance of the ringed pheasant, queen of the wilderness, giving herself to her mate.

Seeing it, the fiddlers changed, falling into soft, low tones of "Birds-of-the-Wilderness."

Then came to the young man the teachings of the Chevalier: he who had taught him Latin and French, had read him hero stories of Greek and Roman gods, had drilled him in the gentleness and the ways of gentlemen; and the little mother who had taught him the stately reels of the great dames and dukes of France.

Like a stately lord he danced a statelier reel around her. As he danced, he went through all the epochs of courtship; chivalrous bows of the first meeting and acquaintanceship. Loftily, easily he danced, the girl jiggling with the abundance and grace of a wood nymph. Closer he came, dropping into her jig-time and stepping with her, foot to foot, in the new joy of friendship. They broke in perfect time, danced apart, wheeled in a rush of nimble rapture, and came together again. Swept away in the glory of it, she held out her hand. He caught it, held it, bowed low, and kissed it. Petulantly, she broke away, he following, beseeching with eyes, face, and hands. She danced back again, imitating the courted, ringed pheasant; he followed, eagerly, fiercely, passionately; around him she danced while he stood keeping time.

And now he danced around her with step ever statelier, ever faster. She held out both hands to him; he caught them and together they wheeled in reel and tripping toe.

The crowd broke into applause.

The fiddlers changed their tune, accompanied by the singing drawl of Crockett:

“Ole Zip Coon,
You got thar mighty soon.
Stick yo’ head in the sugar gourd,
Ole Zip Coon.”

It ceased. She broke away, pretending to run. He blocked her way, laughing.

Joyfully her blue eyes looked up. He saw a blue sheen on the sea, lit by a sea moon. And with it the faint odor of wild grape blooms, the only flowers in the belt of her simple gown.

Her lips met his. The aroma of the grape bloom changed to its nectar.

He found himself staggering, an unnamed yearning in his soul. He reeled. Never before had he touched a girl. Now, he loved one—and he had not heard her voice!

Then he looked again—she had fled.

He grew lonely; the old bitterness came back. The audience ceased to applaud, now that she was gone, and were eyeing him with merciless coolness. Some one cat-called; others hissed.

He swept them a grand bow and walked away.

The Honorable David Crockett was too busy with other things to notice him.

As Philippe turned to go, a timid, black-eyed woman came to him holding two sturdy boys by the hand: "I'm obleeged to you, sir, for dancin' so purty with our little gal."

The two boys threw themselves on him with hilarious shouts of affection. Philippe reciprocated with dignified fervor. Lifting his hat, he walked away. But he was not now so lonely, for into his life love had come, and this little touch of human kindness.

To Philippe, who had dreamed often and awakened to find nothing, this was something to cherish.

III

OLD SAM WILLIAMS

THE girl did not return and Philippe grew lonely again.

There was much that added to it; the old ones shunned him; the younger ones stood hostile and ready ever to insult him. Philippe guessed the cause: it was Pamela Crockett, the Tripping Toe, orphaned niece of the great hunter and Indian fighter, one of those original characters which nature, now and then, forms to her own making when untrammelled with book-learning and society-hedged. As uncle, so the niece.

Her pioneer suitors were many. She was the toast of the Southwest. Scowls and threats, instead of praise and friendship, were Philippe's rebuke for that which should have been his triumph. He stood amazed and confused amid it all. The ways of these men, accustomed to the rigorous life of the Indian warfare, were a mystery to him.

The other reason Philippe did not guess: unfortunately for him, he bore on his person the insignia of an inherent prejudice and hatred in his beautiful boots, his clothes, his hat. And, insult of all insults, that ruffled shirt! This, to them, was intolerable. Born with prejudice and bitterness in their hearts for the gentry, a bitterness inherited from their fathers who had fled the country of the ruffle-shirted ones, those kings and lords of oppression, the memory of it alone was to them tyranny in this country where a man was a man; where honesty was the badge of honor and a ruffled shirt was the emblem of the

oppressive caste that had sent them, immigrants, to the James River and the Carolina Coast. As Philippe stood alone by his horse sensing a hostility he could not place, a young backwoodsman approached and stood glowering at him.

"My name's Jim Leatherwood, little man," he said, patronizingly; "I can lick any man o' my inches in this here settlement; an' as fur a little ruffle-shirted duke like you, I can eat 'im alive an' then be hongry. You keep away frum that gal—she's mine! You hear? She's mine! I don't want to spile yo' clothes or yo' purty face, an' a word onto the wise is sufficient! Every feller in this deestrick knows that ef he fools with Pamela Crockett he has got to lick Jim Leatherwood fust, an' none o' them can do that."

In his young life Philippe had known no rudeness. He knew only the ways of the Chevalier whose ideals had been those of gentleness and bravery.

"I seek no trouble with you," said Philippe, imitating much that he had read, "neither do the boasts of your prowess alarm me. As for the lady, her heart and her hand are her own; and when I wish to ask for them, be assured that I will not come to you for permission."

"I dunno zactly whut you're sayin' in all them fine words, but I've warned you," said the bully as he walked away, "an' it's a fair warnin' accordin' to the laws o' this settlement."

Some one laid a hand on Philippe's bridle rein. The boy looked down into the kindly eyes of an old soldier whose curling white hair fell to his shoulders. In his hand he held a bugle. A pistol and a bear knife were in his belt. He spoke with such a droll seriousness that Philippe did not know whether he was joking or not.

"Say," he drawled, "my name's ole Sam Williams. I fit at King's Mountain. I'm Jin'ral Jackson's bugler. I blowed hell an' damnation frum the Tennessee River to

the Horseshoe Bend! Son, I want to ask a favor o' you, for you are pow'ful beholden to me. I hope you'll pardon a stranger fur askin' it, but I see you don't know the ways o' this settlement an' I 'low you air a newcomer. Son, I heard what that bully said to you an' I jes' want to ask you to let me lick 'im fur you. I'm jes' itchin' to do it! Now say the word. I'd do as much fur you ef you wuz in as much distress fur an excuse to git in fist range o' sech a coward as he is. Ole Sam Williams will do as much by you some day."

Philippe smiled and shook his head.

"Eh? It's all right, son, it's all right. But ole Sam Williams is yo' friend." He broke into a wistful smile. "Want to hear me blow my bugle, little Duke? It's pow'ful dry. Ain't been blowed sence the battle o' Tohopeka. The Indians thought it was the resurrection mohn, an' it wuz to them."

"I shall be delighted to hear it," said Philippe.

Old Sam wiped his lips on his sleeve; carefully he wiped the mouth of his bugle. "This song, hit's my own makin'," he said. "I made it to fit the bugle."

He blew a catching tune. The music rose and fell and piped across the square and the river. As he finished it he broke into a song:

"Ole Gabri'l wuz standin' by the gate,
An' a-watchin' down below-ah,
Dah's jes' one minute fur to wait
Fur to heah dat bugle blow-ah!

Den, O honey, I'm a-comin', a-comin',
Good Lawdy, a-comin' fur shoh-ah.
We'se ebery one a-comin', a-comin'
When we heahs dat trumpet blow-ah."¹

A crowd had gathered. Old Sam started to repeat. But Philippe could only thank him.

"I'm yo' friend, little Duke," he cried after him as the boy rode away. "Ole Sam will fight fur you any day.

¹"Life of Jackson," Buell Vol. I, page 286

I'm watch-keerin' you to-day, son. You need it, but you don't know it," he added in a low tone.

Philippe noticed an old hunter who stood strangely silent as if out of place even in that fighting-clad crowd. His wandering, uncanny eyes flashed under shaggy brows. They held the boy as they glanced up. In his belt he carried a sharp, long-handled hatchet. A sack was thrown over his shoulder. When he saw that the boy was observing him he began to look nervously around over the ground as if hunting for something.

"Have you lost something? I'll get down and help you," said Philippe.

"Rabbits—huntin' fur rabbits." A sympathy-seeking look sought the boy's eyes.

"You'd hardly find a rabbit in this crowd," smiled Philippe.

The old man drew himself up and in stentorian, preacher tones, drawled: "*De-a-th, like a rabbit, jumps from the mos' on-ex-pec-ted places!*"

He winked his eye dramatically at Philippe and finished, drew a long breath, and fumbled with his thumb the keen edge of his blade.

"Old Jim Stegall," whispered a man standing near. "Crazy, but the truest sleuthhound for an Indian scent in all our regiment. The Harps murdered his baby in its crib ten year ago—he went half daft an' ain't done nothin' but foller 'em up ever since. Say, its strange, but whenever you see him there's allers a Harp close by. I wonder— Hey, thar, Uncle Jimmy," he yelled, "go over yonder whar the dinner is, thar's plenty o' rabbits thar!"

"De-a-th like a rabbit," began the old man as he shouldered his sack and swung into the crowd.

"I wanted to sen' the po' old thing whar he'd get somethin' to eat—tho' I'll bet he's got in that sack chest-nuts, parched corn, an' venison. He'll git Big Harp some

² "Old Times in Tennessee," Guild, page 99.

day, see if he don't," said the man as he walked away.

Philippe moved on.

It was one riot of fun and frolic. Happy couples held hands everywhere. Wives clung closely to returned soldier husbands, dipping snuff between kisses and laughter. There was fiddling, dancing, eating, drinking, love-making—a conglomerate humaneness unrestrained in the overwhelming naturalness of everything else.

A few yards away, where the crowd had partly thinned, Philippe saw three men talking and glancing often at him. One was a handsome, dark-eyed man of thirty, well-groomed, dressed in a dark-blue broadcloth with a half-military cap of the same color, a gentleman's sword by his side; one, a strange-looking man in heavy boots, and his bearded face under a black slouch hat.

"It's him, Count, sure as you're born," the man in boots and black hat said.

Philippe turned sharply, caught by the bold personality of it. He met the eyes of the gentlemanly dressed one. To his astonishment, the man whispered quickly, making rapid gestures, then, seeing that the boy had heard, hurried into the tavern door near which he stood.

The boy watched him, wondering. His carriage was graceful, with soldierly dignity. He could not be an American. He did not look or walk like one, and he shrugged his shoulders when speaking to his companions with a sidewise turn of the head and the arching of heavy eyebrows. He spoke more with actions than tongue and he was the only well-dressed gentleman he had seen.

Some one roughly dressed seized Pacolet's rein at the bit. It was the man in the boots and wide hat. He stood leering insolently and half-smiling up into the boy's face, but holding the bit with no gentle hand, for the horse had snorted and resented it.

"What do you want? Turn my horse loose!"

The fellow looked up at the boy's fighting resentment as his hand went quickly to his rifle.

"O, I jes' wanted to look at you. You are so purty. The cat can look at the queen, can't she? Where'd you git that ring thar, an' what does that bouquet on yo' collar mean?"

Philippe saw that he was not a soldier, nor even a hunter. His rawhide boots with breeches tucked in, a civilian coat, and a wide-brimmed planter's hat proved that.

"Why," he began, reddening hotly—

"I'm watch-keerin' you, son. Stand back thar frum that boy's horsé!"

Philippe turned and saw some one riding toward him. It was old Sam Williams, shouting his bugle song:

*"Den, O honey, I'se a-comin'—a-comin',
Good Lawdy, a-comin' fur shoh-ah." . . .*

The song came swelling in volume as the singer almost leaped to Philippe's side. The bugle was safely slung over his shoulder. In his hand was a pistol. He brushed the man away from the horse's head, cocked his head on one side, stuck his pistol barrel into the stomach of the other, and drawled: "Ole Sam Williams at yo' sarvice. Jin'ral Jackson's bugler frum hell to the Horseshoe Bend. An' you are sech a highwayman an' robber you can't keep yo' han' offen a gentleman's hoss even on the public square an' at a leetle social gatherin' like this."

"I was jes' teasin' the boy," began the man.

"Yes, an I'm jes' teasin' you, Red Harp. Stop! don't move. Don't try to draw that knife, or I'll blow yo' guts out. I've got you now."

He stood, holding by the collar the big man whose face had changed to a cruel, haunted fear. A crowd gathered. Old Sam Williams was talking: "Gentlemen, I'm ole Sam Williams, Jin'ral Jackson's bugler frum hell to the Horseshoe Bend; an' this is the man I've been lookin' fur ever sence he robbed us on our march home las' year frum Natchez. This is Red Harp. I seed 'im at Natchez an'

I know 'im, the worst bandit an' robber o' the ole Natchez Trace. He'p me take 'im to the sheriff. Thar's a reward fur 'im, dead or alive."

The man struggled. Sturdy fellows threw themselves on him, and, with old Sam Williams at the head, Philippe saw them march off toward the jail of double logs and stockade. He saw the man they called the Count looking at them from a window of the inn.

Red Harp's capture was evidently of widest interest.³ Philippe heard men talking about it everywhere he went. He heard them tell of Red Harp, Little Harp, and Tom Mason, noted bandits, thieves, desperadoes who operated around Natchez; of the travelers they had waylaid, robbed, and killed; of horses and negroes stolen; of guards of soldiers who had to safeguard all travelers through the Natchez country to New Orleans; of the reward the Governor of Louisiana had placed on their heads, dead or alive.

Philippe was hungry. It was near noon. In a grove of cedars standing upon a hill he saw there was a barbecue and that it was free. Fattened carcasses lined the pit, or were being flung steaming hot on long board tables that seemed to stretch away into the distant wood. The stream from the French Salt Spring ran through a meadow into the river below. Riotous dancing went on in another grove; and smoke arose from a hundred open fires where happy families, reunited, ate together.

He guided his horse nearer the tables, tied him to the bough of a tree, and strolled up to the pits. Men glanced at him, the next second to ignore him; women and girls snickered and whispered as he passed. They were busy, these housewives and sweethearts of the wilderness, feeding their returned warriors. Trays of steaming meat

³ The Harps were the first bandits of Tennessee. See Brazeale's "Life as It Is," page 146; also, "Old Times in Tennessee," Guild, page 99.

with coffee were served down the long table amid laughter that beamed in sly love looks and terms of endearment as they pressed the food upon their heroes.

Silently they passed Philippe. They had no smile for him, no offer of food. He turned humiliated, to ride back home dinnerless.

Then he saw the girl again.

In fact, he had seen her for several minutes, as she slipped in and out around the meat pits, in her loose apron—her splendid hair like the sunset in a valley of white clouds. She came toward him with a wooden platter, heaped and sending up odors which, to Philippe, were as those inhaled by the heroes of Agamemnon. He stood awaiting her at a full-leafed sugar maple where Pacolet was tied. His rifle leaned against the tree; the crowds surged in front around the pit and tables.

She came forward timidly. Philippe, seeing, feigned indifference, though his heart was pounding like Pacolet's hoofs in a deer chase.

She stopped—uncertain, hesitating. A spreading dawn flushed her neck and face. She stood smiling up with woman-stricken, timid eyes, a platter of smoking food in her hands, a white-pink loveliness rainbowing through the moist and mist of it.

“Do—do the like of you—ever—ever eat anything?”

Philippe failed to interpret the beauty of the suggestive question. He advanced, hat off.

He thought fast, very fast, for the Pacolet hoof-beats were running away with his heart. This is a woman, he reasoned, or else she is a girl. Neither of them had ever come into his circle of acquaintance, and all he knew of them, except little mother, he had read from the books of the Chevalier. In these he had always called the grown ones *Madame*. The girls were *Mademoiselle*, or *Ma jolie demoiselle*. This creature, thought Philippe, falls naturally under *Ma jolie demoiselle*. He stepped forward with such a bow as he had read of in the grand balls of

the Louises of France, and said: "*Ma jolie demoiselle, Oui, j'ai faim mais faim de votre présence.*"

The girl burst into a laugh. "How beautiful that sounds! Just like the water on Bean Creek trickling over Silver Falls—but for goodness' sake, would you mind telling me what it means?"

Her laughter was as infectious as hand-holding by moonlight. He blushed as he said it in English: "*My pretty maid. Yes, I am hungry, but hungry to see you.*"

She flushed in turn. "How beautiful! Honest, Philippe, do you think that?"

The Pacolet feet almost ran away with him. She had been interested enough to find out his name and to call him by it. Was ever before such an exquisite creature?

"*Madame*," he stammered in his confusion, "I—I know it."

"No—no," she said. "Don't spoil it with that stiff *Madame*. Just call me that first thing, or Tripping Toe. You are Philippe and I am Tripping Toe."

Philippe swept her a bow that was almost a somersault.

"Quit bowing, Philippe, and let's sit down here and eat. What a pretty place on the root of this big tree!"

"It's a bargain, Tripping Toe," he said. His hungry eyes reënforced it.

He noted that she was deft and quick. The sureness in her every move won his confidence. How neatly she spread their lunch! How like a trained housewife she had planned and set it! How intent to arrange their little dinner that it might be appetizing to her newly made friend!

She sat down, looked up into Philippe's face, and smiled. He felt that he had known her all his life.

Again he saw the blue sheen of waters lit by the sea moon. And more: it rippled and danced in twinkling merriment; it lay warm and romantically sweet and full of lush, floating lilies, that, even as he looked, changed into sea gulls that would fly and nestle in his arm.

Very solemnly he was gazing into her eyes, thinking this. Very amusedly she was looking even farther than the sea deep into his; farther, for she was a woman, and through the endless ages her sex had looked through life to its innermost depths. Perhaps she even knew that man sees only the sheen and the sea moon on the waters. That was Philippe looking into *her* eyes. She smiled: *she* knew; and saw farther—far into the deep depths of him.

Never was food so delicious; never had such a touch as this come into the life of the lonely boy. Embarrassment in both soon broke into a charming friendship. As they talked, the girl's eyes showed unspoken inquiry as she studied the boy, his fine clothes and hat with the white feather.

"Where do you live?" she asked.

"At Hunter's Hill,⁴ twelve miles from here on the Cumberland."

"O," she said instantly, "that is the home of General Jerome Trevellian. Everybody knew him. He was a friend of Uncle Dave's."

"He died two years ago," said the boy quietly.

The girl noticed the different tone in which he said it. Her eyes opened wider in wonderment, but she said nothing. They ate in silence.

"I like your dancing," he said after a while, "and"—he looked straight into her eyes—"I like *you* more."

"I have never seen any one dance like you," she said, her eyes beaming. "But I must tell you, Philippe, I am awfully ignorant. At school I never could get much farther than *baker* in the old speller, so I took to reading everything I could find. That's all the education I've got. Uncle Dave is poor. He never will stop long enough at one place to get anything together. He jes' rolls along,

⁴ Hunter's Hill was the first home of Andrew Jackson. He sold it to pay a debt contracted by indorsing notes for others and moved to the two-story log cabin which he called the Hermitage.

an' mammy an' me an' Uncle Dave's boys have had to do all the planting and clearing and hoeing and plowing," she laughed. "I've had no chance. Won't you teach me? Won't you let me have some of the books that have made you talk so different from other people?"

Philippe looked away and said nothing.

"But I've read one novel already," she said proudly. "It was about a French prince. All the time that you were dancing I thought of it. Do you know you act just like the princes in that book?"

"Nothing would please me more than to be your prince," he said. It came with a simplicity as unassuming as telling her where he lived.

"It's a bargain," she laughed. "Let's shake hands on that, too, Philippe."

He reached over and grasped her hand. "Do you know, Tripping Toe, my Princess Tripping Toe, that you are the first girl I have ever spoken to?"

"Why," she exclaimed, "and all these pretty girls in the settlement?"

"O Tripping Toe," he said, "I've been so lonely. You don't know what you have been to me to-day. I see, now, something in life, something to live for. Let them scorn me, insult me, now I care not. Now, I have something to fight for." His romantic ideals vaulted amusingly.

The girl glowed with sympathy. She grew silent. She saw far and with sight undimmed. She slipped over to his side where his hand lay on the grass; her own warm, strong hand covered it. They sat long—neither spoke. And thus was the understanding between them.

"Good-by, Philippe," she said at last. "There's lots to be done this afternoon. There's a shooting match on; Uncle Dave's going to let me try my hand on it. And there's a quarter race and a gander pulling and more dancing."

She stopped.

"Are you going to dance again?" His eyes were solicitous.

"Do you think I could, Philippe, ever again—after—after—"

"No," he said; "I couldn't. That dance will be with me, Tripping Toe, all my life."

They were under the thick, low branches of the tree; the rest of the world was down by the pits where the flesh-pots boiled and the rough, unromantic people gorged themselves to sensualness and stupidity. They, alone, lived under this green bough of Eden and Love.

"Good-by," she said. "I must go—they're calling me."

She clung to his hand, the blue sheen of her eyes dim with a mist.

"Good-by," he said simply.

"O Philippe, can't—can't you do better than that?"

"Good-by, Tripping Toe, darling—darling!" His face paled with the word, then flushed boldly, daringly, with that eternal manhood that claims always its own. He kissed her.

Her arms went around his neck: "My sweetheart—that's so much better!"

With a laugh which he remembered the rest of the day, she darted from under their bower of Eden and ran down to the rest of the world.

He had lived in a vague dream of romance. To-day it had come with an awakening that was glorious.

Now he knew that he loved Pamela, twofold; for herself, his first knowledge of girl loveliness; for himself, the fulfillment of his dreams of chivalry and knighthood and of a romance not to be unrequited.

Unconsciously she had stepped into the kingdom of a romantic boy that needed only a queen to inherit it.

One thought, alone, now possessed him: to do something that would convince these people that his fine clothes did not mean effeminacy, to win Tripping Toe.

"A man should ever win his love by a man's arm and

courage," thought Philippe, splendidly. The hard school of discipline which had been his under the tutelage of the stern old Chevalier Dumouriez, he would put now to a test.

It was two o'clock and the greatest event of the day was on, the big shoot that would decide who of the returning warriors was the best shot.

Philippe rode over to the crowd that had gathered at the edge of the wood. A fat beef, left over from the feast, had been donated by the town for marksmanship. Only fifty picked riflemen had entered the contest. There would have been others, but very few wished to contest with the greatest shot of the Southwest, Col. David Crockett, of the Scouts.

The entrance fee was a dollar.

This was the way of the shooting match, as Philippe learned: a bundle of clean, new shingles was placed beside a tree upon which the target was tacked by a bright forged nail. Each shingle was numbered corresponding to the number of him who shot. With a chalk and another shingle to rule them, two white lines were drawn, crossing at right angles. Where these two lines crossed, the nail was driven into the tree. To drive that nail was to put the ball into the exact center of the target. With the chalk lines for a guide, it was easy to measure to a fraction of an inch the position of all shots which did not drive the nail.

There were five divisions of the beef, the first being the hide and the tallow, considered always the most valuable, and taken always by the winner. The two hind and fore quarters were the other four.

But he who drove the nail took all.

An old soldier with white hair stood on the firing line holding the open hat in which the silver dollars lay. Two others stood near the tree, marking each shingle and calling each man's name and number.

The contest was open to all comers.

Philippe stood wistfully, his rifle in hand. Those who saw him noticed him only to smile.

Fifty rifles had been tried by fifty men; only one had hit the nail. Crockett's ball had grazed the edge of the upstanding nail and buried itself side by side with the steel.

"It's a po' shot, gentlemen," the old scout was saying, "a pow'ful po' shot; but ole Betsy is so used to dirty Injuns, she jes' couldn't draw a good bead on a clean nail. They jes' natu'ally don't go together. Why, down in East Tennessee," he began lying, "I driv' a nail clean through a tree an' closed up a neighbor's coffin. She was jes' laid out fur burial, two mile away, in the bes' cabin bedroom, an' they was jes' waitin' fur the undertaker to drive the las' nail. It's a fact, gentlemen, I can prove it by the old lady herself. Why, I bet my little Trippin' Toe can beat that po' shot. Here, Trippin' Toe, try my gun." He beckoned to the girl, who came up. She looked mischievously at Philippe, took the rifle, and with the utmost ease drew it to her shoulder and fired. She brought her gun down gracefully after the shot and stood at rest. Her eyes were expectant as she waited for the decision.

"Kivered her uncle's," shouted back the umpire. "Same shot, so he'p me God." His excitement was contagious. There were cheers while Crockett patted the blushing girl on the cheek with rough affection.

He was jocularly happy. He saw Philippe standing near. "Wal, ef it ain't the little Duke," he said with softened irony. "Now, boys, we're goin' to see how the nobility shoot."

A laugh followed the irony of the wit. Philippe caught Tripping Toe's sympathetic look. His courage came back.

She turned on her uncle, the Crockett fire in her eyes: "I'm ashamed of you—you'd feel silly if he beat us, an' I

hope he will. You're as foolish as a she-b'ar in bee-robbin' time."

Tripping Toe had learned the pioneer lesson of speaking in pioneer tongue to those who spoke likewise.

Crockett had taken the rifle from the boy's hand. He fondled it with great admiration. It was a perfect gun, done by the master rifleman of the time, the Swiss family of Dechards. Its long, steel barrel was of perfect temper; the silver trimmings on stock and lock were elaborate; the triggers were thin and firm, the hair trigger set so finely notched that a breath from the mouth would spring it. A long sight of gold tipped the end of the barrel and shone like a sunset beam. The ramrod was hickory, tipped with solid silver. The gun passed hand to hand in grunts of outspoken praise.

"Son," said the scout, whimsically drawling, "I'd steal my step-grandmother's shoes in dead o' winter an' sell her remains after death fur soap grease jes' to own sech a gun as this. Can you r'ally shoot it? Lord A'mighty, but it is some weepo!"

Philippe smiled: "I've shot it, sir, since I was six years old. The best soldier in France gave it to me and taught me to use it. He thought I was a fair shot. I would like to try it now if you gentlemen will permit it."

He saw an affirmative twinkle in the eyes of the white-haired soldier. Philippe took a coin from his pocket and tossed it into the hat. A murmur of approval went round the circle.

"Why, sure," said Crockett, "crack away. Ef you don't kill the b'ar, you might hit the cub. *Gentlemen*," he cried, "git away frum that tree. The nobility is goin' to fire a cannon. Mark that shingle fifty-one. The Little Duke's his name." It was followed with a laugh that swept to the tree.

Philippe stepped to the mark. Never had he been cooler. His only glance told him that Tripping Toe's eyes were on him, dreamily, pensively.

He followed the Chevalier's rule. His perfectly molded arms steadied themselves like steel braces, as throwing the rifle forward and upward, six inches above the mark, the onlookers saw the golden, gleaming sight fall unwaveringly toward the mark, frozen; boy, barrel, gun—in one and molded.

At the instant when the gold and nail head fused into one, he touched lightly the hair trigger. The flash of fire that sprang from the rifle's mouth was signaled by a tiny flash at the nail head.

"He's driv' the nail head into the tree," shouted one of the judges.

A shout of amazement went up in which the Honorable David Crockett did not join.

"Wal," he drawled slowly, "fur once in my life I'm sho'ly kerflummixed."

"The pot is your'n, young man," said the old soldier, holding the hatful of silver, "an' let me shake hands with you fur all the boys."

They were crowding around with loud praise of him. They laid rough but friendly hands upon his fine clothes.

Moisture came into Philippe's eyes. The wilderness had come to him.

Again the old soldier shoved the money toward him. Seldom had Philippe needed so badly even the half of it.

The boy took off his hat. "Gentlemen," he said, "I see here some sick and wounded heroes who have given their all, perhaps their lives, for their country. I will thank you if you will distribute this money among them. As for the beef which I have won, let it go to Pamela Crockett, for hers was the better shot. She had the breeze; I had a still wind."

A silence fell that was more than approval. Philippe turned and walked quickly away.

It was nearly night. Bonfires burned. Companies were going into camp for the last time. The crowd had thinned.

Camp and wagon-beds held sleeping children and tired mothers—tired, but happy, for fathers were with them safe again.

In the edge of the forest he found his horse. Its whinnying brought a soft caress from Philippe: "Twelve miles to Hunter's Hill. We'll gallop it quickly, Pacolet."

A hand touched his in the gathering gloom lit up by a near-by bonfire. A camp was near.

Philippe turned and saw Tripping Toe at his side.

"It was good of you to give the beef. I'm so glad you took the conceit out of Uncle Dave."

Philippe caught her hands in his.

"If you'll come to Franklin County next week—we live on Bean Creek—well, well, we'll have that dance all over."

"And the kiss?" smiled Philippe.

Her eyes danced mischievously.

Boldly he stooped and kissed her. "Tripping Toe, some day I shall marry you, I love you."

He felt her arms around his neck. In wild exuberance she held him a moment, his head smothered in her soft neck and hair and shoulders. The odor of the crushed blossoms in her belt came faintly to him. Forever afterwards that perfume was to Philippe his soul's incense.

"Don't make it too long, darling. O, I love you so!" She kissed him on both cheeks, then, conscience-stricken with her boldness, ran to the tent.

He leaped into the saddle. He felt that he was not mortal, but a god. Could life be sweet like this, after all? His head reeled, his knees quivered in the stirrups. Her kiss was yet on his lips.

He felt something on his finger. He held it up. He had forgotten. It was this for which he had come to town. The ring he looked at was thick, massive gold. A monogram studded in pearls and diamonds blazed above the solid gold band. It had been little mother's priceless heirloom.

"A pawnshop on Cedar Street," he said to himself as he left the crowd.

He crossed a side street in a gallop. A half troop of mounted soldiers bore down upon him. They were shouting and galloping wildly down the road. They swept into him like Cossacks. His horse caught fire with the tumult and bounded along with the noisy horsemen.

Spurs ripped into the war-worn steeds, oaths rang in his ears amid whip cracks which came like small arms in skirmish. They were straining every muscle in the wild run. Philippe held Pacolet back—he did not understand.

"What are you all doing?" called Philippe to a long-haired rider who was bending low in the saddle and spurring his horse with every bound.

"Doin'? Doin'?" he shouted. "Hell, you little fool, don't you see we're runnin' a race? Thar's one hundred dollars up at the end o' this lane. Git outen my way!"

Philippe took him at his word. Pacolet was pulling his rider's arms off in the wild reaction of flight. Philippe turned him loose and touched him in the flank. The thoroughbred made three marvelous, gliding leaps. So far as Pacolet was concerned, the bunch were frozen in the road behind him. Philippe surely was out of their way.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said General Thomas Overton, attorney general, famous lawyer and duelist, as he stuck the purse into the boy's hand. "How far down the lane are the others?"

"I don't know," smiled Philippe, "but I hear them coming."

General Overton's glance swept the boy keenly—his horse, his boots, his hat with the white cockade. "Ah!" he said. "I know you. Good! You won like a man. What a horse! Better ride on," he said quickly; "there may be trouble. The money's yours. Go, son—ride!"

Philippe took the purse and started away as the field of horsemen came thundering in. He heard General Overton tell how and by whom they were beaten.

There came a wilder excitement—men were rushing about seizing their guns and mounting rapidly. Some one on the outside had tampered with the stockade lock and Red Harp had escaped while the sheriff was dancing at the barbecue. Harp had mounted his swift horse and fled across the bridge over the Cumberland. A half hundred horsemen had gone after him, but his horse was one of the best ever stolen by a bandit from the stable of a gentleman.

It was learned afterwards that, but the day before, he had stolen the horse from a paddock near Gallatin, and ridden boldly into town.

Night had settled over the town as the boy rode across the square to go home. There was now a strange silence; it was lighted with fires which burned everywhere, larger ones on the square and smaller ones around the wagons and tents of the campers. A half moon was overhead as Philippe turned into the bridge. In the shadow a man rode out and joined him. He was mounted on a small, wiry pony, his long legs overlapping it nearly to the ground.

"It's ole Sam Williams, little man, Jin'ral Jackson's bugler frum hell to the Horseshoe Bend." He laughed good-naturedly.

"I seed yo' shot up thar, an' it done me good. An' that dance made ole Sam young ag'in. I dunno, but you certainly are beholden unto me, little Duke. I guess it's because you kinder make me child-hongry. Would you mind shakin' my hand onct, son?"

Philippe reached over his horse and grasped his hand. "I'm glad to know you and claim you for my friend," said Philippe. "I need friends."

"Do you know I kinder thought you did, son? I knowed you'd be goin' home soon, an' I 'lowed ef you was willin' I'd ride along a part o' the way with you. It jes' natu'ally looks like I kinder have to look out for you, don't it, Philippe?"

He said the last word cautiously.

"I'm glad you call me that," said the boy.

"Thankee, yo'se'f. The gladness is all on my part. Would you keer if I told you why, Philippe?"

"Tell me, Uncle Sam," Philippe said easily. It was a master stroke.

"That's right, now you got it, Philippe—yo' Uncle Sam!" His hand went up in the dark. Tears were quick with the old bugler.

"I had a boy named Phil—last year. He went with Jin'ral Jackson when we fust marched out down to Natchez. A leetle older'n you, an' nigh 'bout yo' size—the makin' of a good soldier. Them Harps got 'im." He was silent for a while.

"Philippe, it's this way, son. You seem to be mixed up in it. You need to be watch-keered, an'—an' yo' Uncle Sam is goin' to do it. You see it's jes' like I was doin' it for my own leetle Phil."

It was plain he did not want to frighten the boy. It was plainer that he, himself, was uneasy.

At the crossing of the road he stopped: "Now, thar's Hunter's Hill, jes' five mile on. I live down here." He pointed south. "I'll watch-keer you further—if—"

"Why, no," said Philippe. "Why, Uncle Sam, it's all right. I am so much obliged to you."

He grasped the boy's hand again: "This has been the happiest day since my own Phil lef' me, an' you have made it so. Thankee, Philippe." He held the boy's hand long.

"Better gallop a leetle swift frum here home," he said; "a leetle swift—it's good fur that runnin' hoss."

"I'll do it, Uncle Sam. Good night. God bless you, Uncle Sam." As he galloped away the old man was still standing in the forks of the road. Philippe heard him singing:

"O honey, I'm a-comin', a-comin'—
Good Lawdy, a-comin' fur shoh-ah!"

IV

HUNTER'S HILL

THE new life that springs up after sorrow to meet the newer morning is the skylark of the spirit.

This sorrow Philippe had known—but to-day had overcome it. Now he looked out upon a different world. There stretched before him an ideal worth fighting for, and as he gayly galloped ahead the way never seemed easier.

To-day he had ceased to be the boy with lace and curls and had become a man among the best. He had proved himself the equal of any and the superior of most on the frontier. Had he not faced their sneers, listened to their insults, and known of their hatred? But to-night he was riding away to little mother with the din of the cheers still ringing in his ears.

A man among them! And now to do a man's part in this great fight which was coming.

To-day he had met a man; a tall man who had taken his hand. This man was his friend. And a girl! She was his, she, Tripping Toe. And Uncle Sam and David Crockett and others. They all liked him; he felt it, he knew it!

Romantic Philippe! The blood that surged in his brain stirred him to marvelous dreams. It opened into full, red blossom every seed-cell which love blooms into realities.

He visioned pictures of greatness and wealth and fame; a love for Tripping Toe that would crown a life of chivalrous daring and tender recompense; a little

mother vindicated; memories of the Chevalier honored; sacrifices for God and country; honors that these would bring to others.

To paint it, only the canvas of the western sky toward which he galloped was large enough.

Hunter's Hill lay five miles away along the banks of the Cumberland. Vaguely Philippe recalled his earlier life as he rode; he remembered little before the Chevalier Dumouriez, who had gone back to France but a year ago, had come into their home; of him, his recollections were vivid. He had been one of the great generals of the French Revolution, had sided with the royalty and was an exile from the land of his birth; he had followed the fortunes of his friends, the Royalists; had fought their battles; had lived an exile for them.

The brave old Chevalier had been his tutor, and a stern disciplinarian he was. Philippe was grateful now for some of the hardships he had borne, cheerfully because the Chevalier had said it was the only way to make a man of him; the hard wooden bed with a small mattress upon which he had slept; the ten miles daily, his mentor had made him walk or run, or follow him on long hunts where they slept upon the ground under winter skies. For weeks at a time they would be gone farther, farther into the forest. Had it not always been the Chevalier who said: "Be brave, my little Duke, be brave. It is but the making of you?"

But he had taught him to play on the hautboys, the French fife or flute, and this soothed his soul when he was lonely.

No one could ride like the Chevalier. If swift, he led. If long, he stayed.

Philippe was always his companion and had become so proficient that often the Chevalier had said: "Ah, my little Duke, but you and your horse are one: it is that which counts: it is that which makes the true rider."

The rifle he carried had been ordered for him by the Chevalier, and from the time when, as a little boy, he could hold it, the Chevalier had taught him to shoot. In later years, when the old General had become feeble, he had declared Philippe a greater shot than himself. But that, Philippe thought, was only because the Chevalier was the Chevalier.

Philippe recalled their fencing and boxing matches; how the Chevalier had started him early in these, teaching him the use of the sword and how to fight for himself with his fist; he smiled when he remembered his opponents, the lusty negro boys of the Trevellian estate, and how the Chevalier would laugh when he made them stand up before the boy in a give-and-take battle with bare knuckles and stripped to the waist. Philippe saw, now, how unfair it was to the slaves, for they had come on blindly and met the fate the untrained always meet at the fist of cool courage and science.

The classics they had read together: the Latin of Cæsar and Cicero and Livy; the Greek; the glorious Greek of Homer; Demosthenes' orations; and the greatest and most martial of all histories, the *Anabasis* of Xenophon, the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," and that last brilliant horse race when their eyes rested again on the sea—the sea, and home!

The Chevalier spoke only in French until the beautiful language became as natural to his pupil as his own. In its literature, its history, the Chevalier had said that Philippe was fairly informed, but he read with him most the chivalrous story of the houses of Bourbon and of Orleans.

Tears would come to the old man's eyes when he read these stories. "They are my people," he said, "they are my people!"

Their deeds made Philippe's cheeks flush, his heart pound. If he might have lived in those days! If those days of chivalry would come again that he might see

the civilization which was so far from the uncouth wilderness!

Grand old Chevalier! Fortunate Philippe! In the boyish visions of his achievements to-day, his heart filled tenderly in memory of him.

And now, since the Chevalier had left, all remittances had ceased. What a struggle it had been to live!

Of himself, of his mother, he knew nothing. He remembered dimly once that General Trevellian had come to their cottage, the only time he had ever come; he had said things to her which made her weep. Thereafter, he hated the Trevellians. He remembered with proud exultation that, but for his mother's tears and protestations, there would have been a fight between the stern and wrathful old Trevellian and the cool, courageous Chevalier. Philippe wished his mother had let the Chevalier kill him.

To-day he had seen the young man who had stood on the platform with General Jackson, this man whom they called Captain Jack Trevellian. He had seen him once before; and though only six years old, Philippe remembered it—how the Captain had met his mother secretly, while the Chevalier slept, and Philippe was supposed to sleep on the rough boards in his own pretty room. He could not hear all, but he remembered how kindly this Trevellian had talked to his mother, and had used words which meant that he would even defy his father if she, the little mother, would consent: and how, when he left, he had kissed her. This was the unholy kiss that had lighted the fire of his heart to such quick anger to-day.

The other thing which made her son yet more angry was to hear some rude person in whispers, which he was supposed not to hear, call his mother "*that French woman.*"

To-day had come the blow that had hurt him most; the thought of which drove all the splendor of his day of dreams into clouds away: it was the word the soldier

had spoken, the word for which General Jackson had almost struck the man in his anger. But even as the blow was cruel, the recompense which had come was healing: General Jackson had publicly given him his hand. The greatest man of the Republic was his friend.

Pacolet stopped, suddenly arching his neck. The gate that led into his home was in sight. Philippe drew rein abruptly. He could not have said why. Wilderness-bred, it was the sense that tells the fox and the wolf not to walk into the white man's trap. With the animal, men call it instinct. With man, it is the shadowy ghost of experience rising from eons of long-gone graves. The horse sensed it first. To Pacolet, the thing was not a myth, but solemnly and dangerously real. His ancestor's nostrils had for ages seen farther than their eyes. The wolf-scent on the drifting wind carried far—very far.

They were in the narrowest part of the road. Some one had cut down a tree. It fell halfway across the road, the leafy top extending within a few feet of where the horse and rider must pass.

This tree was not there this morning when he had passed. Why was it felled across the road? These thoughts from that undefined sixth sense flashed through his mind. The gray ghost of the past stood before him; he saw again the lurking, evil eyes of the man who put so violent a hand on his horse's rein in the town that morning. Pacolet had now smelled it so plainly that he pawed, snorted, and wheeled sideways as he turned back.

The boy brought his hand to his rifle's lock, rode back and out of the road toward the stump of the tree, keeping a clear fifty feet between him and the top. He saw the leaves quiver, a limb shake. He stopped, bringing his rifle up. "Come out!" he said, "I am covering you."

A man stepped out in the dim moonlight. He held nothing in his hands, nor did he carry a gun; but Philippe thought he had heard the swish of the keen, long knife as

it had been thrust quickly into its sheath. The man staggered and feigned drunkenness. Philippe knew real drunkenness; this was acted.

The man asked if he were on the right road to the Natchez Trace; soldier of Jackson, he said; been in the mustering out and was now going home. All the time he was approaching nearer to Pacolet's head.

"Stand where you are!" said the boy sternly. "You're not a soldier—you have no mark of it, gun nor war dress. You cut that tree for a purpose and you were hid in its top. You had left just enough room for me to ride by in two feet of you and that knife you have in your belt—"

The man stopped, surprised and baffled. The rifle of the boy had come up to quick shooting distance.

"Guess we're both drunk, little man," he laughed affectedly. "Me, sure 'nuff; an' you to conjure up all that jes' because a drunk man was sleepin' under a tree top. Good-night—guess I can find the Natchez Trace."

He half-backed, half-sidled away, keeping one eye on the boy and the rifle. In the wood he vanished with the sureness of the forest-bred.

The next instant fast galloping hoof-beats came to Philippe's ears. So many strange things had happened to-day that for a while he sat mystified and in doubt. What could it mean? This was the same man who had spoken so rudely to him in the town—the same, for Philippe knew the wolf's breed and voice. And that last break-away and swift run? It was all a mystery.

His mother, his life here, this scorn and hatred of men, all—everything was mystery and cruelty and lies.

"De-a-th, like a rabbit, jumps frum the mos' on-ex-pec-ted places."

Philippe turned with a start. Old Jim Stegall passed by him in a swift walk circling into the woods the way the other man had gone. Philippe wondered where he had come from. He came and went like a gliding ghost in the night.

He gave Pacolet rein and soon reached the gate at Hunter's Hill.

"I'll not tell little mother about this," he thought—"it's too near home and will frighten her."

The gallop was over. Hunter's Hill, the home of the Trevellians, lay before him in one of the rich valley bends that the Cumberland River makes in a turbulent turn. It was a pretentious home for the pioneer days, in a grove of hickory and ash; a broad portico extended the entire front of the house with solid pillars of cedar, and with red, hewn boards of the same wood for floors.

Around were servant houses of plastered logs; the roof of a stone dairy rose in a wooded hollow where a spring burst from the earth between a great rock and the roots of a gigantic oak.

There were barns beyond and a long row of one-story, log stables for the race horses, unlike those for the common stock; a cooling-out shed ran down the front.

Philippe galloped straight for the cottage on the side of the sloping blue-grass hill, a quarter of a mile away.

This was home—the home the Chevalier had built; so unlike all the other cottages of the pioneer Southwest, and so like the pretty cottages of France. In the yard were old-fashioned flowers that Philippe knew would soon bloom again; hollyhocks, marigolds, and the late blooming zinnias, seeds of a hardy parent that the first settlers of the Cumberland brought over in their canvas wagons from Virginia and North Carolina, wagons weather-beaten and with axles dripping pine tar along the trail.

In the corner of the cedar chest was a family Bible and the household medicines, and rare old gowns and breeches and silk stockings that some ancestor had worn in the old country across the sea. These old-fashioned flower seeds had been kept in moleskin sacks for their blooming in the wilderness home.

True to the teachings of the Chevalier, Philippe first

fed his horse and carefully rubbed down his tendons.

It was a pale, sick woman who met him at the door.

"My little Duke," she whispered wearily and laid her head on his shoulder; "I thought you would never come. I was afraid something had happened to you among those rough people."

He took her impulsively into his arms: "My little mother!" He kissed her. "I wanted to stay longer, but I was afraid you might be lonely, so we came in a gallop, Pacolet and I."

"And the money," she said; "did you bring any?" She looked expectantly.

Philippe could see that she hoped he had not brought it. "It is here, mother," he said; "one hundred dollars."

She threw her arms around his neck. Philippe felt the sob. "My son, I did so hope you would not have to—to—"

"Never mind, mother." He kissed her cheerily.

"If the Chevalier had not gone back to France," she said. "We lived so well on his remittances."

"I will be your Chevalier," his voice rang proudly; "and the remittances I will bring you will be greater than any the Chevalier ever gave. I am a man now, a man—*your man*; not your little Duke any longer, but a *man*, mother, a fighting man. And I must take off these clothes that I wear. They do not suit here—here, among these people. To-day, they—they laughed at me, jeered me."

A thin, jaded gleam flamed in her eyes. "*The bourgeoisie! The canaille!* Scorned you? Jeered you, my little Duke?"

"But I met a man, mother, O such a man! Not handsome and fine-looking like our Chevalier; for he was tired and weak and ill. But his eyes were like an eagle's. And, mother, think of it! He gave me his hand. He told me that I must come to the Hermitage, that he wanted to see

me. And I am going, going, little mother, because I want to follow that man."

"Not to the war—O my little Duke!" She collapsed in her chair. Philippe sat upon the arm of it with her face on his arm, silent. In the boy's eyes were tears as he realized how ill she was. He felt that she would never live to know how great a man he would be.

The old servant brought in their supper. It was pathetic to see the old mammy's solicitude for her failing mistress.

"You got to take mighty good keer o' her, Marse Philippe, now, sure—you is such a big, strong man."

Philippe flashed her a grateful smile.

The little mother smiled wanly when, after the simple meal, Philippe insisted on putting her to bed. He sat by her side, holding her hand. How pale was the faded face—she, whom Philippe remembered so full of life, so beautiful. For an hour he had sat telling her of the new glories of the day, forgetting only its humiliations; forgetting, even, as the Chevalier had taught him, to mention his own deeds.

"Did you not do something, my son, something extraordinary to show these people that you were not of their blood and breed?"

Philippe laughed as he told her of Tripping Toe. With pretended indifference he tried to tell it; but the little mother, being a woman, knew and looked up so suddenly into his eyes that his face mantled with a red that made his hair and cheeks one.

She held up a finger protestingly. "Ah, my little Duke, that is all right for romance. It's a man's game, always his to triumph—the woman to suffer. You shall play it as all brave men do; for you to conquer, for her to pay the penalty."

"I should disdain to play any game, mother, wherein the price was not loyalty and the reward love."

She patted his hand. "Said like a Duke," she smiled, "said like the Duke you are."

Then very modestly Philippe told her of the shooting match. "I owe it all to the Chevalier, mother. They shoot well, but they did not have my gun."

"And what did you do with the beef you won? If only you had used that and not sold the ring!"

"If you could have seen them, mother, the sick and wounded ones who had given their all for their country; the little children who had come to meet fathers who would never return; wives, mothers—they who had lost husbands and sons. I—I—couldn't help it, mother."

She kissed him fondly. "It is my Duke, my very little Duke," she said amid her tears.

"But this money, this"—he laughed and jingled it in his pockets—"this is Pacolet's gift, mother, but it was simply highway robbery. Pacolet just stole it from them. It was like taking candy from those children of horses. Here it is—one hundred dollars, Pacolet's gift to Philippe's little mother." He kissed her. "And that saved the ring," he said, exultantly, as he held up his hand with the monogrammed ring.

She kissed it tenderly. "Keep it always," she said.

After she slept, Philippe sat by the fire thinking and wondering. The firelight glowed in the room that was more than home to him, so different and so full of memories of her. It was plain but beautiful, with furniture of the time of Louis XIV; soft-toned rugs, trophies of the chase which he and the Chevalier had brought home, the dressed deerskins, the brown bear, the buffalo, a mahogany center table resting upon dragon feet; the real lace curtains, the polished floor of hardwood, and, most wonderful of all to Philippe, the tiny rosewood box which she guarded more than all her other possessions—the little box with the same monogram that was on the ring.

He was tired. He tiptoed to the bed and kissed her as she slept; then sought his own room with the hard bed which he still used because the Chevalier had said that soft beds made soft men.

He slept and dreamed that he was a great knight; that Tripping Toe had been captured by the Indians and he it was who had saved her—saved her and kissed her again; and, kissing her in his dream, Philippe awakened and prayed a prayer for her and her happiness.

He awakened suddenly again. He heard Pacolet snort and strike, plunging at the stable door. He half-dressed, and with his rifle slipped quietly out. The horse was excited. Some one—some one the horse feared—had disturbed him. There were heavy rawhide boot tracks in the ground near the stable. Philippe tracked them easily. They had gone nearly round the house. They had stopped under his window.

A horseman rode out from the woods. The glint of the setting moonbeams flecked his rifle barrel. "I 'lowed you'd be asleep by now, Phil." The tone was apologetic.

"I heard a noise, Uncle Sam, and—"

"Likely—likely; I come nigh gittin' a chicken thief here awhile ago, but I forgot to prime my pan. Too bad!"

"I thought you had gone the other way at the fork of the road, Uncle Sam."

"Ain't it cu'ious, Philippe, how habits is? Been so used to fightin' o' late, that I cou'dn't he'p it. I kivered yo' retreat. In war, it's the dangeres' place. Go on in an' res' now, son. I don't sleep much these nights an' nothin' eases my mind more'n ridin' around watchin' fur these pestiferous chicken thieves. I'll be around till daylight an' my powder pan is primed fur any kind o' varmint now! Good night; go in an' sleep. Them's my orders to a good soldier."

But long after midnight old Sam Williams, as he stood guard in the forest, heard the stirring, shrill notes of the French fife, as they floated, now softly, now weird and wildly out from Philippe's room in the little house.

"I sho' w'u'd like to march behinst that fife onct," the old man drawled to himself. Then, with his saddle for a pillow, he lay down and slept.

V

THE PLOT AT THE INN

NASHVILLE, in the basin of Tennessee, in 1814 was the young metropolis of the Southwest. Its founding had been from a spring whose water ran through a meadow valley on the Cumberland and flowed into the river.

Pioneers called it the French Lick Spring because before the American hunter and trapper had arrived, before the coming of James Robertson, Col. John Donelson, and the pioneers who settled there, the bold French, following the footsteps of Joliet and Marquette, had stopped there and traded with the Indians.¹

Generations of bison and deer claimed the spring long before the voice of man was heard in the forest around it, and in their own way made a pathway to it on the south to New Orleans; on the north, to the great river at St. Louis—a pathway on which those untold generations of wild animals traveled, seeking the cool salt of the spring.

Later, a part of that pathway became the old Natchez Trace, and still later a part became the military road to Mobile and New Orleans; for the pioneer had early learned that the wild animals that first marked with pathways the distance between two points always chose the best and surest.

Near this spring had grown the town of Nashville.

The basin of Tennessee, which is now, as then, a granary inexhaustible, was the common hunting ground

¹ See "Tennessee, the Volunteer State," page 724.

of all the Indian tribes of the Southwest, and some of those as far north as New York and Pennsylvania.

It was held in common because it was abundant in everything the wild game loved. They were there in untold numbers; no tribe was permitted to violate the first game laws of America by inhabiting it or killing the game out of season.

And so, even in May, 1814, came caravans from the far South, from Pensacola, Mobile, Natchez, and New Orleans to this granary for corn and pork.

The winter of 1813-1814 had been a lean winter in Spanish Pensacola. Jackson's terrible punishment of the Indians paralyzed their commissary; they no longer helped to supply the port with bear meat, venison, and corn.

To-day, it happened that General Antonio Gomez, his Spanish Majesty's Chief of Commissary, had arrived in Nashville, with mule teams for provisions for Pensacola. Perhaps if he had known the glory of this day, the mustering out of troops who had destroyed his friends and allies, the ovation to Jackson, whose growing fame and generalship was a thorn in the side of both Spain and England, he would have waited another day for his coming.

General Antonio Gomez was a distinguished-looking officer, in resplendent uniform with the yellow gold braid of buccaneer Spain upon him; and if he had landed in another world the situation would not have been more incongruous in the eyes of General Antonio Gomez than this wild riot of frenzied torchlight and campfire upon the banks of the Cumberland.

The strange scene held his interest—something so abundantly new. Nor was he long in meeting Captain Bristow, Mr. T. Swann, and Colonel Erwin, all sworn enemies of Andrew Jackson, and secretly glad of any chance to destroy him.

How these men and General Antonio Gomez came to a mutual understanding without words, it is not the object of this story to explain. They met, they had drinks, they

became friends; they wished ill to Andrew Jackson.

Fortunately, perhaps, for their plans, the conqueror of the Creeks was too ill to be at the ball that night. He was not there, it is true; but could anything have added more to it than the resplendent uniform, gold braid, and spurs of the dashing Spaniard?

Another arrival, several days before, had been the very immaculate Count de Chartres.

This gentleman had come by public coach from Natchez. He had been accompanied by a leathern trunk larger than any ever before seen on the Cumberland. In it were suits for every day of the week, and two clean, long, perfectly matched French dueling swords. He possessed one other thing that was the admiration of those who loved a good horse. This animal he had bought the day after his arrival, from a man who claimed to be a cotton planter going South with a lot of slaves and live stock he had purchased in Kentucky to supply his sugar plantation in Louisiana.

De Chartres told the object of his visit; he came with a letter from General Lafayette to Andrew Jackson. That it was forged, he did not tell. This letter explained that the bearer was the son of Count Beaujolais, youngest brother of the Duke of Orleans and of the Duke of Montponsier, sons of Philippe, Duke of Orleans, the beloved Egalité, who, though he had sided with the people, had lost his head on the guillotine, while his sons had fled for their lives.

Since the Revolution, both Montponsier and Beaujolais had died, and the Duke of Orleans had been restored to his title and estate.² The old patriot and Revolutionary soldier asked the American commander to give the young man a captaincy, or make him an aide on his staff. The young count had a splendid estate, an independent fortune. He was not a soldier of fortune, but a patriot.

Could anything have been more natural than that La-

² See "Three Sons of Orleans," by Judge John H. De Witt, in *Tennessee Historical Magazine*, Vol. 5, page 265.

fayette, who had himself fought the British for the liberty of America in their first war, should induce his young friend and *protégé* to come to America to fight them in the second conflict?

Next to Washington, Lafayette held the warmest place in the affection of the American people.

To-day the Count had presented the letter in person to General Jackson. Its reception was more than cordial. The sick warrior had assured him that he should be taken care of in the coming campaign. He might consider himself already on his personal staff with the rank of Captain of Artillery. In the meantime the Count would make his headquarters at the Inn, but the General would consider it a special favor if he would visit him as often as possible at the Hermitage.

It was at the ball at the Inn that night that the Count met Juliet Templeton, of Virginia, cousin of Mrs. Jackson and her guest at the Hermitage. Mrs. Jackson graciously consented for him to open the dance with Juliet. Never had such a stately beauty been seen on the Cumberland, nor by the Count in his own France. A subtle charm of hers was a frank independence which, withheld from the women of his land by the tyranny of class and the dependence of sex, had come to this American girl through many generations of freedom in heart and thought.

The Count was first amazed, then delighted, and before the ball was over madly in love.

She was equally as gracious to Captain Jack Trevellian, the young officer who, but that day, had come back from the wars.

Once, between dances, the Frenchman, looking for the American girl for the next dance, came on them in a corner of the veranda far off from the lights and noise. She wore a white lace scarf over her head and shoulders, and her dark hair and eyes were glowing beneath. He came upon them unexpectedly—her hand was in Trevel-

lian's. The Frenchman stood scowling, his hand on his sword.

Trevellian arose and, with a splendid bow and smile, handed her to the Count.

The simplicity and chivalry of the act quite overcame him. But his jealousy burned not the less furiously when, leading her in, he saw her look laughingly back at the door and throw a finger-tip kiss to the soldier on the veranda.

The ball did not last long for the reason that other and more riotous attractions were in progress on the outside. And, Hamlet was not there: he was ill—perhaps even fatally—and there were many friends of his who felt little like dancing.

Ill luck befell Pamela Crockett when she came under the evil eye of the Spaniard. He had seen her in that wonderful dance earlier in the day. Its naturalness and simplicity had meant only sensuality to the mind of a Spanish aristocrat, who, true to his caste and his blood, looked on girls of the peasant class as the price of a gentleman's favors and attentions.

It is needless to add that, being General Antonio Gomez, he could not possibly have known that in this new country, so unlike decaying Spain, there was no peasant class, no royalty save that of soul.

Under the tutelage of Mr. T. Swann, he had met her. It was an honor both to Mr. T. Swann and General Gomez. Mr. T. Swann, "late of Virginia," as his cards announced, had his own ideas about women, especially girls of the Crockett class.

Under pretense of meeting the famous David Crockett, they had gone to his tent. It was nearly midnight, but the scout was away with his fiddle at a near-by bran dance. All had retired but Tripping Toe, who sat in front of the tent in the thin gown which showed so perfectly her form.

Tripping Toe was sad. There was dancing, but she

did not wish to dance again. One dance had come into her life, her first love dance and her last. To her, a wild, romantic girl of the wilderness, this had not been a dance, but a religion. She, Tripping Toe, who thought straight, talked straight, even as she shot straight; to Tripping Toe of poverty and hard work, of yearnings unfulfilled, came ambitions which lay at the end of an unseen rainbow; to Tripping Toe, this day, had come love. Her lover was gone. Tripping Toe danced no longer.

She was very gracious to both the Spaniard and Mr. T. Swann.

Mr. T. Swann (who, a few years before, had been publicly caned at that very spot by Andrew Jackson for intermeddling with his affair of honor with Mr. Dickinson)³ explained that he was a friend and partisan of her uncle. He was always a good friend to any one whose path seemed likely to cross that of the man he hated.

The modesty and shy sadness of the girl only intensified the passion of the Spaniard. He gazed upon her unadorned beauty. He spoke with patronizing familiarity. The white whisky of the settlement tended in no wise to decrease the sensuality of his nature.

Mr. T. Swann, who thought that he himself had reached perfection in the art of gallantry, resolved in his soul, after the Spaniard's profuse and delicate phrasing of the flatterer's art with Pamela Crockett, that he would yet go to Spain and graduate in the art. But even Mr. T. Swann, fool that he was, did not quite like the brutality of the Spaniard's remarks when, on leaving the Crockett tent for a bout at the Inn, he had said: "I will own that little wench if I have to steal her or toll her with gold to Pensacola."

Later, they were drinking at the Inn: Bristow, Swann, Erwin, and the Spaniard. They had discussed Andrew Jackson's victory with no words of commendation. It

³ "Life of Andrew Jackson," Parton Vol. 1, page 269.

was an open secret among them. How might he be destroyed? In their cups they spoke without caution.

"General Gomez," said Mr. T. Swann, after they had talked of other things, "you do not know that man Jackson, and his luck. We thought Robards, whose divorced wife he married, would kill him; we thought Mr. Dickinson, Major Erwin's son-in-law (the Spaniard bowed to Major Erwin), the best shot in the Southwest, would kill him; we thought the Bentons, in the encounter they had at the City Hotel, would kill him; we thought the Creeks would kill him. In fact, I thought I might have that honor myself," said Mr. T. Swann pompously, "but here he is, and the rest of us at his glance hunt for ignoble graves in which to bury ourselves."

"Who would have thought," joined in Bristow, "that he would have come out of the Creek War alive? Who would have thought he could have turned that half-starved, mutinous troop into a victorious army? And he shot to pieces by the Bentons when he marched away to it! Damn it—he is conjured of Fate!"

"Ah," said Gomez, "that is all right, gentlemen; be not discouraged. He will soon meet his doom. I cannot tell you the state secrets of his Spanish Majesty and," he smiled knowingly, "our allies, the English; but you will soon understand. Before six months, gentlemen, you will see him and his backwoods army cut to pieces and destroyed."

"I understand," said Bristow; "in fact, I know, because I am just out of the war with him, and sorry I am it ended for him as it did. You know he killed my brother-in-law, Mr. Dickinson," he explained to the Spaniard. "Well, perhaps you have not heard it. I will warn our friend, General Gomez, now, in time." He turned to Gomez. "He is going to Pensacola after you next."

Gomez rose quickly to his feet, his face paled. "You don't mean it!"

Bristow smiled. "Why, my dear General, but the rumor

is that you are permitting the British to use your town for a base."

"Ah, does he know that?" and he looked hurriedly around.

He leaned over and spoke rapidly: "Gentlemen, we understand one another. I"—he tapped his breast—"I represent his Spanish Majesty and I know whereof I speak. It is this: The British will soon snatch from you a third of your continent, the Louisiana Purchase of Mr. Jefferson.⁴ That is as sure as that I am here talking to you to-night. When this is done, England will purchase Florida of us, or exchange it for land nearer our West Indian possessions. This will divide your country in two like a wedge of steel. In time, you will have a little Republic on the East coast and a feeble one here in the Southwest. Your Mr. Burr saw that and schemed for it. By an accident he failed."⁵

"That accident was Andrew Jackson," spoke Colonel Erwin. "If he had joined Burr when he came here, he could have cornered the Southwest with him."

"Be that as it may," went on the Spaniard, "but it came nearer being a reality than many of you know. Now you are surely doomed. Gentlemen, I know. England will soon send out the greatest army and navy that ever left her shores. What have you with which to confront the men who have conquered Bonaparte? These coonskin soldiers? These 'possum hunters? This untrained, undisciplined mob that has been drinking, shouting, and dancing around here all day like savages? Piff! Piff!" He raised his hands in protesting disgust.

The others, seeing for the first time, were silent.

"Now, to help this along, to destroy this tyrant, Jackson, to open places in the government for such worthy men as you (he glanced smiling at them), gentlemen, let

⁴See Letter of Gov. William Allen, of Ohio, in Buell's "Life of Andrew Jackson," page 207.

⁵See Burr in Tennessee, Parton's "Life of Jackson," pages 309, 322.

us be cautious: encourage him to go into Pensacola. Help it along. The end will be a quick one and your reward come sooner. Spain, attacked, will turn on him, join England, and, together, we will wipe him from the earth. Nay, more: who has given him the authority to strike neutral and friendly Spain? Not your weak Mr. Madison—no; who, then? No one but his own arrogant, stubborn, perverse, and perverted self; his rash judgment; his arrogant conception of the right and justness of all that is in him and his. Let this backwoods Cæsar cross his Rubicon. Help him to cross it, my friends. Six months from now I meet you here again and we drink to his ill health, cashiered, disgraced, dishonored; and of this mob which to-day idolizes him, not one that would be fool enough to call him friend. Do you see, gentlemen? Is it not so? But cautious—cautious! Work with me at Pensacola. I shall introduce you to the British officers there. We can arrange to bring things quickly to an end.”

They broke up shortly afterwards. The next day, half-filled, Gomez's caravan started hurriedly southward.

VI

A DUEL TO THE DEATH

THE bitterness in the hearts of the men who had assembled at the Inn plotting for Jackson's destruction while he, broken in his efforts to save them from Indian massacre and foreign tyranny, lay sick abed, can scarcely be understood to-day in the light of his achievements and sacrifices. Great men of courage, who sweep away smaller men with their petty schemes which would retard the progress of their stars, often have their bitterest enemies among their own home folks. It was true with Andrew Jackson; and, to their great acclaim, Fate had given them a weapon in a tragedy that would have wrecked any career but one predestined of God to do things which mere man could not wreck.

This tragedy was the killing by Jackson, in a fair duel, of the man who had spoken defamatory of Rachel Jackson, his wife, as noble a mother of the wilderness as ever helped their men blaze civilization's path through it. It did not wreck his life nor hers. Instead, it made one of the great love stories of history.

It was in the year 1788 that a young man, tall, slender, with the blue-gray eyes of an eagle, and riding a thoroughbred stallion, followed by a pack mare on which were all his earthly possessions—a new Dechard rifle, a pair of fine pistols, some clothes, a few law books, tobacco, whisky, tea, and “one hundred and eight dollars in hard money”—rode the perilous immigrant and savage-infested journey of two hundred miles between Jonesborough, the frontier village on the borderline of civilization, to the Nashborough fort on the Cumberland in the heart of the wilderness and

of savages. Sinewy, graceful, bold, yet courteous, he looked the part of his breeding—the mettle of that pasture from which he had come, on both lines, from the old kings of Scotland.

The criminals and lawbreakers had banded together in the pioneer town of Nashborough. Debts were not collectable. Jackson issued seventy writs the morning after he arrived. He jailed or drove the criminals out of town. He established law and order. Fearless, alert, fascinating, cool when others were in panic, and with that sixth sense which their Creator gives only a century apart to His chosen, he met any crisis and solved it while others despaired or wondered. But no man was ever more jealous of his own honor, and woe to him who questioned it!

In two weeks he was on one or the other side of every legal or other battle in the vast district of his domain. Fees were paid mostly in land grants. In a few years he had a large estate of virgin land; and, what is more, honor, leadership, friends, followers.

Every office in the gift of the people came to him in time: Attorney General, Militia General, Congressman, Senator, Judge of the Superior Court, Governor of Florida, Major General of the Armies of the Republic, President. They were all his for the asking and came to him as naturally as crowns to a knight-errant. To women he was always their Sir Galahad; men either loved or feared him.

There was never but one woman in his life—Rachel Donelson.

Eight years before Jackson came, in 1780, her father, Colonel John Donelson, had brought the “Good Boat Adventure,” with its cargo of pioneers, down the long one-thousand-mile windings of the Tennessee amid perils of famine, flood, and Indian massacre, and made the landing on the Bluff that became the capital of the State in after years. On this boat with her father’s family came Rachel, a half-grown girl, who could out-dance, out-sing,

and out-ride any woman or girl in all the countryside. She was the toast and the belle of the settlement—a rare wilderness beauty with a heart of gold.

Before she was out of her teens she had been swept by an unthinking romance into marriage with a young, high-mettled, fascinating Kentuckian whose habits and jealousies later made her the most unhappy of brides.

Her father, Colonel Donelson, had been murdered by the Indians and she and her jealous husband were living with her widowed mother, where young Jackson, the brilliant young Public Prosecutor—now holding a commission from President Washington—with his law partner, General John Overton, came to board in the widow's house, having their law office in a separate building in the front yard.

Jackson's friendship for the mother, and courtesy and kindness to the daughter, stirred all the jealousy and envy in the young husband's soul. He accused his wife of being in love with Jackson. Jackson expostulated with him and made matters worse. Robards left his wife and went back to Kentucky. Jackson and Overton sought board elsewhere.

Soon thereafter an act was passed by the legislature of Virginia authorizing Robards to secure a divorce from his wife on the ground of desertion. While its caption indicated that the act was final, the law of the day gave to the husband the legal right to go before a jury of the realm and obtain the court's sanction.

For a year Rachel lived with her mother, believing that she was divorced. She and Jackson loved with a love that had become holy in its sacrifices and sorrows. They were married, and a more exalted, happier marriage is not in the annals of history—a marriage kept sacred through nearly forty years of dignified, devoted love.

But the husband had purposely set a trap. Two years after the marriage he went before the courts of Kentucky

and obtained his final decree, not on the ground of desertion, but on statutory grounds.

Jackson remarried his wife, and with the steel in his soul he buckled on another steel—the blue, cold steel that carried revenge, giving fair warning of death to all men who dared to assail her name or the purity of their motives. It was Charles Dickinson, son-in-law of Major James Erwin, of plotting fame, who did this, for no other reason than that he had permitted himself to be the fool-hardy tool of those, like his father-in-law, who wished to see the man whom they could not beat before the people killed by this young Brutus—"the best shot in the whole Southwest."

It was the relentless, unhuman politics of those rough days that caused it, and the young and dare-devil Dickinson was chosen to wing the bullet to Jackson's heart.

It is a long story and not pleasant in the telling; but, cruel as it is, it must be remembered that the field of honor was the gentleman's field of glory a century ago, and that in the story is a great love holding stanch a great courage even to the doors of death. It is told only to vindicate the honor of a woman and the courage and devotion of a man; how it began with a horse race which never was run because Jackson had the better horse; but it cost Mr. Erwin, Dickinson's father-in-law, \$800 in forfeits; how Dickinson in his fierce cups and reckless words at a public inn (where these very worthies sat and plotted to-night) publicly, profanely, and maliciously proclaimed that Jackson was a "poltroon and coward" who had "lived two years with his wife before he married her"; how fierce notes passed between them or were published in the papers; how Mr. T. Swann broke in to add fuel to the fire; how Dickinson wrote an insulting letter, brazenly printed in the local paper, calling Jackson a liar and a coward, and left by the next boat for Natchez, Mississippi, to escape the avenger's challenge, and there all winter and into the spring practiced the art of shooting

strings apart stretched between trees, or shooting off the heads of sparrows at eight paces—the code's distance for duels.

Jackson spent the winter with smoldering fire in his heart. He settled his affairs; and yet, in his heart, he felt that even the best shot in the Southwest who could shoot a string in two at eight paces, or bury three balls in succession shooting out the ace of hearts, could not kill him!

That was the ingrained, Scotch-Irish predestination of his soul. But in the betting parlance of that day, his chances were not one in the hundred.

It is not pleasant to tell: about this duel to be fought a long day's ride on the Kentucky border; how Dickinson told his young wife, who was about to become a mother, that he was going on a deer hunt in Kentucky, and left her with a kiss and a smile in the sureness of his aim—a Cavalier on a man hunt—how Cromwell Jackson, in the old Mud Tavern, spent two full days in deep, deliberate planning of this battle for his life and his wife's honor, with sedate and solemn friends around him; how they advised this and that; and how finally they came to his own views when he said, "Gentlemen, I have but one chance in it all. He is quicker than I and far more accurate. He will shoot instantly on the word, to beat me to it. His haste may make less sure his aim. I shall let him shoot first. It is my only chance." It proved to be so. The man who later planned the breastworks of New Orleans and planted behind them, three deep, the Tennessee riflemen who routed for the first time in its history a British army, and destroyed a third of their fighting men in the withering fire of only thirty minutes, planned that battle with the same deadly skill. But the greater wonder is that when the gentle Rachel kissed him good-by she pleaded: "If possible, spare him for his wife and unborn babe's sake."

Never did two parties ride that long day's journey to the Kentucky line with demeanors so different. Dickinson

rode with a party of young Hotspurs drinking, galloping, hallooing. For was not he, Charles Dickinson, the best shot in the Southwest, and what chance did Jackson have against his sure marksmanship at only a few paces?

He rode ahead of Jackson, but he left in the trail behind him boasts and evidences of his marksmanship that were intended to break down the morale of his antagonist.

To the landlord of the little wayside inn where he lunched, after he had put three balls into the ace of hearts pinned to a tree, he jocularly remarked: "Show that to General Jackson when he comes by, and tell him I am going to shoot his heart out like that. My target will be the button over his heart."

This remark probably saved Jackson's life.

"Unbutton your coat to-morrow, General, when you go on the field," whispered Overton, his second.

Jackson nodded. "He shall shoot first, Overton. He is too quick for me. But I will wing him, never fear. I will wing him."

Dickinson was a Cavalier. He came of a distinguished Cavalier family. He was dashing, brave, and fearless. He was cocksure and incorrigible in his attitude. He believed not so much in God as in Dickinson. God, to him, was on the side of the man who shot first and shot deadliest, and Dickinson was that man. But, like all Cavaliers, he lacked one thing which Cromwell Jackson had—that poise of purpose which stands steadfast even to defeat in the bitter end. For, when he fired the next day, and found that he had not killed Jackson, he stepped back from the line, quitting like a stricken and startled cock gaffed in his own game. But when Jackson felt—what Dickinson could not see and never knew—his opponent's great bullet strike so near his heart, stripping his breastbone to plow around and out through his side, though believing his own death wound had been given, he braced up from the shock, clenched his teeth on a bullet he had placed in his mouth to keep from biting, in his

death agony, his tongue, and stood in his tracks erect and steadfast, until he had finished his purpose.

"I intended to spare him if he had missed me," he said afterward, "but when I felt his ball plow through my ribs, I would have stood up long enough to have killed him if he had shot me through the heart."¹

History has many cycles that deal with many ages and many men. It is a tale that goes round in an endless circle and there is little change in the going. Again and again it tells the same story. There are endless ages and creeds for each, without limit or length; but for every age and every creed there has always been the Cavalier and the Cromwell. And the Cromwell, being always on humanity's side, has found, in the end, that God is always on his.

The place of the duel, Harrison's Mill, on Red River, in Logan County, Kentucky, is an open field to-day; but one hundred and nineteen years ago it was a poplar grove, the trees rising tall and beautiful, their faint yellow blooms among their leaves, or scattered in blood-black blossoms on the turf beneath—emblems of a deeper carmine so soon to crimson it.

Dickinson and his party were already there. General Thomas Overton, ever thoughtful and silent, walked up to Jackson. True to his military habits, his principal had forgotten to unbutton the coat that emphasized his clear-cut figure with dangerous distinctness.

"Unbutton it, General, you remember. It will put your heart two inches away."

Jackson nodded and complied.

"How do you feel about it, General?" his surgeon asked quietly, coming up.

"All right, sir—all right," he smiled. "I'll wing him, I tell you, I'll wing him."

Dickinson's good star was still uppermost. His second, Dr. Catlett, drew choice of position and promptly placed

¹ See Gen. John H. Eaton's statement.

his principal with his back to the risen sun. Jackson, facing him, had the sunshine in his face. Aye, and there was no loss there. For he stood, this man of destiny and of God, this nineteenth-century Aryan in a new land, blazing with the sword of his spirit the path of a new civilization, even as his Aryan ancestors had stood worshipping before it—knowing not its mystery, knowing not its end, but standing up unafraid before it, whether in worship or in battle, a fighter with a fear of God only in his heart. And with every chance against him, a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian that he was, not once did he believe that Dickinson's ball could kill him. If ever predestination was bulwarked in the very ground sills of a man's character it was in Andrew Jackson's. Every crucial act of his strenuous life showed that while his lips were silent the fiber and faith of his soul was that he was predestined of God to do things, that he was sent of God for a purpose, and in this crisis which now confronted him he knew the Creator of this purpose was as a thunderbolt from Sinai compared to the popgun in the hands of his enemy before him.

"I will wing him, sir, never fear."

The old Jewish prophet never called down fire from heaven to destroy the offerings of blasphemy and idolatry with more deadly assurance that the fire would fall, than came these words from Jackson's lips.

The language of the agreement was then read by one of the seconds to the men facing each other:

"The distance shall be twenty-four feet, the parties facing each other, with their pistols drawn perpendicular. When they are ready the single word '*fire*' is to be given, at which they are to fire as soon as they please. Should either fire before the word is given we pledge ourselves to shoot him down instantly. The person to give the word to be determined by lot; also the choice of position. We mutually agree that the above regulations shall be observed in the affair of honor pending between General Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Esquire."

Dickinson shot as all experts do—instinctively. There

was no aim, just that instinctive coördination of hand and eye, acting together on one object—the target. It was an instinct between the two, both centered on the mark.

And that mark was the button over Jackson's heart.

It fell to Overton to give the word. He bided his time and then, asking if they were ready, suddenly shouted "*F-e-r-e!*" He shouted so loudly and shrilly that the two keyed-up men almost started at the suddenness of it.

"*F-e-r-e!*" It was a new word to Dickinson, but Jackson having been, even though a boy, a Revolutionary soldier, knew that it was the old militia officer's word for *fire*. And Overton had shouted it, as was their custom, fiercely, fingly, like a drumbeat to battle, like a Highland chief, who would fling his men on the enemy. Almost with the word, Dickinson fired; Overton, his eyes glued on Jackson's breast, paled and almost groaned when he saw the dust fly from his principal's coat near the button that had been over his heart.

Jackson for an instant swerved, reeled, as a hickory bracing to the first breath of the hurricane; then, like it, bending back again to erectness. God be praised, like the hickory he was, he swerved upright and stood firm, his face blanched but unchanged, his body unbroken!

Dickinson, in dismay, thoughtlessly stepped back from his line, exclaiming, "My God, have I missed the damned rascal?"

"Step back to your line or I'll blow your brains out," shouted Overton, presenting his own pistol at the young man's head.

With a low apology Dickinson stepped up to the line, his head down, his smoking pistol below.

Jackson calmly raised his own pistol for the first time. Slowly, deliberately he aimed, and at the touch of the hair trigger a strange thing happened: This perfect weapon, purchased in England for a high price after the remarriage to his wife, to let his enemies know he was ready to use it for her good name, this pistol that had

never refused to fire, set to a hair and needing only a breath to make it respond—this pistol for the first time failed him!

It snapped, but stopped on the half cock. Why, no man can tell. Such a thing dovetails into the mysterious. We are seeing now a little way; maybe some day we shall see farther, and know that the same destiny that decreed that Andrew Jackson should live, gave, in this little thing, the only hint it could, without reversing the laws of nature, that Dickinson also might be spared.

Coolly, grimly, deliberately he recocked his pistol, and when he aimed again he took no chances, for he aimed not at Dickinson's head, nor at his heart, but at his stomach, for he knew that if this great ball penetrated into his intestines, there was no surgeon of that day who could save him.

Dickinson collapsed at the fire, shot through the bowels. A great stream of blood poured from the hole when the surgeon rushed up and tore away his clothes.

Overton gave one look and said: "You may go, General; he will not need anything more at your hands."

Jackson walked by him erect, game, up-headed, though his own boot, on the left foot, was now half full of blood.

"Are you wounded, General?" asked his surgeon as they prepared to ride off the field.

"O, he pinked me a little," he said with grim humor, as he walked up to his horse; "but don't let them know it," he whispered fiercely.

He was badly wounded. True to his boast, Dickinson had put the ball over the button above his heart, striking two inches back, a glancing blow that raked his breast-bone and two ribs and plowed through his side and out.

But no one, save his friends, knew, when he left for home, that he had been hit.

Dickinson lived all day, crying in agony and bitterness.

In the true chivalry of the times, Jackson sent him a bottle of wine, but the call of the dying man was ever

for his wife. About nine o'clock he sprang up in bed, his face blanched to the agony of it, and cried: "Why, why have you put out the light?"

But no light was out save his own.

That night the gentle Rachel took her bloody husband in her arms and kissed him. Then she prayed for Dickinson's wife and unborn child. Little did she realize how her generous, forgiving heart, in asking her beloved to spare her enemy for his wife and unborn child, came so near, in the light of future history, of depriving the Republic of the only man who twice saved it—once by his guns at New Orleans, and again from disunion and disintegration!

VII

OLD SAM WILLIAMS ACTS

CONCERNING a matter as vital as that which Uncle Sam Williams foresaw was life or death to his newly made friend, Philippe, he did not waste time or words. The Harps were here in their midst. They had come with the returning soldiers. And in the route of an army it was easy for men to conceal both their identity and their object.

Already, three fine horses had been stolen within fifty miles of Nashville; four negro slaves had been run from one plantation; and in Maury County, fifty miles below, a farmer had been waylaid, murdered, and robbed as he was going home with the gold product of his year's wheat and cotton crop in his saddlebags.

The Harps were among them—the Harps, and perhaps a half dozen of their gang, disguised and passing for honest men.

Sam Williams spotted the traitor, Leatherwood. He it was who was talking to Red Harp but a minute before the bandit who laid his hand on Philippe's rein. He was equally positive about the Count. He, too, was in this deal; but for what? He did not need the money. He did not want horses. He could not be one of the Harp gang. Everything pointed to the fact that his game was more far-reaching and vital. There was but one conclusion, and the old fighter solved it: he wanted the boy, dead or alive. Perhaps, he wanted something else.

At daylight he left Hunter's Hill and rode back to the fallen tree. Long service in the woods had made him half hound and half Indian in following a trail and reading

its open lesson. He followed the man's rawhide tracks to the place where he had mounted. His horse wore tips only. Those were the shoes of a mud horse stolen from Gallatin, for only a mud horse ran in tips. A half mile farther he found tracks of another horseman. The second horseman had dismounted while he waited for the first, and had evidently stood holding his horse. The old bugler looked closely at the tracks. They were soft calf riding boots, with high heels and pump soles. He looked at the horse's tracks in the soft turf. No such shoe as this was ever put on any horse in the Cumberland settlement. A crossbar of steel connected the shoe from calk to calk under the heel. It made the shoe a circle. It was used only on race horses in the hard, gravelly tracks of the Delta country. It was to keep tender heels off the hard gravel or clay.

Old Sam smiled: "From the Delta country. A long journey—for something!"

He rode to town and stopped at the stable where the Count kept his horse. He hitched his pony, and as he passed the box stall where stood the well-groomed horse of the Count, he slipped in and casually picked up a front foot. The steel bar was there. He learned from the stable boy that the Count rode out soon after dark the night before. He said he was going to the Hermitage. He got back about midnight.

The old bugler was satisfied. It was the Count who had ridden with Red Harp the night before when that worthy so nearly captured or assassinated the boy. But why did they want the boy?

He did not linger long in town, for it was suffering from the dullness of the morning after. Few people stirred. They talked more of the escape of the bandit than of the mustering out. Wagons, soldiers, horses, women, children, dogs—all had filed across the bridge at daylight for home.

Gomez's wagons had started southward before daylight. A mysterious dread hung over all.

There was but one problem now for the old bugler to solve: it was the Count. In the meantime he would watch-care the boy and he would keep both eyes on Jim Leatherwood.

Before leaving town, he visited the high sheriff, who was already early in his office. In fact, he had slept but little and in his boots. He sat alone in the courthouse, which was of log, with one large room, a rough desk in one end for the judge, and rougher benches for the jury and citizens. Fifty yards across the square was a squatty, heavy row of log buildings that answered for a jail.

When old Sam Williams sauntered in indifferently, the sheriff's big boots, covered with mud, were on the desk in front. Mud-caked, also, his spurs. His jean pants were thrust in his boot tops. He had evidently been riding hard but a few hours before. He sat with his head in his hands. His sunken shoulders seemed to arise out of an arsenal, so numerous were the pistols in his belt.

The old man eyed him with a half-sneering smile for fully a minute. Under it, the sheriff took his feet from off the bench, straightened up, and blinked drowsily at the intruder.

"This bein' a bu-u-tiful day," said the old man dryly, "I'm a leetle surprised you ain't conductin' a Bible class here this mornin'—it seems to me to be a leetle mo' fittin' to yo' natur'."

Uncle Sam was a man to be reckoned with, either in talking or in fighting.

The sheriff did not want to bring on a conflict of either kind with the old Indian fighter. "I rid all night huntin' fur 'im," he began, apologetically.

"An' tuck the wrong trail, of course, to find 'em, like the coon dog you are, Jack Sanders."

"Find 'em? Wuz they more'n one o' 'em?"

"The way you dance, an' git drunk, an' go to sleep on

yo' job after lockin' yo' prisoners up with a padlock that a crow could pick, I would hate to skeer you by intermatin' thar wuz more'n one, that bein' more'n you can take care o' after he's duly ketcht an' turned over to the high sheriff. It ain't never occurred to you that that lock was picked from the outside?"

"Seems like I jes' ain't had time to think at all, Uncle Sam."

"It ain't time you need," said the old man witheringly. "It's a backbone an' some kind o' a box on the top o' it fittin' to collect thoughts in. So I'll proceed to do yo' thinkin' fur you; but I want you to listen!—yo years seems big enuff—an' try to *think*. An' I don't want you to talk, for folks that can't think ginerally can't talk—they allers is dead. Now, I want you to be dead to what I'm sayin'! Come heah!"

He led the sheriff to the door.

"Don't point, now, an' don't talk; but do you see that second window over the first door of the inn?"

The sheriff nodded.

"Wal, you know that's whar the Count stays. He's been here several days a-posin' for what he ain't!"

The sheriff's eyes went suddenly open. He remembered and stayed dead.

"Wal, watch 'im an' say nothin'. I'll be heah mighty nigh ever' day. But if any time that man tries to get out of this town for good, arrest 'im if you have to kill 'im. Don't hesitate—don't fear—do it! Ole Sam Williams is behin' you, Jin'ral Jackson's bugler from the Tennessee to the Tohopeka, an' he'll be behin' me—d'ye understan'?"

He pointed toward the Hermitage. "He'll know in time, an' you know Ole Hickory can hate a wolf about as bad as he can despise a sheriff that's mo' fittin' fur teachin' a Sunday school than fur carryin' a gun. D'ye understan'?"

"He's a friend o' mine," nodded the sheriff.

"Wal, you want to keep 'im yo' friend; so, watch an' pray. I know you can pray, but don't pray out loud; an' fur once in yo' life, pray with yo' eyes open."

"I'll do it, Uncle Sam. I can't tell you how awful sorry—"

"Don't mention that word—it's the word o' a fool—no brave man knows it," answered the old bugler.

He took the sheriff roughly by his thin whiskers, pulled his head up to whispering distance, and said: "Jack Sanders, I'm tellin' you now; this means life an' death. *Watch an' pray*, an' if you talk an' fail me, by God, I'll kill you!"

He walked out, mounted his pony, and rode toward Hunter's Hill.

VIII

THE SICK MAN AT THE HERMITAGE

THERE was originally one section lying between the Cumberland and the Stone, called the "Hermitage." Later others were added, as the nearest boundary was nine miles from the town of Nashville. Of the hundreds of acres that were cleared and cultivated, the growing crops gave a reckoning of the fertility. The remainder stood in trees of hardwood; to-day a dark, cool cloud in the valleys, a lighter and bluer one beyond and on the hills.

To-day, in the big room, suffering with unhealed bullet wounds, received in fierce battles with the Creeks, and poisoned with malaria from Southern swamps, its owner lay in fever and pain.

He had owned a thousand acres of land and his home at Hunter's Hill, but much of it had been lost because of the sick man's honesty—an honesty that made his word his bond; that made him pay his debts, whether just or unjust; pay down to a log cabin in the wilderness. For indorsing notes which the maker failed to pay, he sold his home and lands and moved to the two-storied double log cabin at the Hermitage.

Years before, in the titanic struggle between England and Bonaparte, when the ships of England cut off the Republic's commerce from the ocean and Spain held the mouth of the great river down which no commerce of the Southwest might pass without confiscation; followed later by the Embargo Act, a blunder which was complete and far-reaching, a panic and a commercial ruin fell, which

made of the young Republic a graveyard of commercial bones.¹

With his partner, John Coffee, Jackson opened a store at Clover Bottom; and to purchase the goods for it in Philadelphia, he sold to David Allison of that town, the richest Quaker in Pennsylvania, the man whose notes of hand passed as legal tender on a par with those of the Bank of Philadelphia, twenty thousand acres of land. But Allison failed in the Embargo panic before his notes came due, and the payment fell on the indorser, Andrew Jackson, who met them by selling the home he lived in and the thousands of acres around it, and moved farther into the wilderness to live in a log cabin.

Later, in the crisis for raising funds both for the Creek Wars and New Orleans (and there never was a time in all that period when he did not involve himself to the extent of all he owned), this man's notes passed in other States more readily than those of the banks of Tennessee.

The Hermitage had been an old blockhouse of two stories,² erected by pioneers who had built it with a view of defense against the Indians. Below its main room was a large kitchen, opening into a dining room and living room in one. The table seated twenty guests, and it was seldom without them, so unbounded was the hospitality of its owner.

Around this house were built squatty cabins of log; bedrooms for the guests and family; beyond, the spring and dairy; and farther yet, the stables of log for the horses in plow or shaft. A larger and separate barn stood for the race horses, fast making their owner independent.

The sick man lay in a high testered bed with a step that led up to it. His long, stern face was emaciated and sallow; the firm mouth was set more grimly than usual in pain and impatient longing; a mass of grayish-

¹ Adams papers, Congressional Library.

² See "Preservation of the Hermitage," Mrs. Mary G. Dorris.

red hair floundered backward over a lofty brow; only in his eyes was there life. Flushed with fever, they shone unnaturally bright.

There was an old, unhealed wound in his breast from Dickinson's pistol. There were others in shoulder and side from the pistols of the Bentons. There was malaria in his veins.

His wife had passed quietly in and out all day—black-eyed, cheery-faced, kindly in heart as she was gentle in soul, with love and solicitude for her hero of heroes in every touch, look, and word.

And now he slept.

The wife carefully covered his shoulders and went busily to work in the buttery among her servants, doing, directing, seeing to everything—all the duties of a household that had many to feed.

Three weeks before, the owner had come back from the Creek War. The people of his home town had prepared for him a triumph. Instead, he had taken to his bed.

The sun was throwing slanting shadows across the fields of the Hermitage; a low murmur of the songs of negroes as they came from their toil broke upon the twilight.

His wife came into the chamber where he lay; a smoldering fire of hickory burned low. Her husband sat up in bed. "I have slept well, my dear," he said. "I believe I am well; see?"

He held out his arm. She took it, feeling the pulse.

"Why, Mr. Jackson, it has gone, and your skin is moist and cool."³

She came over and sat beside him. She took his thin, tired hand in hers and kissed it. Tears were in her eyes.

"O dearest, how sweet to see you home again! I prayed

³ "Their love was beautiful and of great dignity. She always called him Mr. Jackson." Thomas H. Benton, in "Thirty Years in the Senate of the United States."

daily for you—to God—to my blessed Redeemer. They have answered my prayers.”

She bowed her head over his hands and uttered a silent prayer of thanks.

The dominant impulse of Rachel Jackson’s soul was its intense religious faith.

She stooped and kissed him. The tired soldier’s arms went round her neck.

“When you went off last October, so sick and wounded, you could hardly sit your saddle. O—I never expected to see you alive again.”

“God has been good to us,” he murmured, “good to me beyond my deserts. I believe it is your prayers—yours”— He kissed her again.

“Partly, dearest,” she whispered; “but do you know what my faith makes known to me? You are God’s predestined. You are to do his will in great things. There is no earthly evil that can harm you. You are now and have been and always will be under his protecting wings.”

A peculiar flash—a proud gleam flamed in his eyes: “Dearest, I had not thought of it, but—but—it seems so, doesn’t it? My escape from savages when others with me were killed; Dickinson’s bullet; the Bentons’; the starvation and fevers of the Southern swamps; the Creeks; the British!” He half raised his hand toward heaven: “If it be true, God help me to do it right.”

“Amen,” she whispered. And then: “I can see you now as you rode off ahead of your Tennessee soldiers. I never expected to see you again!”

His eyes flashed again. He rose up and almost shouted it: “By the Eternal God, Mrs. Jackson, but weren’t they the damndest bravest lot that ever—”

“O Mr. Jackson,” she gently protested.

“Forgive me,” he said humbly; “but think of it—think of it. On the eleventh of October, when the courier from John Coffee dashed into Fayetteville, where my tired men had hardly rested, with the news that the bloody Creeks

under Red Eagle were marching on Tennessee, my twenty-five hundred fighting Tennesseans followed me at double-quick to Huntsville, thirty-two miles, in less than seven hours. Was such march ever made by tired men before? And then one battle after another—up against the greatest nation of Indians backed by England's guns. No, the Nervii never fought Cæsar in deadlier combats than those in which these brave people fought me and my brave legion at Talluschathe, Emuckfau, Talladega, and the Tohopeka. There they made their last stand—there they died to a man; even the women and children forced us to kill them."

His voice faltered. The memory of it pained him.

His wife sensed it and said quickly: "It was God's will—God's will—don't you see? Now"—she grasped his arm tightly—"you have destroyed the Creeks and their butcher, Red Eagle. Now you will destroy the British. You will win this war—you will save us, as Washington did. O, don't you see God has made you His instrument!"

He arose halfway from the bed: "God's will be done. I believe you—your prayers—your God—and I—I, Andrew Jackson, will fight His battles for Him."

They were silent for a while. Then he spoke softly: "But, my dear, that Red Eagle you call a butcher—never did nobler Indian live. After I destroyed them at the Horseshoe Bend he and some remnant of his Nation escaped. But in the wood they were starving—we had them blocked—their corn destroyed, their houses burned. Then it was—you have read it: how he came to my tent, risking his life to reach me; how I had to beat back with a rifle my own men to save him from being shot. My own anger blazed as I remembered Fort Mims. 'How dare you,' I shouted, 'ride up to my tent, having murdered the women and children of Fort Mims?' A dozen rifles leaped up around me and pointed at his heart. He sat like a statue in his saddle, his arms folded, his face grim and unafraid, a newly killed deer across the pommel

of his saddle, and then he said: 'General Jackson, let me speak. I am not afraid of you—I fear no man, for I am a Creek warrior. I have nothing to ask for myself. Kill me if you wish. I came to plead for my women and children starving in the wood. Their fields are destroyed, their homes burned, their cribs empty. If my warriors were alive, I would fight you again; but I cannot wake the dead. My starving people have nothing to eat. Send out your men and bring them in. Save what is left of the last of the Muskogee. But no man can truthfully call me the butcher of Fort Mims. I did all I could to stop it. Here are scars of wounds on my body and arms from my own frenzied people who all but killed me when I tried to save the women and children from butchery and they drove me into the field. Kill me now if you wish, but save this remnant of a noble race.' He stepped from his horse, took the deer from his saddle, and laid it at my feet."*

Jackson's eyes showed their admiration: "I turned to my men: 'Down with your guns. He who would kill as brave a man as this would rob the dead!' Then I gave him my hand. Red Eagle is my friend. He has gone on a mission for me to Pensacola and is reliable."

There were sounds without. An Indian on a gray horse came galloping across the lawn. A coat fringed with tasseled deerskin fitted erect and graceful shoulders; his black hair flaunted in the wind; an eagle's feather adorned his cap. He galloped easily up.

Seeing him from the window, the General's sallow face broke into a smile: "Better, my dear? Better? I'm well. Give me my boots and clothing. I'm going to get up. That Indian is Weatherford, the Red Eagle. He has come far—very far—it means he has important news."

In less than an hour another horseman arrived. It was Billy Phillips, made famous by his ride from Washington

*See Pickett's "History of Alabama."

to Nashville two years before. He brought a letter to General Jackson from the President.

It was well that the sick man arose. He had work to do.

The ride of Billy Phillips is almost unknown. But it should rank with the great historical rides of all times.

History, which is life, is often like the individual life, in that great men, seeing first the great thing and striving to the death for it, often go out into dust and oblivion leaving to smaller men the astounding accomplishment and immortality of the glorious deed.

So with Billy Phillips. There are famous rides in the annals of our past, but none quite equals his.

On Friday, at five by the clock, and the eighteenth day of June, 1812, Congress declared war on Great Britain.⁶ A few moments after the resolution had passed, President Madison signed it, and in an hour a dozen express couriers shot out on fast horses from the Capital to carry the news to every part of the Union.

The speed and endurance of horses and men constituted the telegraph of 1812.

Billy Phillips started south on June twelfth when the President sent in his war message.

It was a glad ride for Billy, for when he turned his horse southward he was going home—through the only section in which the news would be heard in shouts of patriotic approval. He, born jockey and most famous rider of his day, was going home—to Clover Bottom race track.

He had ridden General Jackson's Truxton in the most noted race ever run in the Southwest. Riding fast and long was no new experience to him. Now, in this desperate race against time, he was running a race that would give Andrew Jackson his place in history and the Union its place among the nations of the world.

⁶ "History of the American People," Woodrow Wilson, Vol. VI., page 344.

Before sundown, this expressman was off. His road lay through the scattered towns of a wilderness country: Richmond, Hillsboro, Salisbury, Morganton, Jonesboro, Knoxville, Nashville, and, if need be, Natchez and New Orleans. Through the first of these towns he went amidst a cloud of dust, his own long hair and his horse's tail streaming behind in the wind. And as he rode past inn or tavern stand, he would swing his wallet above his head and shout: "War! War with England! Wake up! War to the finish!"⁶

Marvelous ride! He left Washington at nightfall, June twelfth. "On June fifteenth, I tore through Lexington, North Carolina, like a streak of greased lightning," he would tell it; "and on the twenty-first I tore into Nashville still greased and going."

By the road, he traveled eight hundred and sixty miles! The time was nine days—ninety-six miles for every twenty-four hours! It was a strenuous ride for *one* day; but to keep it up for nine days, in daylight and in dark, over mountain, across gravelly valleys, through swamps and dense woods, across creeks, rivers, and miry morasses with such sleep as he got, surpasses the heroic and borders on the wonderful.

To-night, Billy Phillips had come again, after nearly two years, this time bringing to his chief a big yellow envelope from the Secretary of War.

When General Jackson dressed and went into the sitting room, he saw two up-standing men.

The express rider was smiling. The Indian stood straight and stern. In his hand he held a bright new musket. His own rifle he had left strapped to his horse's saddle which stood without.

General Jackson advanced and shook his hand: "You have come far, Weatherford; I know it means much. I thank you, and directly we will talk. Be seated."

⁶ See Buell's "History of Andrew Jackson," page 248.

"The Red Eagle does not sit while a greater man stands," the Indian spoke.

"We shall sit and smoke together when it suits," Jackson replied.

"Ay, Billy." The General had turned and was shaking his hand warmly. "You didn't have to make such a fast ride this time. What is it?"

Billy stood holding his cap under his arm: "A letter from the Secretary of War, sir. He put it into my hands himself, and told me to bring it speedily to you."

"I shall read it directly. Well—well, boy, I am glad to see you. Just in time to get into a race, of course. The old crowd still thinks it can beat us, Billy."

"I heard it in Knoxville, sir"—Billy's eyes twinkled—"and, well, I just hurried a little faster."

"Just a little fun, a little fun, before"—he glanced at Red Eagle—"before we go to war again."

He opened the letter. The Seal of the Government flashed in his face. He had been appointed Major General in the United States Army. His wan face brightened.

"Before I go to war again, that's what this means for me," he said, re-reading the letter, his wan face glowing.

"And what news in Washington, boy?" He turned again to Billy.

Billy shook his head: "Bad, sir, bad." He glanced at the Indian and stopped.

"You may speak, Billy. He is our friend."

Billy hesitated. "Up there, we are whipped, sir—whipped, and ready to quit."

The General turned on him severely: "Down here, sir, down here, by the Eternal God, we have just begun to fight! Never say you are whipped as long as you live. That isn't the way you rode old Truxton to victory." He turned and spoke more softly: "By the way, you will find the horse you are going to ride, Sirocco, in the barn.

Your old room is ready. Go out and take charge of things."

As Billy walked away, Jackson called to him: "And never let me hear that word *whipped* again, or, by God, I'll kill you!"

The Indian advanced and handed the musket to General Jackson. "See?" he said, "and who made it?"

"It is a new British musket, Weatherford." After a moment's examination: "Where did you get it?"

"From Apalachicola, the Big Bay. The British have landed there. These new muskets they are giving to all Indians who would fight against us. Hearing this, Red Eagle disguised himself. He went there and found that it was true, and rode fast to reach you."

"I thank you." Jackson was still looking at the musket: "I thank you, Weatherford; for it is, indeed, important news."

He handed the musket back to the chief and stalked up and down the room. He began to see the true situation.

Apalachicola, Mobile, this is what it meant!

"Wait," he turned to the chief; "this is very important. You shall be my guest until your horse is rested. I wish to post this letter to-night to Governor Claiborne, of New Orleans."

He sat down at his desk and wrote with fiery haste: "To-day, I am presented with a new British musket given to a friendly Indian by those at Apalachicola Bay. Information has been received tending to confirm the rumor of a considerable force having landed there with arms and other munitions of war, and with the intention to strike a decisive blow against the lower country. Mobile and New Orleans are of such importance as to hold out strong inducements to them. At such a crisis, I must look to the constitutional authorities of the State of Louisiana for such support as will be effective in any emergency."⁷

⁷ Parton's "Life of Jackson."

He folded it and laid it on his desk. "I always write when things first come to me," he said; "my first impressions are always best, and, if I know the facts, my first conclusions are always true."

"Now, let us smoke and talk. Tell me all—everything, Weatherford, for I trust you."

The Indian smiled proudly.

"I have more important news still which I got from some returning Creek warriors," said the chief. "The Spanish are talking to you with two tongues. Their words are as the unseen wind. A captain of the British is drilling seven hundred Indians in Pensacola—they have armed them with guns. They will fall upon you somewhere."

"See?" he went on, "I bring you this paper. There are many voices to it. It is nailed like a banner to the blazoned trees of the forest, to houses in the towns by the sea. See? Read it with your own eyes. They hold the forts in the bay. Their flag is there with Spain's."

Jackson read it with indignant eyes. "A time for action has, indeed, come," he said. "This is the British General Nicholl's so-called 'Proclamation to the People of Louisiana.' Zounds, the gall of this man!"

He turned to the Indian: "But you are tired, chief, and should sup. Come with me. Later I shall call you into a conference I am having to-night with some of my friends."

IX

WHEN TALL MEN TALK

FIVE tall men sat around the table at the Hermitage —tall men with demeanor serious and stern in the crisis which had come upon the nation.

On receiving news that he had been appointed Major General in the United States Army, with orders to go to Mobile and collect his troops to meet the British invasion of the Southern coast, Andrew Jackson had hastened a courier to town and summoned the four men who had been his advisers and support in the Creek War he had just finished.

The first, Willie Blount, Governor of Tennessee, was a quiet, modest man, slow to express an opinion, but when spoken, his thought was sound to the core. General John Coffee sat next, a giant of a man who had just come out of the Creek War with honor second only to his chief. Houston was the youngest—only twenty-one. He sat, big and sour of face, with fierce, quick eyes, silent. His dignity was like that of the eagle's. In the war just ended he had been more than brave—he had been heroic. Desperately wounded as he was scaling the breastworks at the Horseshoe Bend, he was still weak and on his way to East Tennessee to rest and recuperate.

Next youngest of the group was Captain Jack Trevelian, owner, since his father's death, of the Trevellian farm. There was a dignity about him which impressed itself on others. His eyes were dark with a shadow of sadness in them. He had been much away; only a year before he had come home to take over his father's estate, but had immediately enlisted and fought through the war.

The May evening was chill. A cheerful fire burned. They smoked in silence. No one spoke till their chief saw fit to break the silence. It was a code of the West.

Jackson arose, looking down the line of quiet faces. "Gentlemen, two things of importance have come to me. This"—he threw down a paper on which shone the Seal of the Republic—"is my commission as Major General in the United States Army. I am directed by letter to proceed first to Fort Jackson and conclude a treaty with the Creeks; and then to Mobile to meet the British invasion which the Administration seems to think has that port for its objective. Weatherford is here. He is our friend, and a nobler Indian never lived. He brings me valuable information which we shall discuss later."

The four arose quickly, examined the Commission, and gravely shook Jackson's hand.

John Coffee grunted an assent only. It was plain he knew it was coming—this honor. Besides being a consummate backwoods general, he was equally far-sighted in trading. He drawled slowly: "Did Red Eagle ride that same gray thoroughbred horse, Andrew? The one he swam the Alabama River on? The same he rode into yo' camp when he came to surrender?"

Jackson's eyes twinkled. The others smiled.

"Now, John," said Jackson, "that Creek is my guest. He has ridden hard. I'm not going to let you swap horses with him while he is here. I don't want him to walk home."

A laugh went round the table.

John Coffee arose. "It isn't that, Andrew." He spoke abstractedly; his words came in short, unpolished jerks. "It's this way: I never before saw a man and a horse that were one—yes, *one*! After that butchery at the Horse-shoe, I laid for him. My boys trapped him, had him penned up on a bluff of the Alabama River. 'Now, boys,' I said, 'just close up on him and take him. Don't shoot him. I want to save him for a hanging.' Well, we closed

up; he saw he was trapped, and darted like a deer for the bluff. I measured it afterwards: it was nigh forty feet, but man and horse went over it like they was jumpin' a ditch. It was nigh a minute before they came up. I thought they never would come. My men had their rifles ready. He came up in the saddle just like he went under. He was in fair buck range for a hundred rifles. 'Down with your guns,' said I; 'don't shoot! The man who would shoot *such* a man is a coward.'"¹

He sat down. The memory of camp and battle trembled faintly in the eyes of the old fighter. General Jackson looked approval with his own: "You are right, John. Weatherford is a great Indian. It may interest you to know that he will be my Chief of my Indian Scouts from now on. But as I was saying, he has news from Pensacola. He says the British are there; that they hold Fort Barancas and the forts in the bay; they parade their forces in the town; the flag of Spain and that of England float together; they are training and arming the savages."

He brought his fist down: "Neutral Spain, gentlemen, is harboring and feeding our enemies and I am going there and drive them out. Read my letter to the Secretary of War." He passed it to Houston.

The young man arose; his full, rounded voice added emphasis to the already emphatic note:

"If the hostile Creeks have taken refuge in Florida and are there fed, clothed, and protected; if the British have landed a large force, munitions of war, and are fortifying and stirring up the savages; will you only say to me: "Raise a few hundred militia (which can be quickly done), and with such regular force as can be conveniently collected, make a descent upon Pensacola and reduce it!" If so, I promise you the war in the South shall have a speedy termination and British influence be forever destroyed with the savages in this quarter."²

"You know, General, this may mean war with Spain," suggested Governor Blount.

¹ See Pickett's "Alabama."

² Jackson papers, Congressional Library.

"And if we do not drive them out," said Jackson, "there will be nothing left of our conquered country to fight for. It will make little difference to us, then, whether we are owned by Spain or Britain."

"Gentlemen," he said resolutely, "my letter will go by post to-morrow. Candidly, I do not look for a reply."³

"Madison is already whipped; vacillating timidity needed but little more to bring him to his knees. As it is, he has had more than a blow to a man of his caliber. He has had a knock-out. The crisis is upon us. The life of the nation hangs either upon quick action, on a chance, or else it is under the protection of the God of our fathers who has decreed that liberty shall not die from the face of the earth." It was the fine, strong voice of Houston.

"Amen," said Jackson, dropping his voice in solemn assent.

"My regiment is ready," said John Coffee. "They can march on twenty-four hours' notice."

"I shall see that they get there," said Governor Blount. "There is money in the treasury for funding our debt and I shall interpret it that the first debt we owe is in the preservation of our State and country."⁴

"Where do you think they will strike?" asked Houston of the Governor.

"At Mobile. That is why General Jackson has been given orders to go there."

"I think not," said Houston. "Weatherford has brought

³ As proof that Jackson was right, he did not receive an answer to this letter until January 15, 1815, although the answer, when received, had been dated in ample time to have reached him before he invaded Florida. It was received seventy days after he had taken Pensacola and one week after the battle of New Orleans. It did not authorize him to move against Pensacola. The conclusion is inevitable: it was held up by a vacillating President until Jackson had, by his own volition, gone in and accomplished his purpose.

⁴ Blount took \$370,000 from the treasury of Tennessee and gave it to Jackson to fight the battle of New Orleans. The United States Government afterwards repaid it. (House Journal Acts, 1815.)

us the key to it all. It is Pensacola. They have already landed there."

Jackson arose, alert with dramatic intenseness: "Read this ridiculous, contemptible proclamation which the chief brought in! It is signed, 'Edward Nicholls, commanding his Britannic Majesty's forces at Pensacola.' I shall see that it is published in every paper in the Southwest; and when our people read it, they will pay for the privilege of going with me after such a boastful, braggart invader."

"Read it, Mr. Houston," he said, as he passed it to the younger man.

There was a strained silence as Houston read:

Natives of Louisiana! On you the first call is made to assist in liberating from a faithless, imbecile government, your paternal soil. Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians, British, whether settled or residing for a time in Louisiana, on you, also, I call to aid me in this just cause: The American usurpation in this country must be abolished, and the lawful owners of the soil put in possession. I am at the head of a large body of Indians well armed, disciplined, and commanded by British officers; a good train of artillery with every requisite, seconded by the powerful aid of a numerous British and Spanish squadron and vessels of war. Be not alarmed, inhabitants of the country, at our approach; the same good faith and disinterestedness which have distinguished the conduct of Britons in Europe, accompanies them here; you will have no fear of litigious taxes imposed on you for the purpose of carrying on an unnatural and unjust war; your property, your laws, the peace and tranquillity of your country will be guaranteed to you by men who will suffer no infringement of theirs; rest assured that these brave red men only burn with an ardent desire of satisfaction for the wrongs they have suffered from the Americans, to join you in liberating these Southern provinces from their yoke, and drive them into those limits formerly prescribed by my sovereign.⁵

Men of Kentucky, let me call to your view (and I trust to your abhorrence) the conduct of those factions which hurried you into this civil, unjust, and unnatural war, at a time when Great Britain was straining every nerve in defense of her own and the liberties of the world; when the bravest of her sons were fighting and bleeding in so sacred a cause; when she was spending millions of her treasure in endeavoring to pull down one of the most formidable and dangerous tyrants that ever disgraced the form of man; when groaning Europe was almost in her last gasp; when Britons, alone, showed an undoubted front—basely did those

⁵ "Life of Jackson," Parton, Vol. I.

assassins endeavor to stab her from the rear; she has turned on them, renovated from the bloody but successful struggle. Europe is happy and free, and she now hastens justly to avenge the unprovoked insult. Show them that you are not collectively unjust; leave that contemptible few to shift for themselves; let those slaves of the tyrant send an embassy to Elba and implore his aid; but let every upright, honest American spurn them with united contempt. After the experience of twenty years, can you any longer support those brawlers for liberty who call it freedom when themselves are free? Be no longer their dupe; accept my offer. Everything I have promised in this paper I guarantee for you on the sacred honor of a British officer."

"'Brawlers for liberty,' heh," said Jackson, rising, as Houston finished. "That's the only truth he has spoken. I am proud to acknowledge it."

"It isn't that," cried John Coffee, rising, grim in his stern dignity: "To the people of Louisiana! My God, do you want anything plainer than that? It's New Orleans where we taste their blood."

It came as an electric flash.

"John," cried Jackson, "you have seen farther than all of us. It's the Louisiana Purchase they want. They have humbled Bonaparte; they will disavow his acts, his sale to Mr. Jefferson. They will nullify anything he did. It's the Saxon's way—yours and mine, all of us; the unwritten law that nations' lands cannot be sold as chattel, but conquered and held. Once English, always English. By the Eternal God," he went on excitedly, "we'll hand it back to them: Once American, always American. They are using Pensacola as a base. It's the Louisiana Purchase they are after; to split the Republic in two, to let each half perish in turn. It shall not be, gentlemen, it shall not be!"

The door opened behind them. Mrs. Jackson came in, bearing glasses of mint julep on a silver tray. Behind her came a girl with another waiter of spoons and sugar.

"Just in time, Mr. Jackson, to finish your toast." She smiled at their surprise and placed the glasses on the table. She introduced Juliet Templeton to each.

Captain Trevellian arose and came to her side. The

others had gathered in a group talking to the host and wife, gravely sipping his julep.

"I wanted very much to come out earlier to-day, Juliet, but I heard the Count was here."

She shrugged her shoulders. Her face dropped to a bored affectedness.

Trevellian laughed: "Was it as bad as that? And all day, too?"

"All day?" Her eyes flashed in mimic indignation. "It began in the garden before breakfast. He shall not see me again unless General Jackson——"

Trevellian's face grew serious: "What do you mean? If you will give me permission——"

"I can only tell you this—you will appreciate my position, for he is General Jackson's guest, and the General believes implicitly in Lafayette's letter, though I can see he does not like the Count." She came closer and spoke with suppressed indignation: "Promise me first, that you will do nothing unless I ask you?"

"Anything you say, Juliet, but——" he frowned with some impatience.

"He is not a gentleman; that is enough, and I shall not see him again if I can help it. He is an impostor, letter and all, and, sooner or later, General Jackson will find him out."

Trevellian stood thoughtfully. "I wish you would give me permission," he began.

"Promise me that you will not do anything now unless I ask you? And you shall know, my knight, if I need you."

He thrilled under the kindling touch of her tone.

"If I need you. It is a delicate matter and you can see that it is not for me, a woman here, to handle. Now, shall we not forget him, you and I?"

"Yes," he said, "in the sweetness of those last words."

She shot him a tender, thankful glance. "How long before you go south?"

"Soon, very soon. Do you know that I am glad you

came before I went again to war? It gives a soldier something to fight for," he added softly.

"But what do you think it gives us to see our friends go into such peril?"

"Knowing you, I think I can guess." Then he added smiling: "It will give you the chance to show your mettle. I believe that when the crisis comes our women will be equal to our men in bearing and sacrificing. I know you will."

His eyes spoke. She flushed in the warmth of their gaze.

"O, I wish I might! I have been so interested, so swept away with it all since I came here to visit. I saw our troops come in to muster out; I was at the grand ball given in honor of them. In Virginia, you know, we have seen so little of this war, and always humiliation and defeat. But now, now, Captain Trevellian, all these brave buckskins and hunting shirts; these long-haired, fighting men who fear not devil or Britain in defense of their country! O—I am just so full of it! I want to go to war myself! Indeed, I do."

He smiled at her enthusiasm.

"You cannot understand the difference," she went on, "unless you have seen it in the East as I have. O, we are whipped there—stunned, humiliated! But here, the very air smells of victory. The wilderness is alive with giants who go forth to battle and to *win!*"

She was standing—excited, splendid—before him. She turned to hear General Jackson say, as he raised his glass: "God grant that our Republic shall live!"

"Amen," said a sweet voice. "And I thank the dear God for bringing him home to me. I thank him for these gallant men who stood by him. And now, that they shall go again to meet a greater foe, O dear God, let him go forth, with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, to victory."

It was his wife, her face lighted with spiritual grace.

Jackson bowed and kissed her. His eyes were moist. The men stood with bowed heads. Then they drank silently.

"Horses," said Governor Blount. "Gentlemen, we will muster——"

"One moment, friends," said Jackson, as they started out. He left the room, but hastily returned. In his hand was the new musket; with him was the Indian. The latter stood grimly dignified; his fiery, black eyes, the pronounced curve of his nose, the unafraid calmness in which he surveyed the men before him, the stately deliberation of his movements had given him the appellation of the Red Eagle.

Very gravely he shook hands with each one present. At the sight of Trevellian his face lighted quickly. "Captain Trevellian, the Red Eagle is glad to meet you again. It is some months since we followed you on the trail of the renegade Creek and the Seminole."

"I owe you much, Chief," said Trevellian. "But for your skill and guidance we would have accomplished little."

"To the children of the wood, the great trees are their cousins. The everglades are not a mire to him who knows the bypaths where the greater grasses grow."

General Jackson and his group were examining the musket. They were talking it over—an open book to them.

"The Red Eagle owes him more," said the Indian, turning to the others; "it was he who saved the Sehoy's life and honor at the Horseshoe Bend. A ruffian, named Leatherwood—the Red Eagle will remember. You know it not," he gestured toward the group; "but the Red Eagle can never forget, nor will the little Sehoy."

Trevellian reddened: "Pray do not mention it, Chief. I did what any man would have done. To stand by and see a helpless woman insulted, killed—I suspect I handled him very roughly; for my blade was not sharp, and instead of cleaving him as I intended, I only whelked his head."

"Sehoy will never forget, the princess Sehoy," the Indian said proudly.

Trevellian looked up to catch the sympathy that was in Juliet Templeton's fine eyes.

"Chief, this is Miss Templeton."

The eyes of the Indian were fixed upon her in admiration. Trevellian smiled at the girl's slight embarrassment.

She came forward and bowed graciously. "I am so pleased to know you, Chief. I, also, claim as a friend, the friend of my country."

The Indian bowed loftily and continued to gaze at the girl. Her own attitude was sympathetic. Very seriously he turned to Trevellian: "Trevellian of the White Scouts, hear the Red Eagle: Never before has the Red Eagle seen a Queen. Never before have woman and her eyes pleased him as have these, the White Queen of the Temple. The Red Eagle is your friend. Long life and full of happy moons for Trevellian and his Queen."

General Jackson stood at his side nodding knowingly at the Indian, who stood, his eyes still on the daring, graceful woman.

"You have spoken it, Weatherford," laughed the General, breaking up the embarrassment.

"Look!" he spoke to the Indian, "do you know this?"

Mrs. Jackson had come into the room leading a little Indian boy by the hand. He was not yet three years old, but he walked gracefully and with alertness. His small rigid face looked stoically ahead as if he saw no one. His dignity was amusing.

The Chief glanced at the child. "He is of the tribe of the Wind," he said.

"I have called him Lincoyer,"* said Jackson. "I found

*Lincoyer was reared and schooled by General Jackson and his wife as though their own son. He was a great pleasure to them, but when about grown he was stricken with pneumonia and died. General Jackson had set him up in the leather business in Nashville before his death.

him at Talluschathes; both of his parents had been killed. I had a little brown sugar in my tent and I fed him on that until I could get my slave woman to care for him. Mrs. Jackson and I are going to adopt him and raise him as our own."

The Chief looked at the tall, gaunt man, then reached and clasped his hand.

"Gentlemen, we must ride," said Governor Blount, his voice deeply affected.

Houston stooped and took the little Lincoyer in his arms. It was a splendid picture—the grim, white giant; the small, bronzed, immobile statue of red. He stroked the boy's hair. "I was reared among them," he said. "Let me speak to him in his own tongue:

"Pine-e-bun-gua ici tuc-co-yula-gua?" ("Can you dance the turkey or the tad-pole dance?" Houston interpreted.)

The small, bronzed statue instantly came alive. It all but jumped from Houston's arms as he shouted, *"Pin-e-bun-gua-tolah, Tusse-ki-ul-zee, ito-ho-bun-gua,"* and the next minute he was whirling around in a weird, swift dance.

Houston laughed: "He says the turkey dance is for women. Warriors dance the gun dance."

The rest of the evening the little bronze statue clung close to Houston.

The General took from a rack a new rifle. Approaching Red Eagle, he said: "In return for the musket you brought me I wish to give you this new Dechard rifle. I selected it yesterday for my friend, the Red Eagle. You will see," he said, looking it over, "that it seems to have been made especially for you. It is tall and its barrel is long and straight; and, like my friend, it is pure steel without blemish. Its sight is silver, clear and bright, and focused like the eagle's—far-seeing and true. Its stock is the black walnut of your own native land, its aroma lingering yet like the south wind blowing through the forests where oft the Red Eagle has hunted deer and bear.

These locks," he said, touching the steel, "carry the purest flint in the hammers—flint like the courage of Red Eagle, that knows no fear and will give its own life to strike the spark of fire within its soul, just as the Red Eagle will give his life to save his friend's or his nation's honor. It is flint and strikes fire; but, like the soul of Red Eagle, its fire is always for the wrong and for his enemies—its flint is always for the right and his friends."

With a bow and a gracious smile, he handed it to the Indian.

The chief's eyes glittered as he held up the beautiful piece. It was taller than its owner. Turning, with animated face he spoke in the soft, musical tone of his race: "Long will the Red Eagle cherish this gun, as long as the life within him lasts. And when he passes, no other hand shall fire it. It shall go to the eternal hunting grounds with him. Thus, even in the Spirit land shall the Red Eagle carry within his arms this gift of his greatest friend. If its voice could speak in the Spirit land, it would say there what it says here: *Truth is the tongue of friendship and its soul is the light of God.* The Red Eagle thanks you, and if this rifle speaks again, it will speak in battle for its country."

This pretty scene received the plaudits of all.

Houston was assisted to mount, he being too lame to walk. In the saddle he again took up and fondled the little Lincoyer. The child watched him with affection as they rode away.

X

JULIET TEMPLETON

TRREVELLIAN'S courtship of Juliet Templeton had been swift in the few weeks that had passed since he returned from the war and found her the guest of the Hermitage. His love-making had been open. Such was the man in all things. It came with all the ardor of his nature, and with the determination of one who knew that any day he might be called again to war. Since he had met her several years before, he had resolved in his heart that she should never pass out of it.

Ostensibly to transact some business with his chief, he had ridden over early and spent the day at the Hermitage. The absence of the General in town did not surprise him. In the end, it meant a sweet day for him. He felt sure that before he went again to war he would go with the promised love of a strong, superb woman to help in the struggle which would not fail to call for all his strength and courage.

In the evening they were sitting in the living room when they heard in the hall footsteps clanking with spurs. They looked up quickly. The owner of the Hermitage stood in the doorway in military suit, his tall form measuring up to the full height of the door. He was smiling at them teasingly.

"If I had a lute, Jack, I'd get Juliet to play it, that I might hunt up the book and quote what old Shakespeare said about the fellow who quit fighting, turned his war horse out to grass, and capered nimbly—yes, that's the

word that stuck in my mind—capered nimbly, isn't that it?—'in a lady's chamber, to the lascivious pleasing of a lute?'"

He came in, affectionately pinched Juliet's cheek, then gallantly raised and kissed her hand.

"Ah," he said, "if I were young again, I'd do some capering myself, Jack."

Trevellian arose and saluted with quick, military stiffness. His face was strong, with serious lines around his mouth. He was sunburned and showed the camp and march in every line.

"I was not expecting you so soon, General. Was the muster a success?"

General Jackson pulled out his watch: "It's late for me. Ten o'clock, and time I was abed. Twelve miles to town and back and all day riding at the muster jolts me some after all the rest I have had these three weeks, waiting for the President to give me orders to drive the British out of Pensacola. And when the orders come, knowing him as I do, there will be a lot of reading between the lines that means more than the letter itself."

He reached over the mantel for his cob pipe, flint, and punk. A stout twist of the natural leaf was soon being rubbed in his palms and the strong fumes of the Hermitage's crop filled the room.

"Between the lines, yes, that's the way they will expect me to read it, Jack, between the lines. But isn't that the way of life? It's between the lines that counts, and the man who can't read between the lines never reads anything that counts."

"Ah, my dear," he said, as Mrs. Jackson entered.

She stooped and kissed her husband's forehead. "Now, Mr. Jackson, you are going to bed," she began coaxingly. "You have ridden hard all day. You must sleep now, and leave these young folk by themselves." Her infectious laugh was wonderfully assertive.

"I am tired, my dear."

He turned to Trevellian: "Not in as good form, Jack, as I was last year when we lived in the saddle day and night, fighting the Creeks. And, Mrs. Jackson, promise me you'll never let me ride that half-bred son of Truxton in town again. I knew before he was foaled that he would be a dog, not enough pacing blood in his dam to take the running jolt out of his legs. Catch me breeding that way again for a saddle horse!"

Mrs. Jackson had started for the door. She raised a warning finger: "When I call you, Mr. Jackson, you come and retire, do you hear?"

"Now, Jack," she turned, laughing, to the young man, "it will be all we can do to stop him if he starts on the Creek War; but if you ever let him mix horse-breeding with it, you and Juliet might just as well make up your minds to do all the listening."

"But I'm a good listener, Cousin Rachel," said the girl quickly, "especially when it's fighting and horses and Indians."

"Well, you'll get enough," laughed Mrs. Jackson as she went out.

"I've thought a great deal about your letter, General. In town, our enemies hope they'll make you the scapegoat, if it is war with Spain," said Trevellian.

The General emptied his pipe so vigorously that the bowl flew off. He arose excitedly. "Let them make me, Jack; but I'll not fail and I'll drive the British out of Pensacola if they hang me for it. Spain is neutral, and they have no right to be there. I'll fight my enemy wherever I find him; and if Spain does not like it, I'll fight her."

Juliet had picked up his pipe and refilled it. She stood watching him: "O, I love to hear you talk like that. If we, at last, might only whip them—might wipe out Detroit and the River Raisin."

"I'll wipe them out child; I'll wipe them out, now that I've got my chance. I'll do it—I'll do it!"

He chewed fiercely the end of his pipestem. Then as quickly he became calm: "Ah, muster, Jack? Yes, we had a fine day—a barbecue, too, and I stopped over at the Inn to-night for a talk with the boys. They are full of fight."

"I must be riding, General." Trevellian arose.

"I was thinking, Jack," the General went on, not noticing the remark of the man who stood by the mantle looking at the animated face of the woman beside him; "I was thinking of that night and the attack of the Creeks in the pitch dark of that Southern forest—yes, and the traitorous blundering of that feather-headed Bristow!"

"General!" the young man spoke sharply.

Juliet looked up.

"If you please, General, he has a friend here—and—and you know our suspicions may have been——"

The General knocked his pipe so vigorously that the bowl fell off again.

"Pardon me, my dear," he said gently.

Juliet arose laughing: "I will, General, if you will only finish it! Tell me about it—do!" She kissed his cheek: "I'm as foolish as Cousin Rachel—as everybody—about you, General."

Trevellian's eyes drank in the scene: "Really, General, I must be riding. Midnight will catch me before I get to Hunter's Hill; and I will have to swim the Cumberland, as the ferryman has a foolish way of going to bed with the chickens. I cannot say that I have been at home for ten years, my visits there have been so brief; and perhaps if father had not died, I might have been in France or with you in the wilderness."

He took from the mantel his riding whip; and though he spoke to the older man, his eyes rested on the girl.

She stood, a bantering look in her eyes. The lights from the candle reflected their brilliancy and the supple form of a born horsewoman, full-breasted, in low bodice.

Her neck shone like marble; she breathed quickly: "I am listening, General."

"It was this way, madam"—the long cane stem of his pipe might have been a sword, so like a sword did he use it—"it was this way: We had followed and cornered the army of the Creeks. They were ready and would fight to the death. My Tennesseans were game. God knows there were never gamer ones, but they were hungry. God knows they were hungry. They had lived for a week on acorns and parched corn—all because some renegade, ay, pardon me, madam, but I'll speak the truth and, madam, if it is not agreeable to certain ears, I'll back it with my pistols whenever any gentleman thinks satisfaction is due him."

He was silent. Only his eyes shone. "Yes, between him and that feather-bed militia general from Georgia, who purposely, I say purposely because they wanted to bring me and my Tennesseans into the disrepute of failure (and I say it again, madam, if any gentleman is offended, my pistols are ready to back my words). Yes, it was they who brought us face to face with starvation, and a Creek army exultant in it." He went on: "Knowing it by some means which only these two gentlemen shall some day explain: knowing it, I say, by that grape-vine communication which is always a straight line between traitors and savages. United, exultant, fierce, sure of their trap, they flung themselves out of the darkness upon us. My men fought as they had never fought. It was a savage fight in the dark, knife against tomahawk, hell without its fires. It was butchery and defeat for us but for one man and one gun, madam, and here is the man!"

He dropped his arm affectionately upon Trevellian, who stood like a soldier, but blushed like a girl.

"Really, General," he stammered, "really, but—but, Miss Templeton, I know you will pardon him. We have shared many hardships. My own efforts were nothing,

trifles. There was a commanding spirit—ah, you see it in his narrative,” he laughed, “even with a pipestem for a sword—the eagle spirit that led us all, ultimately, to victory.”

He continued: “I thank you, General; you have honored me more than I deserve. It is not that I care for—not that—the honor that is mine lies in the esteem of my General.”

“It is because I love you, Jack. Good night, my boy.”

Ten minutes later Trevellian stood on the steps of the Hermitage, holding his horse’s reins. The girl had followed him to the door. The General had returned for a candle. He smiled as he heard the low love-tones, for in this Virginia girl, the daughter of a stanch political friend who had served with him in the Senate of the United States, he saw a future wife for his captain; and it fitted in a scheme of match-making that he knew his beloved Rachel had planned.

Trevellian had ridden away in the moonlight with a stiff military lifting of her fingers to his lips when the girl, standing on the steps, turned to see the General at her elbow. He held the candle in one hand, his pipe in the other.

“Ah, Jack, you scoundrel, come back,” he thundered, “come back, you cowardly quitter, you breeder of scrub horses that can’t run and game chickens, like their master, who can’t fight! Come back; I forgot to tell what I had started to tell you.”

There was a clatter of returning hoofs; the young soldier sat expectant in the saddle. “At your mercy, General; pronounce sentence.”

“I did hear something in town to-day. Forgot to tell you about it; and I do it now, because I don’t want Miss Templeton to play her horse in our race.”

Trevellian was silent. He had not told Juliet Templeton that he had named his entry for her.

“Ha, ha, boy,” he went on teasingly, “but you had

better get very busy in the few days left for your training. In town they were placing heavy odds on my horse, Sirocco. They say your mare can't go the distance." He turned, bowing grandly to the young woman. "Though beautiful her name and for a queenly namesake, I warn you now, for I do not want your money, my boy; do not play against Sirocco!"

A laugh came banteringly back as the young man saluted again and rode away: "Farewell, General, but I have heard of Philippi before."

XI

A DAY AT THE HERMITAGE

THE latent powers of the owner of the Hermitage to come again and come quickly were never so apparent as in General Jackson's rapid transformation from sickness to health.

His untiring spirit, urging him ever onward to do something, when something had to be done, was the most pronounced quality of his strenuous life.

To-day he had arisen at daylight, as was his custom; his big gray horse stood saddled at the rack ready for his master. A cup of strong coffee was his bracer, and in a few minutes he was riding to the barn where his race horses were. The pride and glory of his barn was a thoroughbred stallion, Pacolet, and he was the first inspected. The horse was led out by the negro caretaker and General Jackson's young body servant, Alfred.

"He looks fit to run for a kingdom, Alfred. How are his yearling colts showing up?"

"They'll give a good account of themselves when the bell taps, Marse Andrew. Don't you never be afeared of that." The delighted Alfred led him to a near-by paddock, where a dozen leggy youngsters, clean necks and limbs, showed the blood line of their pasture.

Alfred pointed them out one by one, giving their pedigrees with the ease and assurance of an old schoolmaster reciting the Latin alphabet. He knew all of them by name, the pedigrees of their dams and granddams back to Eclipse and the Godolphin Arabian. The two men dis-

cussed them with many pats and little tokens of affectionate delight as if there were bond blood between them.

"This fighting business is hard on me and the colts, Alfred." He talked to the negro as if half seeking his advice and sympathy, and always with the quiet dignity of one who, though black, was his trusted friend.¹

"I'd love to stay here always—you know that. This is the life I love." He petted a youngster on the head affectionately.

"I know you do, marster, and I hope the good Lord will soon end it all and bring you home safe and for good to us."

"Amen, Alfred; for we are in the hands of God, white or black, and He will guide us and give to the righteous the victory."

In the next breath he almost shouted as he saw Billy Phillips: "Bring out the race horse, Billy. I'm as keen as a hound for a race and to look him over. It's going to be a great race; but by the Eternal, we'll beat them or I never looked at a horse before." He was fiercely jubilant as Sirocco was brought out.

Very carefully he examined the horse; deftly he passed his hand down the tendons, picked up each foot and thoroughly studied the shoe, felt his ribs to see that he was not too fat, slipped his hand under the throat and pressed his windpipe. He chuckled anon, and his eyes danced brightly.

As he talked, the Indian came out and the two men went over the points of the horse together and with much interest. Their demeanor was of the utmost dignity, but cordial.

"By the way," said the General, "I should like to know

¹ How closely the love of a horse tied these two men, black and white, is perhaps better exemplified by the fact that to-day in the quiet burial ground at the Hermitage, the body of Uncle Alfred, who lived to be 98 years old, and who died many years after his famous master, lies with his humble headboard amid the same old-fashioned flowers above which rises the loftier monument.

the breeding of the gray you rode here, Weatherford."

The Indian smiled. "Bring him out," he spoke to the boy.

The splendid animal came out as fresh as if he had not galloped three hundred miles a few days before.

"My father, Charles Weatherford," said the chief quietly, "had many race horses. The Red Eagle comes naturally by his love for them. I have bred and raced them on my plantation. This one is by Truxton, a horse which my father told me was owned by General Jackson, of Tennessee." The merest gleam of humor hung on his lips as he said it.

The General laughed heartily.

"Weatherford, I always thought you were a great man; but now I know it, because you had sense enough to breed to the greatest horse that ever lived—that grand old Truxton of mine. I want you to stay over and see this race. We'll have a little sport, Weatherford; we'll have a little sport, then we'll fight. You see," his tone falling, "in the Great Spirit's sight, we are nothing but four-legged creatures at last; horses, I love to think myself, and my friends; and my enemies, dogs; but all four-footed, in the Great Spirit's sight. One foot is for work, and one is for fighting, and one for worship, and one for play. If we fail to exercise all of them as He intended, Weatherford, we will go lame and halt in the battle of life. At this race I want you to play my horse against the field. Bet your gray on him; your saddle, that new rifle I gave you, everything, and go home a richer man. You'll not likely lose; but if you do, I'll pay the bet. Come, it is time we are going to breakfast. I hear the farm bell."

A game cock flew upon the fence near him and crowed. This reminded the master of his game chickens, and he spent the next half hour inspecting them. Their yard was the paddock and barn of the race horses. Each dark brown hen had her nest in a box of hay just above the

rack of a horse, and only one was permitted to a stall. The game chickens grew up with the racing colts. The General picked up several of them and showed the fine breasts, strong, wiry bones and legs to the Indian.

"I think, Bob," he said, "that we can clean up the pits with the year's hatching. Take care of them."

Juliet Templeton was up before breakfast and had gone into the flower garden. It was a rare sight this spring morning, for the sun had just risen and a dew of spidery silkiness lay upon the hedge and fence row. The woods beyond were white with dogwood blossoms and a purple furze glowed on the sloping hills in bonfires of redbud.

Mrs. Jackson's flower garden was growing lustily, though few flowers were blooming. Jonquils and purple flags bordered the walks. Now and then peonies starred the greener foliage of the garden and roses showed their hardness by blooming earlier in this virgin soil than in their older home in the East.

The girl was quiet with her own thoughts. Occasionally plucking a leaf, the blue in her eyes matching the sheen in the lily flags, she gazed into it, but her spirit was far away. In a womanly manner Juliet Templeton was earnestly solving a great problem. Therefore she would be in the garden, where faint odors came from everywhere. She was the only daughter of her father, a Senator from Virginia, who had died but a few years before. Hers had been a life of devotion to him; but, though she was in every way womanly, life with her father had led her into sterner lines. She had been his secretary, his companion, his adviser. Into her life had come, up to this time, but one man for whom she cared. She had met him before her father's death and their friendship had continued since. Meeting him again, she felt more than ever that she loved Captain Trevellian.

To-day she was face to face with the problem that comes to every woman who loves and does not know it.

Perhaps the most pronounced trait in her character was an intense desire to do something to help her country in this great crisis. Her grandfather had been killed at Cowpens; her father had been shot and wounded by the Tories. Like all other patriotic families in that struggle which so divided the South in the first war with England into patriots and Tories, hers had been molded in the fiery pit of intense patriotism. She was too young to have experienced the older war, but the knowledge of it had come down to her from mouth to mouth and burned just as steadily as if it were memory. Her people had given their life for their country—their country's life was in danger. She was left. Could she not in some way do something that they, whom she loved, though dead, might yet rejoice in?

She had come into the Southwest just in time to be thrilled with Jackson's brilliant conquest of England's savage allies. She had found a new country, a new people, a new patriotism, a new hope, and, as she now firmly believed, in the coming struggle, a new victory for all. She had resolved that she, too, would have something to do with it.

This newer thing called love had also come to her. No wonder she lingered long, smelling the lily flags whose very odor was the perfume of delicate love.

She knew the beauty of perfumes; that flowers with rank odors were for people whose sense of smell had not been educated to rarer ones; as those whose musical education had been neglected could not appreciate the glory of these Beethoven-like flowers. How many and how wonderful were their perfumes: the smell of the newly plowed ground; of budding maple on the distant lawn; of apple blossoms just breaking into bud; of wild cherries and the mellow locust; sunshine on young cotton and corn; a delightful whiff from a distant hayrick being freshly opened for the General's race horses.

Was it love that made Juliet Templeton so delicately

sensitive to beautiful things? Was it youth, or patriotism, the sweet joy of living, or just Jack Trevellian?

Soon, Weatherford and General Jackson joined her. The girl for the first time perceived the genuineness of this Indian they called Red Eagle. It required tact to induce him to talk, but in courtliness of manner he all but rivaled his conqueror. She saw his devotion to Andrew Jackson, his almost hero-worship of the man he had once fought so bitterly, and she saw something which the Indian, trained as he was in concealing his thought, had been unable to conceal from her: his admiration for Juliet Templeton.

His quick eyes swept admiringly the beautiful woman. Yet, silence was his; dumbness, even though he would have given his life for her the first moment he saw her.

"You are up early, fair lady," said the General. "Sweets to the sweet"—he picked a sweet basil and handed it to her; "and there's rosemary—that's for remembrance; there's fennel for you, and columbines," pointing out each of the Shakespearean flowers as he spoke.

"Now I'll tell you," he said after a while, "if you'll promise not to laugh at me—but do you know I do not care as much for the odor of these flowers as I do for their taste? And not all of their tastes are agreeable. These old simples," he said, as he waved at the border of scented herbs, "have too strong an odor—this sage, and thyme, and others."

The Indian surprised them: "There is no wild flower that the Indian does not know; and the Great Spirit has taught us to prefer them to those made by the hand of man. Suppose," he said, "that the Great Spirit should decree that the human race should die from the face of the earth to-day. A few years from now which of these flowers would be here? These made by the hand of man, or those wild ones yonder on hill and valley, whose odors come to the Red Eagle as he speaks?"

The girl's eyes brightened. "General, is not the Chief right?"

General Jackson smiled: "Ah, yes, yes, you have spoken it well, Weatherford. 'Tis God's things that count the greatest in life anyway: God's eternal little things, such as justice and love and mercy and meekness—those sweet, wild flowers which should always grow in the soul."

As they came up the walk they saw a boy awaiting them at the door. He rode a superb horse. His hat was plumed with a white swan's feather. He stood looking calmly, a faint smile around his lips.

"It's my little Duke," said General Jackson. He gave the boy his hand cordially. "I'm glad to see you, Philippe. You have redeemed your promise."

"You told me to come," said Philippe quietly, "and as I am determined to go to war with you, I am resolved to obey your orders."

For a while the General was thoughtful. "Do you really mean it, my boy? You are very young."

"I'm old enough to fight, General, and the Chevalier taught me to shoot." He raised his rifle. Far above them a hawk was scurrying swiftly over the tree tops, but not too swift for the rifleman who touched his finger to the hair trigger. The next instant the marauder of Mrs. Jackson's poultry yard came floundering down at their feet.

The Indian approached the white boy quickly: "My White Eagle, my White Eagle!" he exclaimed, shaking his hand with unconcealed emotion.

The General looked at the dead bird. "Through the head! I am considered a fairly good shot, and I have met the greatest shots in the country from Raleigh to the Gulf, but that's the best shot with a rifle I've ever seen. Dismount, Philippe. Mrs. Jackson will want to meet you and have you take breakfast with us. You shall go with me to the war," he said proudly.

He turned. "Philippe Trevellian," he said, "this is

the Red Eagle of whom you have heard. And this is Miss Templeton."

The boy raised his hat.

"The Red Eagle salutes the White Eagle," said the Chief again.

Jackson laughed. "Well, that is a fine title for my boy," and he patted Philippe on the shoulder.

"I like it," said Philippe, his heart pounding strangely. "I like it and I like the Red Eagle more."

In that instant the bond between them was made.

Juliet Templeton said nothing. She looked at the boy, impelled by a strange fascination. Who was he? What was he, this beautifully dressed little gentleman of the wilderness? And how much—she flushed at the thought—how much he resembled the man to whom she had secretly given her heart! And yet she was strangely drawn to the boy; his bearing, his talk, his manners were fascinating. She was awakened from her thoughts by the General's voice.

"I want you to try this saddle mare after breakfast, Juliet. You will find that she canters about right for a lady, I think."

"I'll ride her to the house," she said. A negro groom led the mare forward.

"Let me assist you to mount." She turned. The boy was at her side.

He stooped and held out his hand. She placed her foot in it and sprang into the saddle. Gathering the reins, she reached out and shook his hand: "I hope I shall see you again, Philippe. Pray come over often while I am here. I go south later," she added.

"Thank you, Miss Templeton. I am going south, too, when General Jackson goes. He has promised that I may go to war with him."

"O," she said, "I envy you, Philippe."

General Jackson stood with his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Juliet," he said, looking up, "how can you

whip a people when boys like this stand ready to give their lives for their country?"

"Good-by, Philippe." There was a strange feeling in her throat as she rode away.

"Good-by, madam," and he lifted his hat.

As she rode to the house she noticed an old man come hastily up to General Jackson as he stood on the lawn. He wore a bugle at his belt. His white locks fell over his shoulders. They talked very earnestly for a few minutes and she saw that the General was agitated. He walked to and fro; he came up to the older man again, and she could tell that they were talking about the boy.

After breakfast she rode out of the gate and down the long lane to Stone's River, her daily cantering ground. The boy and the Indian had gone to the stable where Billy Phillips was working out the horses. The General and old Sam Williams again talked earnestly.

"What you say, Sam, is enough to warrant his arrest, and it ought to be done quickly—before he can get away."

"I can put my hand on two of 'em to-morrow night, Jin'ral—him an' Leatherwood. Him at the Inn an' Leatherwood at Crockett's treat. He's givin' a treat to-morrow night an' Leatherwood'll be thar."

"We'll go to town to-morrow, Sam," said the General, "and tell Jack Sanders to act. I'll add a few of my old fighters to the Vigilantes and he must sweep the country and drive out this unseen gang before the race meeting Saturday. If not, they are liable to be there, and in that big crowd get away with as many fine horses as they wish. As for the Count, whoever and whatever he is, I'll find out before to-morrow night. If he's in with that gang, if he means harm to the boy, I'll let the *posse* swing him to a limb on the river bank to-morrow night in pistol shot of the Inn."

"Lord, that sounds good, Jin'ral. Of course, now, I'd do as much fur you; but if it ain't unbecomin' in me to ask it, Jin'ral, won't you jes' let ole Sam do the hangin'?"

You know I wuz yo' ole bugler frum Tennessee to the Tohopeka."

He spoke so wistfully that the General laughed. "We'll catch him first, Sam. It's no easy thing—it's no boy's game, but a man's. They are resourceful, desperate, brave. Never corner wolves unless you are ready to shoot. Here's the story and it's plain: This Count hasn't come this far to mix up with horse thieves unless he had far bigger game for the risk. Nor is he any ordinary criminal, but one of great shrewdness, boldness, and ability; seemingly with wealth behind him. You must take him to-morrow night suddenly—unawares. Be sure he does not take you. Be careful, Sam, for you know I love you, my brave old bugler," he added tenderly.

It was too much for the old bugler. He strolled off to the spring to wash the dust from his eyes.

An hour later the master of the Hermitage was riding to the farthest cotton field. His overseer was with him. His journey was one continual ovation from his slaves. He would stop and call each by name, asking about the health of the wives, their children, and, to the joy of the fathers, he never failed to call each child by name.

"Dinah's got a new one since you went to war, marster, come last month," said a big black, laughing as he came up to shake the General's hand.

"Good, Jim, that's your sixth. A bully man you are. What's his name?"

"Andrew Jackson," said Jim proudly; "an' marster, you sho' owe 'im sumpin'."

"Indeed I do." His hand went into his pocket and pulled out a silver dollar: "Take it to him, Jim, and tell Dinah Marse Andrew says she is not to work this summer, but just take care of that boy."

He rode on amid the plaudits of approval from those in the long cotton rows. Uplifted heads nodded and shouts of laughter gave vent to their stored-up admiration.

"General," laughed the overseer, "I'm always glad to

get you away from home. You just naturally spoil every nigger on this place with kindness. Mrs. Jackson says the same thing."

"It's all there is in life, sir—all," said Jackson, "that and doing something for other people. Isn't it strange, Brown, that I, who love this life and this farm and all the quiet, sweet things of life, must spend my days in continual battle? Ah, it is God's way—God's way. If we did only the things we wish to do, we'd soon revert to scrubs and degeneracy. It's doing what He wills us to do, that makes men for Him."

It was a quiet, happy day for Andrew Jackson. At the wheat field he helped the overseer mend a fence. He inspected the scythes and cradles for the coming harvest. He ordered the barn roof patched, and told where, in a certain wood, they would find the best post oak for shingles. He looked after the herd of fattening, red-roan cattle, the yearling steers, and the older ones. His pasture lands lay far up on the blue grass hill in the wood and meadow. It was a long ride, but when the farm bell rang for the noon meal he was promptly in his seat. After dinner he was in another world.

A delegation of citizens waited to get him to use his influence for a new bridge over Stone's River; county squires were there to consult him on measures of taxation and turnpikes; a delegation of ministers brought him a long, patriotic resolution, the gist of which was similar to the prayer Mrs. Jackson had uttered but the night before and in the presence of the Governor of Tennessee.

A father, mother, and children were there—poor emigrants from North Carolina. They had emigrated to the new country in an ox wagon but a few weeks ago, bringing only their clothing and household things. Already they were hungry.

North Carolina—the Old North State! Born in the Waxhaw settlement through which the State line ran, Jackson all but claimed it as his old home. He had lived

there and studied law at Salisbury. It never bred a scrub or a quitter. He praised the State, her people. He told it to them unaffectedly. In a moment they felt that they had known him always. The interview ended in their getting one of his cabins free, their smokehouse furnished, and all the land they could put into late corn on the shares.

Later he met his secretary, Major John Reid, and worked on important letters and papers. He issued an address to the people of Louisiana, warning them against Nicholls's proclamation. He wrote letters to politicians advocating the election of Governor McMinn to succeed Blount, whose term was soon to expire. He planned complete organization for the immediate marching of the troops South when the contingency should arise.

Late in the afternoon he was on his horse again. There was the cotton gin to look over, that very rare thing which had only lately found its way to the Cumberland. He had bought one of the first. He was always the most progressive of farmers. Little did he dream that in this wonderful machine lay the dynamite that would later all but destroy his beloved Union.

There was the new flatboat on Stone's River being built for the fall run down the Ohio and Mississippi. He tinkered with both. He loved to tinker and forget—an old plow, a barn door, a broken fence, anything—to mend things.

When it began to grow dark and he knew that his "hands," as he called his slaves, were in their homes, he rode by the row of cabins at the quarters. He stopped where some aged negro, too feeble to work, sat on a porch. He got some of Marster's best tobacco and, what he remembered longer, sympathy and cheer. Or, if the sick one was there, it was he, himself, who was the good Samaritan and the physician. Night sometimes found him sitting by the bed of a sick slave giving the simple remedy of that day; or, baring the black arm, with his

cup and lancet he would do the needed blood-letting, the medical vogue of a century ago.

It was his gentleness, his sympathy, his presence, and their faith in him that were far more potent for their recovery than the medicine.

After supper came his supreme pleasure. He sat on the porch smoking his pipe and talking to his thrifty, gentle wife. He could hear the low songs of slaves in distant quarters; the soft whinnying, now and then, of a brood mare; the bark of a watch dog; the ineffable sweetness of all the June messages on the evening air. Then came the sound of a harp and Juliet's voice.

"My dear," he said, drawing his wife to him as they sat side by side in the dusk, "isn't it all sweet here? But what would it be worth if it were under the crown of a king—if Briton owned us? If we have lost what our fathers fought for?"

"Nothing, Mr. Jackson, nothing," she said firmly. "You must fight them! You must whip them!"

XII

THE FLIGHT

THINGS had reached a crisis with the Count de Chartres. He felt the vague suspicion that rested over him in the town, and, guilty as he was, he had the usual acuteness of a guilty conscience. He learned early that the sheriff, though stupid, was an honest fellow, and the Count saw that in his awkward way he was shadowing him.

Twice he had called at the Hermitage. Once would have been sufficient for a man less recklessly in love than de Chartres. Adventurer, forger, and murderer—there was nothing too daring for him to undertake.

In all of his past art in deceiving women, this was the first time in his career that he had ever encountered one who had thwarted him; and, though he did not admit it to himself, never had he seen a woman whom he so desired with all his blind passion which a life of conquests and looseness had made permanent in his dissolute nature.

His first visit to her had been most unfortunate. Unable to conceal the baser passions which predominated in his being, he had met a defeat that was most humiliating. With all his blandishments and wiles, he was soon driven by her own frankness and courage to a bravado which came near being a tragedy for him; or at least to have ended his visit to Nashville two weeks before the allotted time.

On his second visit, General Jackson met him with a curtness and coolness which bordered on swordplay. In

the fiery eyes of the warrior the Count saw a suspicion which, with a little more evidence, was liable to break out with the fierceness of a volcano. He resolved at once to consummate his plans and get away as quickly as possible. Wherever he went he could see suspicion and distrust. The object of his visit was not to steal horses and slaves. His game was far more important.

"These reckless, blundering dare-devils!" he muttered; "I should never have intrusted my affairs to them."

It was early in the afternoon of the next day that the Count, dressed for hard riding and thoroughly armed, rode out of the town southward. Again he casually remarked to the owner of the stable that he was going to the Hermitage. Ordinarily this would have lulled any suspicion; but the Count noticed that the sheriff stood in the courthouse doorway, and, to his surprise, he saw General Jackson talking to him.

As he passed down the old Lebanon road, which ran south through the town, he noticed two other men following him. During the few weeks that the Count had spent in the Cumberland settlement he had become familiar with many of the peculiar and quite necessary laws of this new country—laws born of common sense and stern necessity. The two men rode swift horses; they carried rifles and rawhide lines with a noose in the end, all tied in a roll to the cantle strings of their saddles. They were the sheriff's citizen *posse*, sometimes called the Vigilant Committee, and upon them had been conferred more unwritten and uncoded authority than had ever been given any judge of the court; in their hands was life or death; the latter, quick and unappealable at the end of a rawhide halter. Time and place: anywhere that a tree grew!

The Count became strangely nervous when, after he had crossed Mill Creek, three other men turned into the road and joined the first two.

It was serious. Were they already after him? He felt

somewhat relieved when he thought of his horse. On a fair test he knew that he could outfoot them in a rush toward the Choctaw country. If only he could get through the day without a crisis! For to-night his plan should be consummated.

He came to another creek. A long stretch of wood now hid him from the horsemen who seemed to follow. He spurred his horse over the rocky bed of the creek to conceal his tracks and a half mile farther bounded up the bank and off through the wood, then into a narrow and unused buffalo trail that led southward.

It was here that Jim Leatherwood met him. To the inexperienced, it would have seemed a casual meeting. The conversation was both brief and pointed.

"To-night," said Leatherwood, barely stopping his horse to speak, and looking nervously around the while.

"Where?" asked the Count.

"At Crockett's place, below and right on the road we'll all have to go south over. Crockett gives a treat to-night—ever'body'll be there—he fust o' all, fur he's crazy about the gal." He grinned so maliciously, sardonically that the Count noticed it.

"I'll pick a fight with 'im—the boys all understan' it. I'll kill 'im, fair or foul. See?" He felt in his bootleg and showed the handle of a concealed hunting knife.

"There should be no chance of failure," said the Count, "from all of you—at one place or the other."

Leatherwood laughed: "It'll do me mo' good than killin' any wolf in the woods."

He rode closer to the Count and spoke with startling abruptness: "But listen: it's pow'ful lucky fur you we didn't miss one ano'er. I've come to warn you—don't you dare go back to town!"

The Count started and paled: "Why?"

"Because you're spotted. They air goin' to 'rest you befo' night. Ole man Sam Williams is at the head o' it an' he's got the evidence right—look!" He leaned from

his horse and picked up the forefoot of the Count's horse. He pointed to the steel bar across the heel.

The Count looked amazed: "I never knew they were there."

"You lef' 'em all over the road in a mile o' Hunter's Hill that fust night out when Harp failed to git 'im."

The Count's heart beat furiously against his ribs, his face deepened with mortification. He gathered up his reins.

"What do you think I had better do?"

"Git!" said Leatherwood, "an' git quick! You can beat 'em to the Choctaw country. Leave everything to us. We'll git the boy an' the box, too."

"But I left my trunk at the Inn, my board^unpaid."

Leatherwood grinned again. "Wal, if you think mo' o' yo' trunk than you do o' yo' neck. As fur beatin' yo' board bill—" He grinned again. "Say," he went on, "didn't some men foller you?"

The Count nodded.

"Good! that'll give you a big lead. They'll wait a mile or so down the road fur you to come back, knowin' yo' trunk is at the Inn, an' you are only out for a ride."

He handed the Count a rough rawhide satchel, the rude hair of the hide still on it.

"Here, I fixed it fur you—jerked venison an' corn bread. Good fur three days. You've got yo' pistols on an' you know the road. We'll meet you at Natchez an' thar ever'thing'll be fixed."

Again he looked hurriedly around, gathered up his reins, and said, as the Count, raking his horse with the spurs, started off in a gallop: "Better steer a few miles south o' the Hermitage—keep out o' the main road."

The Count hurled his horse suddenly toward the Hermitage. Maddened, bitter, and reckless, a cruel, fierce resolve overpowered him.

The owner of the Hermitage was in town. He had seen

him across the square as he rode by. He would see Juliet Templeton again before he fled.

It was nearly sunset when Juliet cantered her horse down her favorite road on Stone's River. There where the roads fork at the bridge, on a high bluff she loved to sit her horse and watch the varying shadows—blue, purple, greenish-brown—on the hills beyond. And the river that flowed far beneath, so quiet and strong, she thought—like Trevellian!

Perhaps this was why, at last, she wished to ride here daily and be alone with her thoughts.

A horse thundered across the bridge, a rude awakening to the girl in the twilight. A man rode toward her smiling. It was De Chartres, dressed faultlessly for riding. He carried a small rapier in a slender scabbard at his waist.

"Miss Templeton—Juliet—great good fortune! This is where I was hoping to find you. I heard you say you rode here daily. What a beautiful view!" He waved his hand toward the hills and with a sweep took in the river. He rode closer, a grim assurance in his face; his daring smile was cynically tense as he looked at the girl.

She drew herself up with quiet poise and gathered her reins. "I shall ride back to the Hermitage, Count De Chartres."

He made a motion to close up on her.

"Alone, if you please, sir."

"Don't, Juliet. Not so fast. At least until you have let me tell you why I have stayed here."

"Be good enough to take your hand off my bridle." Her fine eyes blazed angrily. The mounting color in her cheek intensified her stately beauty and with it the reckless passion of the man beside her.

"Juliet——!"

"How dare you speak to me this way?" She fingered nervously her riding whip.

He laughed as if he thought it were fine humor. "Can-

not you tell I love you, Juliet—loved you from the first night at the ball? I swear it! My God, it is awful, this hell of unsatisfied love. To travel over two continents and find here in a wilderness the only queenly countess in the world. By God, I will have you, Juliet, I will! I am going south to-night and I am going to take you with me."

She gazed at him in open, frightened consternation. She did not know the desperate chances this man had taken all his life, and which were now a part of all his mental processes, his very life. Neither did she understand how, as he looked on her, he saw only youth and beauty ready to be molded, by a strong man, for love.

She could not speak. Her dry lips would not open. She could scarcely breathe.

Mistaking her silence, he laid a bold, strong hand on hers.

"Don't deny me—don't be cruel—yield to my love, my devotion. Let me take you from this wilderness to a countess's home in France. Ride with me to-night—now." He seized her hand.

Indignant, half-frantic, speechless, she struck her mare with the whip. The animal reared, the Count sprang down as if to lift her in this emergency from the saddle. She struck him fiercely with her riding whip.

A tall Indian sprang with one bound across the road. It was a silent, noiseless bound and rush. The next instant he had seized the Count's right wrist with his powerful left and was forcing him back against the wall of the bluff. She saw them vaguely, struggling in the twilight. In the Indian's right hand gleamed his hunting knife. He pinned the Count against the bluff as if handling a boy. Neither man made a sound.

The blade was poised for an instant's stroke. He swept his piercing black eyes coolly up to the girl on the horse. "It is for you to say, Queen of the Temple," he spoke with an unbroken calmness, "and the Red Eagle will send his

soul where all the unclean go. Speak!" The point of the knife, within a foot of the man's throat, flashed in the twilight. His livid, frightened face purpled in the gleam of the Indian's weapon.

"No—no, Chief! Red Eagle! Oh, please don't. Let him go. He has not—cannot harm me now. Let him go—forever—Oh, please do!" She swayed, almost swooning in the saddle.

The Indian acted instantly. With a sweep of his knife he cut the belt of the rapier. It fell with a clatter to the ground. He picked up the silver scabbard with the pearl handle of the blade above.

"Huh!" he said contemptuously, "the white man's toothpick." He flung it over the bluff into the river. His hand slipped under the Count's coat. It came out with a handsome dueling pistol.

"You ride now," said the Indian sternly, "and, like all cowards and women fighters, you ride without arms. Go! The Red Eagle may see you again some day, face to face, man to man, when no queen is near to beg for your life."

He pointed to the man's horse.

The Count mounted with alertness. His voice choked: "You will, both of you, see the Count de Chartres again!"

His sardonic grin as he rode away was a fit background to the uncanny sound of his laugh. They heard the rapid clatter of his horse's feet growing fainter and fainter.

The Indian was now at her side mounted on his gray horse. "Go quickly home," he said tenderly, "my beautiful Queen of the Temple. The Red Eagle will follow him far into the night. There is plotting and murder with them, and the Red Eagle would know."

"Oh, I do thank you, Chief! How can I ever repay you?"

"The Red Eagle knows no such word as pay when a queen and her honor are in his hands." He added lower: "And no such word as love when the love of his friend is in his heart. Farewell, I shall ride now."

"Wait," she said; "he is desperate, and I hear—at least, there is said to be a gang—Oh, I fear they may harm you, Red Eagle."

The Indian flashed back a grateful smile and silently, like a spirit, the gray horse went into the starlighted night.

The girl turned and galloped home in the cool air.

XIII

COLONEL CROCKETT HAS A CLOSE CALL

IT was nearly sunset. The trail led through a forest that ran from the Cumberland unbroken, eastward. The wild hepaticas starred the rich shaded soil in white and blue patches, carpeting the forests with tiny stars. Oaks, ash, poplar, elm, and hackberries stood where the hepaticas bloomed below; but in the bottoms the trail ran through cane higher than the head of the boy who rode amid it.

Two wild turkeys hung on either side of his saddle. He rested his rifle's muzzle on his right stirrup while his hand clutched the stock at the grip.

The horse saw the deer first. The startled buck had jumped over the head of a tree, lately felled in the cane by the edge of the trail, and, not knowing the rider was near, landed in the trail. Wheeling, the deer started forward in leaping flight. The horse from long practice sprang forward at the same time, and in a gliding gallop followed the quarry. For a hundred yards it was a run that seemed more of wings than of feet, and as the deer, outmatched in his game, bolted the trail, clearing the tops of the cane for the dense cover of protection, the rifle cracked behind him, his limbs stiffened in mid-air, his body writhed once, and he fell almost at the horse's feet.

The boy sat looking at his game, his face lighted with excitement. Dogs barked in a near-by clearing. He saw on the hillside a double log cabin with barn, lean-to and dairy.

"I think this is the place. That was Bean Creek I passed, and Tripping Toe said——"

A hunter came up, rifle in hand. "Why, hello, if this ain't the little Duke?" He shook Philippe's hand. "Pow'ful glad to see you, Philippe, pow'ful glad. I told Trippin' Toe I bet you'd furgit to come, an' she jes' laughed at me. You've come a good day's ride to-day, ef you rid frum the Cumberlands."

Philippe felt that, despite himself, his face showed its too intense interest.

The Honorable David Crockett changed the subject and began to inspect the deer: "A good shot—a good shot fur a man standin'—not 'lowin' fur a hoss goin' like greased lightnin'. An' that'r buck—wal, he c'u'dn't run fas' enough. I seed 'im when he riz to fly." He pointed to a thin stream of blood that crimsoned the base of the deer's left ear: "You put the ball jes' behind it."

"I aimed for the base of the left ear as he arose and vaulted the top of the fallen tree. I placed it an inch too far back. Not much of a shot, sir." He said it with such solemn deprecation that the old hunter broke into a cackling laugh.

"But my reins were on Pacolet's neck here—" he affectionately patted the horse which stood frozen with indifference—"and, Pacolet, well, I guess you, too, were excited. You forgot your training, good boy—I'm not scolding you, Pacolet. But you have been trained better. When I drop my rein on your neck you never before failed to freeze. Now remember it, won't you?" And again he stroked the red mane of the horse.

The Honorable David Crockett continued to laugh. To him this was a fine joke; the nicety of the shot that to the boy seemed a failure. His keen, humorous eyes twinkled in anticipation of the legitimate lie which now lay on his lips.

"Philippe, my son, jes' listen to this God A'mighty truth that yo' Uncle David will make afferdavit to."

He twinkled at his pun.

"An' he can prove it by ever' man o' the fifty lousy, Injun-fightin', b'ar-killin' devils that Jin'ral Jackson led frum the Tennessee River to the Horseshoe Bend! Nigh 'bout fo'score Injuns I brought down with ole Betsy, here"—he thrust proudly forward a rifle a foot higher than his own squatty figure—"an' I shot ever' one of 'em in the eye or the year. It's low-down to hit as big a thing as a Injun anywhur else, an' I used ever' one of 'em's years fur heeltaps fur my boots. It makes easy walkin', an' a cat's tread wan't silenter than yo' Uncle David's a-leadin' Jeneral Jackson ag'in the Red Sticks that butchered the po' devils at Fort Mims."

He screwed up his wiry face, twinkled his left eye to let the boy know that he was going to tell a more splendid lie, and whispered ludicrously, but with the intense earnestness of the plainly untruthful!

"Philippe, my son, jes' to show you whut a gun *kin* do: at the battle of Talladega, I shot a big chief, tuk 'im through the left year, *of course!* You think that ball stopped thar? Not on yo' life, son! So he'p me, God, ef it didn't keep on, killin' two mo' Injuns, a papoose, an' a squaw, cut down a black oak, split it into logs fur a cabin, hit a ash tree, knocked out five square o' clean boards fur shinglin,' an built a cabin ouden whut wuz lef'! When we driv the varmints out, all Jin'ral Jackson had to do (ax 'im yo'se'f an' he'll swar to it)—all he had to do wuz to set up his headquarters' cabin—an' thar he wuz!"

He ended so solemnly that the boy laughed.

Two big brindled dogs, with broad heads and fanged like a wolf, came down the path through the cane that led to the cabin and sniffed with contemptuous indifference the dead deer.

"Them dorgs," said the hunter, noticing them still sitting near, "jes' natu'ally classes deer with other pestiferous varmints that's mo' meddlesome than dang'rous.

When I got home from the Creek War, Polly an' Trippin' Toe wuz out o' meat an' gwine on mighty slim rations. They'd put in my corn an' oats an' pertater crop an' now it's gwineter be a job to keep these deers an' b'ars frum eatin' 'em up. Ef you'd come down here ever' day an' he'p me kill 'em off, I'd be much obleeged, Philippe. I 'low that Polly an' Trippin' Toe w'u'd knit all yo' yarn socks fur you 'gin the comin' winter."

He glanced at the boy's fine leggins, the soft calf boot beneath.

"Better'n them fine things you wear, my little Duke," he said dryly, "better'n them fur roughin' it in the wilder-ness."

There was a crash from a near-by tree. In great haste a large animal had tumbled out into the heavy cane. The dogs left instantly with low growls, but no barking. They tore a furious path through the underbrush.

"B'ar!" said the hunter. "Here, hold my rifle—quick!" And drawing from its sheath his hunting knife, he spurred his horse in while Philippe followed. The dogs broke out with furious barks. "Cornered! They've got 'im," shouted Crockett. "Come on an' let me show you how yo' Uncle David finishes a b'ar!"

Cornered, indeed, was the bear—a great brown brute that sat savagely plunging at the dogs. It had backed cunningly up against the clay roots in the butt of a fallen tree.

"Steady—be keerful thar, you Rough an' Ready, till I gin the word. Hold 'im, dorgs, till I make my move." The hunter approched from the rear. The furious bark-ing ceased, the dogs watching their master. They squatted just out of the bear's reach. The latter sat back on his haunches snapping right and left. His mouth foamed with mad saliva, his small eyes blazed with fury.

With a stout limb Crockett reached over the clay root and brought it down with stunning force on the bear's head. It sprang furiously out at the nearest dog.

"Steady, Rough—right an' lef'—right an' lef; Ready. Good dogs! Be keerful—keerful, now!"

The trained dogs dodged and the lumbering bear went forward with blind impetus. Instantly the dogs closed. They darted in from each side. They gripped and squatted low, snatching in fierce backward jerks, their bodies buried into the bear's side, their jaws fastened one into each forearm. The three bodies seemed one. The bear turned with open fang-gleaming mouth on one. The dog, the white of his eyes glaring as he bit and watched, sprang back, escaping by an inch the brutal snap at his head. The bear turned on the other, which quickly performed the same feat. As he did, the left dog shot out like a bolt for his first hold. Furiously the bear turned again, another bolt shot in with bitter teeth planted in the muscles of the forearm. They jerked together and the baffled bear came down on his head. The hunter stood not ten feet way, his knife half raised in his hand. He sprang forward, straddling both dogs and bear. In another instant his blade would have passed behind the left shoulder, through the thin ribs, and into the heart. Instead, his foot caught in the dead root of the tree, and he sprawled headlong on top of the bear and dogs.

Bruin arose, lifting bodily the desperate dogs, who clung gamely to his shoulders. Up—up—his mouth foaming, his fangs gleaming. His head dived furiously at the hunter's throat; the latter writhed quickly and struck. The knife went through the bear's throat, missing the jugular vein. The brute, with knife in throat, gripped vigorously the leather coat—their heads seemed one.

It was a desperately close chance that Philippe took.

"Freeze now, Pacolet."

He fired quickly. The bear's bloody brains were dashed into the hunter's face. The brute's head went to the earth like a plummet.

The Honorable David Crockett arose, wiping his face with his sleeve. The dogs harried the dead bear. No

word was spoken; only the growls of Rough and Ready. Crockett kicked them off with no gentle foot: "Go home, you old stiffs! After all the b'ars I've kilt that way—to throw off on me like that. Go home! An' when I risk my life ag'in I'll take my chances with the puppies."

They slunk off shamedly. It amused Philippe to see how earnestly they took it.

Crockett drew out his knife and wiped it carefully before sheathing it. His old humor came back as he walked up to the boy, who sat silent with serious, troubled face: "Did he mouth you badly, sir?" Philippe's voice was solicitous.

Crockett glanced at the torn shoulder of his hunting shirt. He brought up his arm and moved it down, around. "No muscles torn. Jes' a scratch. I'm all right. But say, son, ef you hadn't shot as you did, yo' Uncle David 'ud been chawed into hash!" He stopped, half ashamed. "An' after the hundreds I've kilt that way! Me! the b'ar killer o' the Cumberlands. That's whut fightin' them Injuns has done fur me. Damn me, I ain't fitten fur nuthin' but to run fur office. An' my dorgs went with me. They've larnt a new scent—the scent o' the Red Man. Like me, they've lost their medicine fur b'ar."

After a moment he continued, "Philippe, that tale I jes' told you 'bout ole Betsy thar, killin' all them things—it's a lie, a damned lie. You made the bes' shot ole Betsy ever made in her life. Thar want a inch between our heads. Yo' bullet burnt my furhead. Thar ain't but one shot in the Cumberlands, an' that's Philippe—the Duke. Shake!"

He grasped the boy's hand. "It's nigh dark now," he said, glancing up into the shadows. "You'll break bread with us, to-night, Philippe. Polly an' Trippin' Toe is crazy about you. Besides, thar'll be a shake-down here. All the young fo'ks is comin' fur a bran dance. It's my treat, you know. We'll drag this b'ar an' deer out.

They'll come in handy fur the gatherin' to-night."

In half an hour he returned, his wounds dressed, riding a big horse. He slipped a plow line over the bear's head and noosed the other end around the horse's tail. Mounting again, the horse plunged through the cane, dragging by his tail the carcass of the bear. In the road they added the deer and dragged the two home.

Philippe followed, his eyes alert for Tripping Toe. He heard her laugh before he saw her. She came running, stopped quickly in front of his horse, clasped both of her hands to her heart, and with a feigned surprise which belied her sureness of his coming: "Well, if it ain't Philippe. 'Light! I'm so surprised and glad to see you."

XIV

THE HONORABLE DAVID CROCKETT GIVES A TREAT

THE Honorable David Crockett had landed from the war on both feet, running for office. In all the vast district—and it extended a hundred miles either way a crow flies—there was no man more astute in the way of politics than the Honorable David Crockett. He had steadily migrated westward under the impulse of settling newer lands, filled with newer bear, deer, and buffalo, and peopled with fewer voters to solicit and cajole. In his own language, he wanted, always, “more air an’ more elbow room an’ fewer fools to fool.”

The Honorable David Crockett, being a natural born hunter and politician, was averse to any of the degrading labors of civilized man. Let others grub the soil: his wife and children, for instance. He got his food in an easier way than that; and it was meat that a king’s table could not command: good, fat bear meat, venison, and buffalo steaks!

Like the Indian whose trail he followed, he disdained the drudgery of the plow. The patches near his cabin that furnished for his prolific family the hard-kerneled, bone-making flour which was the product of the nitrate and phosphorus-teeming new grounds, the Honorable David Crockett left for other hands to till. His life was complete, except that vaulting ambition which burned in his soul to hold high and public office.

To-night his constituency came in numbers and from afar—quiet, strapping, solemn young men and women on

horseback; older ones in wagons drawn by oxen and horses, and gayer ones still in primitive "rockaways," of the time.

Outside, the cabin was lighted by bonfires of dried cedar and elm that lit up the woods lying in darkness which stretched westward, somber and unbroken, in one stupendous shadow. Within, candles of bear fat or tallow spluttered from the window-sill or log rafter, lighting the one great room, its floor covered with sawdust for dancing. In the fireplace burned hickory logs cooking the meats for the feast, and from above hung the long iron crane that held both the big pot and the little pot.

From these steamed the delicious odor of bear, deer, and beef, and the carcasses of the wild turkey, browning in gravy beneath layers of bacon.

A long table of fresh-hewn cedar boards laid two by two, and resting on horses made from the knotted forks of the scrub locust, stretched across the room, then back again, paralleling its mate. There were neither forks nor plates, luxuries which only wealth possessed; but tin cups steamed with hot coffee and a half barrel of pure apple brandy stood in the hall. To it were tied tin cups with leather deer thongs. It was free to any man who cared for a man's drink.

The crowd gathered early; the housewives and girls tucking their gowns under homespun aprons and neighborly and diligently helping Aunt Polly Crockett spread the food. The tables were soon covered with modern platters of the juicy meat; loaves of hoecake and wheat bread held the spaces between; jars of wild honey stood sentinels at each end and in the middle.

Without laughter or word the pioneer neighbors from yard, barn, and portico flocked in; the men and boys lined up at one table, the girls and mothers at another. Grace was said by the local circuit rider, a young man, grave, stern, and with the light of other worlds in his quiet, earnest eyes. It was a long grace that prayed for every-

thing and asked for blessings and guidance with the simplicity and assurance of a child talking to its father.

They ate in silence. There were no laughs, jests, banter—no discussions. And yet there was a dignity in it that was superb; a resoluteness that was manly; a stern calmness that bespoke more of kingly royalty than of uncouth peasantry. Its effect was uplifting. One saw the mental schooling in the hardships of the wilderness, contending with the forces of nature, the wild beast, and the savage. And with latent instinct there had come to these children the assuredness of bravery, the courage of success, the fearlessness of fate.

The tables were cleared away; the big sawdust room glowed beneath candle and firelight; the older people sat with their pipes and snuff-boxes, or lined up on either side, half-solemn, half-reluctant, and altogether shy.

There is a leader needed always, to break this sex-shyness and unloose in the mingling of boy and maiden the acquaintance that begins with shy glances and blushing recognition earlier in the evening. It often ended in uproarious courtship, in which kisses for the favored suitor were followed by broken heads and smashed jaws, the last resort of him who had lost.

On a raised platform stood the Honorable David Crockett. He was clad in deer-skin jacket, short breeches ending in yarn stockings of natural wool, and stout moccasins laced with deer thongs. Only one luxury he indulged in; a white shirt with stock expanded his swelling front.

If his lacerated left shoulder pained him no one guessed it. By him sat two venerable fiddlers. In the corn huskings two well-known tunes were played far and near; one was Billy-in-the-Low-Grounds; the other glowed in the equally significant title, Chicken-in-the-Bread-Tray.

The Honorable David was no mean fiddler himself, as he would soon show them. To-night he knew that on his

skill depended more than anything else his election to office.

"Neighbors—and fellow citizens," said the Honorable David Crockett, standing on a platform: "This is yo' Uncle David Crockett's treat, an' I hope you'll take to it kindly an' he'p yo'se'ves. Ef thar's anybody here that ain't full by now, remember both the big pot an' the little one is full an' a-bilin'; thar's also apple brandy in the hall-way for any that has a mind to shy around the biblical injunction o' lookin' long upon the wine when it is red. But ef he do, let 'im not disturb the meditations o' them that reads their titles clear to mansions in the sky; but let his friends transport 'im in love an' kindness to the barn whar he will find plenty o' good hay to sleep it off on. Neighbors—as you know, I'm gwineter run fur the Legislature. With sorrow I say it, but thar's nothin' left fur yo' Uncle David to do in this country filled up with b'iled shirts an' silk gowns, no Injuns to kill, an' the b'ar an' buffalo gwine like skeered wolves toward the settin' sun. Ez you know, I'm jes' back frum the Injun wars, whar we didn't leave enough o' 'em fur seed corn. I've got to do somethin', but God knows I never 'lowed to git so low down as to run fur office! But I've fell frum grace, fellow citizens. Fur yo' sake I want to do somethin' fur you. I want to pass some laws that'll give a po' man a chance, an' that's this: I want to fight fur free land an' squatter's rights. Let the best man own the earth; it's his'n without money an' without price, fur the good Lord made it fur 'im. Let him that conquers the wilderness own the wilderness. Es fur the banks, I'd tax 'em frum hell to the hoecake griddle an' I'd make ever' silk stockin' pay a revenue to the government that the blood an' toil o' the pioneers created fur his protection."

There came thunderous applause and vociferous yells of "Yes, yes, we'll do it, Davy, we're fur you—yo' flat-form suits us!"

"Gentlemen," said David Crockett, "my form ain't as

flat as my pocketbook. Gentlemen—neighbors, it's now on with the dance. Have yo' fun, you're welcome to ever'-thing in the house, an' remember it's yo' Uncle Davy's treat."

"Philippe!" It was Tripping Toe who spoke to him; she had sought him out in the crowd. "We'll open the dance for them."

She was dressed again in her dancing clothes. All evening Philippe's eyes had followed her, as in the dainty white frock and blue ribbons she had flashed in and out, serving, helping, directing with born generalship. She knew everybody and welcomed them with a word or smile, and often with raillery and wit.

"You don't seem very much at home, Philippe."

He shook his head: "I've tried to be friendly with them, Tripping Toe."

She laughed gayly. "Oh, it ain't that. It's because, Philippe, well, it's because you're my Duke. But I'll make you at home," she smiled. "You must mix with them. Go right in. Here, dance your best and don't slight any of the girls. I'll not be jealous." She laughed again as she caught hands with another admirer, swinging away from Philippe.

At first timidly, but soon boldly, Philippe followed. The fame of his dancing had gone before him, and now in his gentle, gallant way he danced with them all, selecting the quietest and least attractive girls and leading them into the frolic. Their timidity gone, they were as happy as the others. Nor did they ever forget the gallant boy.

Now and then Tripping Toe would join him if only to clasp his hand and wheel a few reels. The radiance of her happiness filled Philippe's soul as with a holy fire.

Romantic Philippe—in the deepest recesses of his poetic soul this evening stood joyously out in his unnatural, lonely life.

Then came another experience which Philippe realized

for the first time: he saw the devotion of the young preacher to the dancing Tripping Toe.

We are wonderfully made, physically and morally. Perhaps the solution is that in our progress in the physical world it takes both the positive and the negative to maintain the equilibrium. The preacher at the best was mortal. But it did seem strange to Philippe that the man of God whose voice, though unavailing, was against dancing should have any interest in the best dancer of them all.

And Tripping Toe was mortal—and eternally feminine.

“Do you know,” she whispered as he came to claim her hand for the old-fashioned cotillon, “that preacher wants me to marry him. Wouldn’t it be strange—me a preacher’s wife?” She laughed again and squeezed his hand.

“I’m sorry for him,” said Philippe frankly.

“If you could see how earnest uncle and aunt are for him, maybe you wouldn’t be.”

“No man shall have you but me.” It came with spontaneous consternation.

“Never fear, Philippe. He can baptize me, but he cannot marry me. He has no chance at all,” and Tripping Toe laughed.

But the boy did fear. Such is the swift, unthinking passion that we call love. Thereafter, Philippe watched closely. He saw enough. There was no doubt that the young preacher was more in love with Tripping Toe. He was so much in love with her that he convinced his conscience that the cotillon was such a dance as David danced before the Lord, openly proclaimed it harmless, and joined in their games when he could have Pamela as a partner.

It was the acid test of his love.

The Crocketts encouraged the courtship. Tripping Toe was now grown. The nest was full of younger birds to be fed and clothed. It was the way of the wilderness to mate young. And there was no nicer young man than

Brother Shepherd, the preacher. Months before, they had talked it over; and so far as the Crocketts' law went, it was finished.

They played the rough games of the pioneer folk. Philippe, with a little tutoring from Tripping Toe, led with such unaffected gallantry and unselfish interest in all around him, that he won his way straight into the hearts of these people so quick to see and know. But as the merriment grew the crowd became more boisterous. Oftener they went into the hall where tin dippers were tied to the open casks of brandy. Gradually, surely, the natural manliness and reserve of the wilderness began to give way.

Young men who in the beginning were modest and timid became boisterous and boldly talkative. They boasted of their strength, their prowess, their gameness. They swung amid masculine laughter half-startled girls around in the reel until they spun like tops.

And all the time the sullen hatred for Philippe grew.

He saw it, but treated them with decorous politeness. Of them he had no fear, nor did he ask any favor.

Swept away with the romance of this gloriously sweet evening, he was unafraid and unconcerned. But he had seen enough to warn him: the scowling face of Jim Leatherwood flushed with jealousy and with liquor. Several times during the evening he had tried to bring on a quarrel with Philippe only to be smiled at and avoided. Once he rudely smashed into him as he danced and followed it up by bullyingly shoving him aside: by all the laws of the country, this should have been a fight. There were others who noticed it.

"I beg your pardon," said the happy Philippe. "It was my awkwardness, I fear."

Determined to fight, the bully bided his time. It was a ring round with hands with the girl in the center. Again and again they had sung the old tune:

"Very well done," says Johnny Brown;
"This is the way to London town;
Stand ye still, stand ye by
Till you hear the watchman cry.
On this carpet you must kneel,
Kiss your true love in the field,
Kiss the one that you love best,
Kiss him before he goes to rest."

It was well guessed on whom the favor would fall. Tripping Toe arose and smiled at Philippe. He darted forward, but Leatherwood broke rudely through the ring, seized the girl and kissed her, struggling.

"This gal is mine," he shouted. "I'll lick any man that says no."

He stood in the ring holding her with one arm and glaring only at Philippe.

"Come on, I say, any man that thinks he can whip Jim Leatherwood. Come on an' take the gal."

"I'll take her," said Philippe, stepping into the ring. "Turn her loose and protect yourself, you coward!"

XV

PHILIPPE WINS A PRIZE

THE silence that fell upon the merry-makers foreboded tragedy. The wilderness was rough, but there were other lapses they barred with thievery and cowardice. Sex courtesy was paramount: to kiss a girl against her will was infamous.

Leatherwood stood within a circle of expectant faces. The older ones shook their heads; the younger girls giggled or frowned; but the younger men who were envious or jealous of the gentleman in their midst were ready to fight. It was the easiest way to end the popularity, and perhaps the career, of the ruffle-shirted one. With noisy comment and boasting they backed the man from the canebrakes.

"Go in, Jim! Go in an' clean 'im up!"

"We'll back you, Jim, we'll see that you git fair play. Kill the little dancin' Duke!"

"This ain't no place fur ruffled shirts an' chicken feathers."

It ran round the ring in an ominous roar. It came mingled with coarse wit and boasting, sullen mutterings and revenge. The circle was fast becoming a mob. Respectability was outnumbered. It was plain that, if Leatherwood would not fight, a half dozen were ready to take his place.

Philippe stood in the ring watching the big Leatherwood.

Tripping Toe feigned laughter and the diplomacy of indifference. Crockett stood silently by her side.

"It was nothing, uncle Dave; he's drunk. Let him be. Don't let him spoil all the fun we're having."

Leatherwood had not spoken. He had removed his coat. He came forward, shoving the crowd out of his way as though they were dummies. He came, rolling up his sleeves; his big arms hung to bigger shoulders; his small gray eyes blazed deep in a sunken forehead. He advanced, pounding his chest: "Boys, let me git to 'im—me, the Black Bull of the Valley."

This was met by shouts from his partisans.

Philippe turned on him smiling. The calm indifference of it maddened the black one to fury.

"Mop 'im up, Jim," yelled the crowd. "He won't make a grease spot on the floor."

The black bull grew ironically humorous. "Boys," he grinned, "ain't it a pity to spile as purty a thing as this?" They surged around expectantly and thought it was.

"Ain't it a turrible thing to kill the little boy so far away frum his mother?"

"What a pity! What a pity!" they laughed.

"If you were a gentleman," said Philippe, "I'd fight you like a gentleman." He took from underneath his jacket at the waist a small but cruelly beautiful French pistol. It was short, but the muzzle gaped with a four-ounce mouth. He handed it to Colonel Crockett. "This leaves me unarmed," he said. He took off his coat and hat and confronted the giant.

"Now I'm going to teach you how to behave yourself in decent company," said Philippe, with clean-set, smiling lips.

This was highly pleasing to the big man. It meant that the little fellow would really fight and not run. He became brilliantly humorous.

"Stranger, let me pet you a bit before I nail the lid on yo' coffin. Ain't you never heard o' me?" He jumped high in the air, cracking his heels together. He spun round, seized a half-grown boy and held him out at arm's

length. He dropped on all fours and charged like a bull goring the floor with imaginary horns.

"Ain't heard o' me? Friends, whar has this little boy been all his life? Why did he turn loose his sugar-teat to come here to kiss a gal that is made fur the arms o' a man? Ain't heard o' me, the Hurricane o' Big Cane Swamp; the champion fighter o' the Cumberland; the Black Bull o' the Valley?"

"It's fur the gal I'm fightin'. Be it known onto all you gentlemen, the Hurricane o' Big Cane Swamp has long ago picked her out fur his own. Trippin' Toe wants a man, that's what Trippin' Toe wants; ain't it, honey?" And he looked very lovingly at the girl, who stood with defying eyes.

She rushed into the ring, her eyes flashing: "She wants none o' you, Jim Leatherwood." Unmeasured disdain was in the toss of her head. "I'll let you know now—I'll have none of your kind. I'll choose my own mate." She looked proudly at her uncle. "And as for backwoods bullies, she despises them. An' you sha'n't strike this gentleman, you sha'n't!" She breasted boldly up between them, her bosom heaving with excitement, her blue eyes defiant: "I'll kill you first myself."

The black bull turned on her like a cave-man: "Keep quiet, you little wench. This is a man's game, an' when I want you I'll beat you an' take you jes' like I'll beat up an' take this little gentleman o' your'n."

Crockett's attitude changed. "You're gwine a little too far thar, Jim Leatherwood. That gal's heart is her own to give an' take. Save yo' bullyin' o' wimin folks fur other times. But as fur this little gentleman, that's a man's game. You've got my consent to lick 'im to a frazzle ef you can. But you can't. I'll bet ever' dollar I've got on 'im. I've seed 'im shoot an' I know he can fight." Crockett fairly growled it.

"Ef I can? Why, jes' listen, chillun—listen—ef I can!" shouted the frenzied Leatherwood. "God! jes' let

me git at 'im! But ef I lick 'im then the gal's mine?"

Tripping Toe looked at Philippe. His eyes met her own. There was a flash of understanding. His heart pounded.

"Yes," cried Tripping Toe. "Yours if you can do it, and I'm betting my life and my love on him, that you can't!"

"You're mine already, gal." He jumped high again with a whoop; he battered his breast with resounding whacks that sounded like drums in action. He whooped and leaped high, cracking his heels in the air.

"Come out in front, men," said Crockett. "Fair play now. Give 'em both a good ring out o' doors on the grass. But mark my word, neighbors, the man that'd bet on that leather-headed bull is a fool. I don't want none o' you to lose money at my treat. Ef I am as shore o' my salvation as I am o' this fight, my wings is beginnin' to sprout right now."

"And it's you, Tripping Toe?" said Philippe as he walked out. "It's you if I win?"

"I'm yours already, Philippe," she said.

Her eyes were like stars in a wilderness night.

Philippe almost stepped on some one. He looked down; on either side of him stood the sturdy little Crocketts of the mustering out. They were backing him with intense, serious, half-man faces. It was humorous—their earnestness. Each stern little face nodded reassuringly at Philippe.

"Yes, you wade in, Philippe," said the first youngster. "Our money is on you."

"You bet yo' daddy's last deer hide it is," piped the other.

The older boy flashed a Barlow knife from the depths of his trousers pocket. "See this, Philippe? Wal, jes' watch me! Ef that thar bull o' the woods ain't keerful, I'll lick 'im myse'f. I'll jump in his throat an' gallop through his belly, cuttin' out his chittlins with this Barlow

knife like a b'ar in a canebrake. I won't leave a gut in 'im," he shouted.

"I'll be right behindst you, Bud," said the little one.

Of the wilderness was such boasting bravery born.

"Stan' back, gentlemen," said David Crockett, "and make a ring. This shall be a fair fight. David Crockett will umpire it. Stan' back thar, all you women an' gals. Git out on the porch ef you don't want to see rough work an' bloody noses. Come up, gentlemen, an' form a ring."

"Boys," shouted the bully as he leaped into the ring stripped to his shirt and buckskin breeches. "Boys, don't let me kill 'im the fust lick. Watch me while I fiddle with 'im a leetle, then gouge out them beautiful eyes with these here thumbs. Watch me while I set on his chist an' make liver-meat outen his face. Watch me take them curls off with one hand an' give 'em to Trippin' Toe for a head nettin'. She'll think somethin' o' her husban' then, fur you all heard frum her own lips she goes to the winner."

To this day the narrative of the briefness and glory of this fight is passed from mouth to mouth and stands on record in the old annals of the historical Southwest.

Philippe stood on guard smiling, as the blind fury of the ruffian increased. His poise, his guard, his deftness, his courage told even the backwoodsmen around him that he was no novice in the defense of a gentleman with his fists.

For the first time, they noticed the perfect physical fitness of the young man; the muscular hardness of his arms, body, and legs; whereas fat and the softness of too much white whisky told a plain tale in the face and body of the other.

With a howl the black bull rushed, his guard down, striking blindly and depending on the brutal rush of unskilled force and weight. The younger man stepped

quickly aside. The black bull's force went into empty air. Before he could recover the boy turned and shot a bar of steel up and under. It caught the charging bully on the unprotected point that lay back of the ear and he went over, reeling and then groggily down. He rolled over twice before he collected himself. He lay on his back dazed, outside the ring, blinking at a lighted torch. No sound came from him; no oath, no threat. The expression on his face was grimly humorous to those who beheld the sudden change. A boisterous bystander broke the stillness with genuine enthusiasm as he shouted: "Ever see such a lick! an' in the burr o' the yeah!"

Philippe stood in the center of the ring, his left on guard. Blood trickled from the knuckles of his right.

Silently the bully arose and came cautiously. With a panther-leap he hurled himself through the air at the young man; his great fist like a knotted maul struck for the head of his opponent. Had it landed, the fight would have been finished. The young man had not time to step aside and strike; instead, he squatted quickly to the floor, and as the bully's wasted blow went over his head he arose suddenly, his hands grasping the ankles of the maddened man who was helplessly floundering across the young man's shoulders. With a quick rise and toss he hurled him into the air. It was a beautiful catapult. The heavy body fell with a sprawling jolt that shook the earth. Philippe turned with panther quickness. The bully lay at his feet, shocked and numbed and solemnly blinking again at the light.

The girl's eyes were ablaze with triumph. She rushed into the ring: "Stomp 'im, stomp the life out o' him—for the love of me, Philippe, finish him! He'd do it to you. Don't give him another chance to win me!"

Philippe smiled down on her. "If you love me, Tripping Toe, stand back. Let him have his chance. It would not be fair, sweetheart, it's against the rules of the game."

The pretty scene aroused the brutal fury in the bully.

He sprang to his feet, drawing a hunting knife from his boot. He rushed at the boy.

"Fair play—fair play!" shouted the old Indian fighter.

The rough chivalry of the wilderness broke into stern reality. That foul move made every man a partisan of the younger. A dozen hunting knives came from a dozen belts. A dozen men rushed up.

"Drap it!" cried Crockett, drawing his own bear knife and stepping between them. "Fight like a man, Jim Leatherwood. None o' that—none o' that, or, by God, I'll cut yo' lights out."

Sullenly the bully dropped his knife on the sawdust floor. Crockett kicked it away and sheathed his own weapon. "Clear the way," he said, "and let 'em finish it."

The bully charged in grim brute force three times. Three times he hit the dust without getting in striking distance of the trained young fighter. As he arose the last time a partisan shouted: "Why don't you hit 'im once, Jim? Hit 'im!"

"Hit 'im? Hell!" he shouted as he spat bloody foam from his lips, "I'd as soon try to butt burr stones, grindin' corn!"

A derisive roar followed.

It was now Philippe who pressed the fight. His time for offensive fighting had come. The smile went from his lips, now set firmly and cruelly. He advanced, guard up, his right feeling for an opening. It came with the tact he had used before. Leatherwood rushed and tried to clinch. This brought his chin up and out. Philippe planted a blow on its point that brought him to his tiptoes to land it. Leatherwood collapsed like a dead man.

"Gentlemen," said the boy quietly, "I think Mr. Leatherwood will sleep awhile now, and I'll put on my coat. I thank you for the fair play you have given me, and unless you want me to fight longer I shall be riding."

"Not till I make a little speech first, son," said the Honorable David Crockett, whose mania for speechmaking

was equaled only by his ability for finding a stump. He stood on a stump in the yard. He was talking very earnestly to the crowd: "Ef ever a boy won ag'in big odds, it wuz this here boy they call Philippe, the Duke."

There were murmurs of affirmation.

"As a rule," went on the Honorable David Crockett, "I don't like Dukes an' Kings an' varmints o' that stripe. But I guess this here Duke-business is jes' a nickname that'll soon wear off. But the p'int is this, my fellow citizens, Duke or no Duke, he showed hisse'f to be a man an' he's good enough to have my little Trippin' Toe ef he does wear a b'iled shirt."

Philippe felt a hand slip into his. Again he looked down on the blue sheen, radiant with the glory of a sea moon.

"I'm yours, Philippe. You won me, didn't you?"

XVI

AND LOSES IT

PHILIPPE, it was splendid! Come, let me dress your wounded hand." She led him away to the buttery, a cool, quiet place that joined the living room. It was pungent with rich odors of milk and honey. Her face was sweetly sympathetic.

"'Tis nothing now, since you have touched it, Tripping Toe."

Very gently she bathed his hand. At her touch his heart beat strangely. Her own bosom pulsed beneath the gown that hid her full-breasted form. Her hair; from excitement and action, fell around her neck and shoulders. She fondled the lame hand lovingly. Neither spoke: happiness does not speak.

She bound it with cotton cloth saturated with a mixture of turpentine and bear's oil, the old and only liniment of the wilderness.

"Now," she laughed, seating herself by his side on the rough bench and slipping a hand into his—"now, Philippe, my Duke, what are you going to do with the prize you won?"

The boy smiled: "Not Duke to you, Tripping Toe, that silly nickname they have given me. God knows where or how it started. To you, I am just Philippe."

He sat silent awhile. He drew her to him. He kissed her forehead, her eyes, her lips. He felt her arm go round his neck. She had drawn back pale. At first a white fear of mistrust shone in her face. It was swept away instantly with scorn. "You won me, Philippe. I am

yours, not alone by the rules of war, but—but—of love. You know how it is here in the backwoods; but, Philippe, I am yours because I love you."

"And because I love you, Tripping Toe. I would not wrong you for your own life's happiness—not you——"

"Wrong me? How?" she exclaimed.

"You do not know who I am."

"I only know I love you, Philippe," she pleaded with trembling lips. "What is it that would separate us?"

He held her close with kisses. Her soft, cool mouth touched his ear as she whispered: "Philippe, I am Crockett's niece. You know our blood. It is unafraid and it follows its own heart. Marry me—marry me to-night while they dance."

The sound of riotous tunes and tramp of feet came in from the big room. The sweet, pale silence of a June moon in romantic contrast lay over wood and field and distant hill.

"Out there," she pointed, "Oh Philippe, but my heart is longing for that sweet silence—and you—moonlight and silence that I've never known before. I'll ride behind you, Philippe. I'll go with you to the end of the world and I'll be a faithful Tripping Toe, a working Tripping Toe. I can do everything: milking, cooking, housekeeping—all—all, for we have been poor always. If we are poor, what of it? I'll make it up to you in love, Philippe."

"It is not that." He spoke with pain, slowly, his eyes down. "It is not poverty. I am not afraid of that—not with your help, my own Tripping Toe. I could do anything—but—but wrong you."

"Wrong me, how?" she asked. "Look, Philippe"—she could not throw off the romance that bubbled in, nor the fun that was of Crockett's blood. "Ain't this a sweet place for spooning? Look at the moonlight without! Hear that lone dove cooing for its mate? Oh Philippe, I'm so happy! It feels like when you've been asleep all your life in a kind of an unhappy dream, and then wake

up to find a sweeter reality. I've been so worried because I couldn't find my own. Now, to wake up in the moonlight and find you by my side! And you won me, Philippe, won me fair and square. I'm yours—yours!"

She laid her head on his shoulder. Philippe felt the little sobs of happiness that shook her. He looked down into her eyes that held happy tears. "I've been so lonesome, Philippe, till you came."

"Tripping Toe, I—I have no name to give you."

"O Philippe—what——"

He held both her hands. "I can offer no woman my love without a name. There has been put on me the sorrow of sorrows. I—I am no man's son."

He felt her bosom heaving. He went rapidly on: "When I remember first, I was living with my mother in the cottage miles from here, on the Cumberland, on the estate of General Trevellian. We were living alone, my mother and I and a man, an old man, who has been more than a father to me. She called him the Chevalier Du Maurier. I know enough now to understand that he had been a knight, a great general in the armies of France, a friend to the Prince of the House of Orleans. He died a year ago, the best friend and most gallant man that ever lived. He loved us both tenderly. Oh Tripping Toe, if, hereafter, you hear them speak evilly of my gentle mother, remember what I say: no purer, gentler, sweeter mother ever lived. I love her with all my soul. I'd die for her to-night. If I am a gentleman, it is she and the Chevalier who have made me one. Others shunned us; everybody, all of them. At home, we speak only French. He taught me to read great books, the Bible; to love truth and valor; to be gentle and valiant. He was a soldier and he taught me of war; he was a knight and he taught me chivalry; how to ride, to fence, and to box. I could not have stood before that bully but for his training. From my sixth year I have ridden terrible rides with him behind the hounds after deer. We have fought the bear,

the panther, and the wolf, but his heart never grew stern under it. Always he was a gentleman."

He stopped reminiscently: "'Ah, my little Duke,' he would say (it was only his pet name), 'if I spend my old life making of you a soldier that you may some day go back and fight France's battles for her, I will not have lived in the wilderness in vain.'"

His voice came low with bitterness: "They call my mother '*the French woman*.' They shun her. But, because she had said it, they named me Philippe, the Duke. When I asked her what I should call myself, she held her head proudly and said: 'Tell them your name is Philippe Trevellian!'"

"Why, Philippe, Captain Jack Trevellian—I know him. He was Captain of Uncle Dave's scouts in the Creek War. He came home with him. Uncle Dave idolizes him. He is brave and honorable and gallant. He gave me this beautiful chain." She held it proudly.

He arose, his face fierce with passion. "Has he touched you? He, who caused me this sorrow? You think he is brave and honorable—you, Tripping Toe, whom I love so—you?"

In half-repressed awe she stood before him.

The door opened, Crockett came in—quiet with a stern, solemn face. "Go, Pamela," he said slowly, "and shut the door. I want a word with the young man in private."

She stood defiantly: "Uncle Dave, I will not! Speak! If you hurt him, you hurt me."

He turned to Philippe: "I have learned who you are from my friends in there." His voice dropped. His anger went out in pity. "Son, I take back nothing I said of you. You are a man; but, good God! You know the unwritten law of the wilderness. You know I'd rather see my niece dead than married to the son of that French woman. Let's clear up all this thing first."

"Stop!" said the boy, his voice quivering. "Stop, or I'll kill you—I'll kill you where you stand. I'll go!"

Neither of you will ever see me again." He was bitterly angry. "I'll go gladly from a people too cowardly to take the hand of one in sorrow, under the ban of a stigma not of God, for He is just. But of God's meanest creations, the cowardly creatures He made who call themselves men are the worst. Men? There is but one—only in this State. The rest of you are cowards—you and your Jack Trevellian and all the other curs that think they are mastiffs in his yard. He, alone, has called me his friend. I go to the war with him. I mustered in under him but two days ago. He will give me a man's chance, David Crockett, and I will come back a man."

He turned and walked away. He heard Tripping Toe sob. He saw her uncle holding her.

"It's nearly midnight, Pacolet"—he petted the horse which, so softly whinnying, stood rubbing his nose on his master's shoulder—"nearly midnight, and we have far to go."

The bonfires glowed now to embers in the yard and wood. He heard the thump and tramp of dancers within, a hilarious whoop now and then. He looked to the priming of his rifle. There was a soft footfall behind him. He turned, setting his rifle against the tree.

Tripping Toe stood in the shadow of the barn, a flimsy mantle of white thrown over her head. She came resolutely; her face and eyes showed tears. "Philippe"—she clasped his hands beseechingly, "Philippe, I can't let you go this way! Philippe, you are not mad with me, your Tripping Toe?"

"The Chevalier taught me never to be angry with any one." He was cruelly cold. "'Even if you have to fight,' he said, 'fight not in anger. It makes of you an insane man, and an insane man cannot win.'" He spoke with a breaking heart, and as he looked on her it melted.

"Shall I see you no more?" She came up and held to his arm, her head against his shoulder. "Kiss me,

Philippe, and say—say that you will not forget me.”

The blood surged in his heart and rushed in a tide to his face. He laid his lips on hers.

“I shall never forget you, never forget you, darling; and while I live I shall love you, Tripping Toe.”

He held her close. Her hot, passionate breath swept into his face.

“You have come so strangely into my strange life. Me, me, with this burden! Me, a social outcast! Me, for one brief half night to taste the sweetest joy of life and then have it torn away—to go back alone into the world and to war.”

“Philippe—Philippe”—her eyes shone with the rapture of the thought: “I’ll go with you now! Quick! Behind you on the horse.”

“It’s because I love you more than life that I will not. I can bear it, but never will I put it on the soul of any woman and her children. Let me go. You know not how I suffer.”

She withdrew from his arms, pale with hopeless love on her drawn face, with swimming eyes.

“Go, Philippe!” She stood glorified in the moonlight. “Go, but when you come back you will find me waiting for you, I care not who you are. I love you now; I shall love you forever, Philippe.”

He had ridden past her. At the edge of the woods, her arm uplifted pleadingly, he caught her up: “I shall come back to you, Tripping Toe, I shall come back a man.” He drew from his finger the ring his mother cherished: “Keep it till I come again.” He kissed the agonized lips; still clinging, silently beseeching, he lowered her to the ground and touched his horse with the spur.

She stood long, watching the vanishing horse.

She felt the ring, kissing it through tears. She found herself on her knees in the moonlight, clasping the tree under which he had stood when last he held her. She felt something. It was his rifle. He had forgotten it in

his own agony. Her hand pressed the lock where his hand had rested.

Here he had leaned. Here his hand had touched it. She knew the spot. With uplifted, stricken face, she knelt in his very tracks, and clasping the tree, she prayed. It was a prayer for strength. Unlettered, poor, with no horizon to her hopes, no opening for life or love, she knelt at the rock that made up the great, strong, granite heart of the wilderness. She prayed for him, for herself—and praying, she listened for the sound of his returning footsteps. None came. She clung to the tree as if it were God, her Father—Him—Him who in sweet simplicity she worshiped. She clung and prayed.

When she started to the house, her face was white and determined, a resigned glory in her eyes. She carried his rifle in her arm.

Two men were talking in the shadow of the roof-tree. It was the preacher and the young farmer whom she had seen much with Leatherwood. The younger man was talking thickly, groggily to the preacher.

"I tell you he'll waylay 'im an' kill 'im. Somethin' ought to be done."

The preacher looked troubled: "How long has he been gone, Mat?"

"Over an hour. Say, you're our preacher an' you'll hold it straight—won't give me away, will you?"

The preacher nodded.

"Well, parson, it's this way: I thought he was straight, but he's crooked as hell. Say, I'm on—got it straight, but he don't know it. They're plottin' here, hoss stealin' an' whispers o' that Harp gang. Somehow that little Philippe, the Duke is in the tanglin' of it. I know—they nearly got 'im the other night. Jim was in it—an' say, he's in with that Count at the Inn. I got it—I'm a friend o' Jim." He winked his eye with alcoholic intensity. He nodded. "But you don't know nothin' frum me!"

"What did Leatherwood say when he left, Mat?"

"He said enough. He told me exactly whar he'd kill 'im—at the white oak five mile up the trail whar it forks. He's thar now, an' he'll do it ef he ain't done it already. The whole settlement's under a pizen air. The Harps——"

"Say, Mat, this won't do. I'll tell Colonel Crockett before it is too late. No man that is half a man would stand for foul play like that. And those desperate Harps——"

Pamela listened no longer. *He is there now!* It went frightfully through her. *Under the white oak five miles away at the forks!* Oh, if only she could beat him to it! She ran rapidly to the stable.

There were three horses in the barn: two, old and stale from shaft and plow; one, a half-broken colt which had been ridden bareback by her cousin but once—a very amusing once, for the rider had landed almost instantly on the ground. The colt was hers—her very own. He was big and foolish and growthy, but he could run. If he threw her? Oh, he would never do it. She knew it. He was hers. She had petted him. The halter was kept, always, on him. She did not stop for bridle. She doubted if he would take the bit for her. Would he let her mount? She had him by the halter. He whinneyed and nozzled her arm gently. "*O, Paddy, you sweet thing. I knew you would!*"

Paddy thought he was going to the Creek for water; but when he struck the trail in a gallop, she swayed on the halter, swinging roughly in, while a sharp heel stuck spitefully into his flank. Maddened, he bucked once, but she clung to his mane.

After seeing Juliet started safely homeward, the Indian followed the white man with the sureness and silence of an untongued hound. The signs lay plain to the Red Eagle, and in the moonlight the tracks of the running horse on the open trail were easily seen. The white man was

well mounted and the long, continued stride of the horse was evidence that he was wasting no time in getting away. The swiftness of the flight convinced the Indian that the Count de Chartres gauged correctly the fact that he had barely escaped capture and death. Satisfying himself that the white man had struck across country to the Natchez Road and had a plain run southward, he turned and backtracked as rapidly as he had gone forward. This, too, was easy, for the barred shoes of the running horse were unlike all others and were stamped in the road.

The Indian had seen and heard enough to make him alert. He had caught something from the talk and actions of General Jackson and Sam Williams. Mystery, murder, and stealing were abroad, and his own beloved *protégé*, the White Eagle, was involved. This he had easily sensed, and that it meant life or death for the boy.

To unravel it, the surest way, now that he had fled, was to catch the Count's accomplices before they made their escape; and the way to do that was to back-track to their place of meeting.

At Stone's River bluff, where he had the encounter with the white man, he crossed and tracked him easily to the cabin of Leatherwood. Concealing his horse in the wood, he crawled on the track till he met Leatherwood's. It was plain: here they had had a long talk. The Count's track led to another meeting a mile farther. Here four horsemen met him, and here again there was a talk. Leatherwood's led off to the right. It was fresh—only a few hours old. He followed it till he saw that it went to a settler's cabin where there was music and dancing. He was surprised to see in their midst his idolized White Eagle. He had been with him that morning and knew nothing of this.

The Chief frowned ominously. For a while he lay debating. Should he stay and protect the boy, or ride on the track of the four conspirators and strike there? And

here was Leatherwood before him, the real traitor of them all, the infamous brute whom Sehoy——

The Indian's mouth set hard against his clenched teeth. To bring General Jackson that British musket and the news from Pensacola was not his only object in riding three hundred miles. For two weeks he had stayed around the Hermitage for just this chance; now he had it. The Red Eagle had sworn his vengeance, and the Red Eagle never forgot. Rising, the Indian took up the tracks of the four horsemen. One horse was shod with tips. He had heard Sam Williams talk that day, and learned how near death the white boy had come by the knife of this man whose horse wore tips instead of the full shoes.

"Red Harp," said the Indian, "Umph!" He shook his head gravely. Three of the tracks turned into another road that went to Hunter's Hill. Again the Indian shook his head.

He rode back, tied his horse in a wooded ravine, and came to the tracks with tips. He crawled flat on the ground, following it from the roadside into the wood. It went in at the forks near a big white oak and through heavy, dense bushes. He heard a horse stamp its foot. Slowly, noiselessly he crawled, his rifle cocked and ready. Again the stamp. He saw the horse. He made out the form of the outlaw lying near. He was asleep, his rifle leaned against the tree. He was waiting for someone.

This is where the Red Eagle would also wait. He thought he heard a twig crack to his right. He put his ear to the ground. Again he heard it across the road. The Indian did not like it—he was doubly alert.

For an hour he lay within forty feet of the sleeping white man. The moon showed nearly midnight. He heard a man riding up the road from the dance. He rode noiselessly into the thicket, waking the other. He did not hitch his horse. The Indian knew this meant quick work and quick riding after it.

"He'll be along t'rectly." A voice spoke thickly, smothering the words.

The other man yawned with utter indifference. He tapped his rifle and said: "I'll not be fool enough to try to capture 'im this time. I'll let this speak."

"No you won't," said Leatherwood. "It's my job. I've got a dozen reasons for it, but the first is this: I'm gwineter kill 'im. Where are the others?"

"They're off south by now, an' I wish to God we wuz. We'll be in a hell o' a fix if it don't plan out—when—this happens."

He stopped, listening. Another horseman was coming toward them.

They arose and slipped to the edge of the wood near the road. Leatherwood cocked his rifle and brought it to his hip. The Indian saw the rider coming. He was riding very slowly as if in deep thought. He did not have his rifle. He must have been recklessly forgetful—troubled. The Indian arose, bringing his rifle into quick range, his eyes covering the fully exposed, foolhardy Leatherwood.

The boy came on, his head down, his horse walking. One hundred—fifty—thirty yards——

The Indian saw Leatherwood's arm go up. There came galloping hoofs down the road.

"Philippe—Philippe—stop! Here! Your rifle, quick!"

A girl turned the bend, riding like a firebrand in the wind. Bareback, she clung to mane and halter. Her rifle barrel glittered in the moonlight.

Leatherwood stepped out into the road. The bandit followed. They stood abreast, barring the way.

Confused, the boy wheeled sharply, facing the girl. He did not see the man. The girl screamed, slid quickly down, clinging to the horse's mane and running with the galloping horse. She eased up, loosened her grip, and stood with his rifle to her shoulder, pointing straight into Leatherwood's face. His rifle came quickly up.

The Indian's muscles froze like rigid iron as he fired instantly from his hip. He drew his knife and turned to spring on the second man.

"Hands up, Red Harp! I've got you!" It came ghostily from across the road. The long white hair of old Sam Williams rose from the bushes, his rifle covering the bandit.

Instead, Red Harp faced, rifle to shoulder. Both guns roared together. The bandit jumped straight up and fell halfway across the dead Leatherwood. The girl, rifle to shoulder, stood covering the dead robber. She brought it down, crying half-dazedly: "Philippe, did—did—I kill him?"

"No—I, I, Red Eagle, I killed him," said the Indian, advancing and taking the rifle from her. "There is no powder in your pan. His blood is on me, not thee."

Old Sam Williams staggered and walked across the road—an interminable road that kept rising and falling under his feet. The boy had sprung from his horse and came with open arms toward him. And yet he could not reach him. He seemed to be vanishing—vanishing in shadows that started in the wood and swept toward him in a black, overpowering wave.

"I'm comin', Philippe, watch-keerin' you . . . knowed it all day . . . been right here . . . watch-keerin' . . . and I got 'im, Red Harp." He stumbled and lay down in the road. "Jes' seems like I can't come to you, Philippe. Yes, yes, I knowed you'd come to me."

The happiness that shone in the old face, glinting in the moonlight and haloed around with silvery hair, made ever afterwards a sainted frame which held first place in the boy's heart. He went down on his knees in the sand, his strong young arms around him. "I knowed you'd come, Philippe, to Jin'ral Jackson's old bugler frum . . ." It gurgled in his throat.

The Indian walked out, raising the boy to his feet:

"Come, my White Eagle, you were close to death. It is good when the Great Spirit takes, it is sweeter when He gives. Come!"

Crockett and a dozen men had ridden up and now stood around. It was as plain as the written page to these hunters of the wilderness. Reverently they lifted the old man and carried him tenderly home.

The assassins in the road were dogs; let them lie!

Crockett stood stroking his niece's hair: "Pet—Pet—don't cry. You didn't kill anybody."

"Philippe, Philippe"—she held out her arms to him—"don't leave me; take me!"

Silently, his heart breaking within him, the boy mounted and rode away with the Indian.

XVII

CLOVER BOTTOM

EVERYTHING led to Clover Bottom when a horse race was on. It was the Mecca of horsemen from New Orleans to Louisville.

To-day was no exception; and by sunrise a motley procession went down the Lebanon road that led from the little town of Nashville to the big bend in Stone's River, a hundred acres of rich bottom land, as level as the Hermitage kitchen floor and crowned with sloping hills which made a natural grand stand.

Racing began early in Tennessee: it meant the development of horses for the wilderness, which, by reason of their superior blood, were better for the plow and shaft; better still for the wilderness raids; better for the charge in battle; and, if necessary, faster for the flight back home.

The pioneer saw this with farseeing intuition. Besides, it was in their blood by English inheritance, and right gladly and royally they raced.

The races were fierce, for the heats were miles and plenty of them. Gentlemen alone raced; their word was their bond. They cared more for the blood than for the pound of flesh.

Money, slaves, cotton, tobacco, horses, ay, and sometimes the love of a woman—these were put up and fought for with rawhide and bloody spurs, with panting nostrils, blood-rimmed in the homestretch. Clean was the sport, for honor was the game. Alas, that it ever should have

been changed and become the handmaid of gamblers with claws unclean!

The rude judges' stand stood out in front of the ruder grand stand. In the distance were woods, and still farther away was the Hermitage.

Every foot of this circular, unfenced track had felt the death grapple in the homestretch of early kings and queens, upon the turn of whose speed had passed more cotton and tobacco than had been grown in the fields around.

All was crude enough: a hayshed raised on rough cedar posts thirty feet high, unhewn and knotted. Under its rough tiers, one above another, the pioneers and their families had gathered.

There were hunters from the far wilderness in deer-skins and leggins and fur caps. They hunted and traded with the Creeks to the South, the Choctaws on the bluffs of the Mississippi, and the Cherokees among the mountains of East Tennessee. They were silent, quiet men who saw everything, but said nothing so long as it was fair play. But if injustice won, their sympathies were aroused; their anger and temper blazed equally quick.

There were riflemen guarding the frontier. They came with their long guns and grotesque caps, mustered out, perhaps, since the Creek War just ended, but ready to follow their idolized Old Hickory into another campaign that they knew was coming.

To-morrow they would fight; to-day it was a horse race and a frolic. Boisterously, gladly they would live to-day.

Plain farmers were there, countrymen with wives hard-looking and healthy, daughters fair and fat, and sons broad-shouldered, stooped, and tobacco-chewing. There were half-breed Indians and long-haired trappers from the Cumberland Mountains. There were negro slaves, jolly and handy, and comely mulatto girls, quiet and

modest, with their dark eyes of sorrow that go always with the breed that belongs not to either race.

And why should they not be there? All of them? For was it not the home of Andrew Jackson, their patriot-saint, duelist, horse-racer, killer of bad men, conqueror of the savage? And who among all the crowd did not know General Jackson personally, intimately, even though he had never spoken to him face to face; even though he had not carried a Dechard and followed him from the Tennessee to the Horse-Shoe Bend?

They had come on foot, on saddle horses, in chaises, in wagons, and the rich in coaches drawn by fat, well-roached mules or half-bred native pacing horses with good-humored negro drivers on the box.

It was yet early morning, but three men sat in the judges' stand, smoking and waiting for the horses to be brought to the post. One of them everybody knew: the tall, spare, sinewy frame in the dark-blue uniform of a Major General; the thin, hatchety face, the high forehead and long head of veneration and determination. This was Andrew Jackson, smoking a cob pipe and watching the stir and shuffle of the fast-forming crowd.

Twice he had been appealed to, to maintain order; for though the high sheriff was there in big top-boots, a huge horsewhip, and brace of pistols in his belt, it was to Andrew Jackson that all disputes went as if to a judge of final appeal.

Tiogo, a renegade Creek, partaking too freely from the open barrel of homemade whisky (which, with abundant dippers of gourds tied with deer thongs to the open barrel, sat just behind the betting stand and was free to all who possessed as much as a coonskin for traffic), became, in his imagination, chief and lord of all he beheld. And that which was mostly beholden unto him was Sallie Minerva, a comely mulatto girl, maid to Mrs. Jackson. The Creek's way with the female was that

of the cave man. It ended in the Indian seizing her by the hair to hold her for his wigwam, other arguments being unavailing. This started a race riot between the Creek and Bob, father of Sallie Minerva and head overseer for General Jackson.

The unwritten law prevailed. There was no disposition on the part of the sheriff to preserve an ignoble peace. General Jackson came down into the ring to see fair play.

They fought fiercely and with savage fury, fist to fist, two burly gladiators of bone and muscle. The Creek was the wirier, of better wind, and lithe as a panther. The negro, though a giant, had neither the wind nor the speed. The crowd jeered when they thought he was being worsted. The lithe Creek was the favorite; slowly the panting negro was giving way.

"Finish 'im, big Injun, finish 'im," yelled the backwoods crowd, who, in a race issue, showed no sympathy for the black.

Tiogo clinched, throating the black. He was handling the negro as a panther would a black bear.

"Back, Bob, back and catapult him! Use your head: it's the hardest. Butt his guts out, Bob, butt him, my black bull of the Hermitage!" shouted Andrew Jackson, forgetting that he was referee.

The negro broke loose and backed off. With lowered head, like a great bull he charged.

Tiogo was a warrior and knew not the tactics of the man who could be a bull, neither did he know of the thickness of a black man's skull, nor the cushion of wool that saved it from shocks. It caught the big warrior squarely in the solar plexus. He went down and out like an ox before the ax.

Tiogo, the mighty, seemed to sleep for a full hour. When he awoke, he gave a grunt of disgust, pulled his mantle around him, and went away through the wood.

In some corner of his subconscious mind, he believed that the White Captain did it. "Him," he muttered,

shaking his head with unspoken anger, "him—always he have a blow for the Indian, always he walk with red moccasins over us."

Silently he went—reaching the wood, he turned and shook his fist at the crowd.

The other case was more serious, and stern was Andrew Jackson's sentence. The men had been caught in the act of attempting to give poisonous seeds of the deadly aconite to a rival horse that was entered in the race.

"Bring the villain here!" shouted Andrew Jackson.

It proved to be a half-breed Indian and negro.

"Strip him to the waist, men"—it came fiercely from him—"ride him on that rail and ply the rawhide to his naked back till you dump him into Stone's River."

It was a riotous crowd that went joyously in the cloud of dust with the victim in their midst amid oaths and whip cracks that sounded like trench-firing in a night attack.

The crowd swayed in uproarious enjoyment of it. Never had there been so great a day at Clover Bottom. Oh, for a murder or two, and the grand-stand finale—the four-mile race!

It was now nearly ten by the clock. The grand stand was filled, and the betting field was a mass of excited, hurraing, passion-swept people. Horses stood in groups, saddleless. It meant that their owners had wagered their mounts, but not their saddles. Negroes in bunches chattered together, most interested of spectators, though they knew that they, also, were up. What mattered who their masters were? It was only food and clothing anyhow!

Rifles were backed against rifles, an even bet; tobacco against tobacco, brown bales of it; and as referee stood the high sheriff, flanked by a half dozen deputies to see that the law of the race course was kept.

"I never saw a better day for a race, General." It was Judge Baker who spoke, a middle-aged, clean-shaved

man with a sinister, shrewd, and diplomatic way of talking.

"Look at the sky," he went on; "not a cloud and not enough breeze in the homestretch to ruffle a foretop." He turned to a young man near him: "Hello, Trevellian, there comes your Virginia beauty."

General Jackson shot his keen eye with ill-concealed pleasure toward the gay crowd that had just ridden into the infield. A girl rode in front, graceful and beautiful, even to the slender hand that held firmly the thoroughbred mare from the Hermitage stud.

"Why, that is Bristow with her, General. Better look out, Trevellian, while you are racing horses Bristow is racing hearts," and the Judge laughed.

"Baker" (the General was annoyed), "now don't talk that stuff even in fun. Bristow won't mark the board there; Jack can run circles around him any way of going."

Captain Trevellian had walked away and was now approaching the group whose center was the brilliant girl from Virginia.

The General watched him eagerly as he strode away—his military way, the very devil-may-care swing of it.

"Baker," went on the General as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, still watching Trevellian as he shouldered his way through the crowd up to the saddle of the Eastern beauty; "Baker, I love a game man and a game horse and a game cock. That's why I love Jack Trevellian. In the swamps of the South he was always there—at his post of duty, tent or straw, fodder or snow bank, but there—always at his post. Mark my word, Baker, he'll be Governor of this State yet if he lives to come back with me from Pensacola and the South. Mark now, I say if he lives"—he stopped and looked away at the distant hills.

The General's vibrant voice uttered the words shrilly. Suddenly, as was his nature, he cooled down to a quiet calmness. It was done in the process of refilling his pipe.

His glance went again to the young people in his front. Juliet Templeton sat her horse easily, her face pinked with excitement. Near her stood Bristow, suave and smiling, with assurance of victory. Trevellian, quiet, said nothing. He looked with piqued solemnity into the face of the daring woman.

As Jackson looked, another young man rode up. He was mounted on a horse whose silken, sheeny hair showed how well it had been groomed. The rider was no less so. A tall hat of beaver was on his head. A ruffled shirt with high collar and stock graced his front. His satin waistcoat gleamed in resplendent buttons as did his dark-blue coat of broadcloth. Neat riding boots reached to the knees. Their heels were tipped with two silver spurs.

Raising his hat, he spoke to the girl. His gauntleted hand met hers.

"Ah, I am late in the race, Miss Templeton," he said, laughing and glancing with a nod at the other men around her. "My rivals are early, but I hope unavailingly busy," he said with a fine vein of conceit.

Juliet Templeton looked at him half-surprised, half-amused.

"I fear your admiration, Mr. Swann, is more verbal than real," she taunted him. "After that delightful dance at the Inn, I expected you to call at the Hermitage as so many of my newly made friends have done. Oh, I'm having a jolly time in this interesting country."

Mr. T. Swann stiffened into sudden dignity. He rode closer and spoke low, with earnestness. "Pardon me, my dear young lady," he began patronizingly.

There was a quick change in the girl's eyes as she looked up and said: "Mr. Swann, I—I don't mean to offend you. Perhaps that is one of your pioneer ways in this new country, but in Virginia it is different. To you, I am—as introduced at the dance—I am still Miss Templeton."

Swann flushed. "A thousand pardons, Miss Templeton; but, as I was saying, the owner of the Hermitage

and I—your friend, General Jackson—differ in many things; politically, for instance, our difference is great. And then,” he spoke pompously, “I had some interests with Mr. Dickinson in the unfortunate murder of that princely gentleman and bosom friend of mine. But—but that is between us,” he added, “I should not care to have it reach General Jackson—a bygone thing which we have all agreed should be bygone. For several reasons, Miss Templeton,” he spoke in the voice of an advocate learned in legal elocution, “I should not care for General Jackson to call me out—it might be different, you know; and at present, he has a mission to perform which,” he laughed with some bitterness, “which will do for him what an affair of honor with me would do anyway.”

Juliet Templeton looked at him while a smile of irony played around her mouth. “General Jackson, sir, as with all brave men, never refers to his affairs of honor except in praise of his opponents. I have heard him speak kindly of Mr. Dickinson. But since you are said to be a lawyer, Mr. Swann, may I ask you a legal question?”

Swann bowed with becoming grace.

“You spoke of what you term the murder of Mr. Dickinson. Does the criminal law in this State indict for murder a gentleman who stands up at eight paces before his foe, bent on killing, permits that foe to take his own time and his own aim and shoot his antagonist within a few inches of his heart, and in his turn is killed by his antagonist who had not intended to fire at all if the other had missed him? Do you call killing in self-defense murder, Mr. Swann?”

“What a lawyer you would make,” smiled Mr. T. Swann. “I will not argue it. You are better posted on both the facts and the law than I supposed.”

“And the affair with the Bentons. I was honored again by being with the Bentons. General Jackson, Miss Templeton, knows well the temper of my mettle. He will not recklessly or unnecessarily do

anything that would call me to the field of honor."

"I am not sure," she said haughtily. "His life just now is strenuous with larger game." She hesitated just enough for sarcasm on the last word, then turned her face as if she wished to end the conversation.

"Oh, we will forget the past," he spoke with fervor; "forget it, as brave men do. And now be not offended, Miss Templeton. I have never seen any woman who so enraptures me. Our acquaintance—I shall see that it ripens, ripens like a full-blown rose!" He wished for more eloquent words.

She turned on him coolly: "Mr. Swann, I prefer that it remain an unblossomed bud."

Mr. T. Swann bowed grandly: "Ah, you are hard to win, and therefore more worth the winning. My opponents"—he glanced at Bristow and Trevellian—"seem about matched. In a race, my haughty beauty, when that is the case, it is the trailer that wins after the others have exhausted their efforts."

His conceit grew with the words it fed on. Lifting his high beaver hat, he bowed to the saddle, backing his horse away.

"Baker," said General Jackson, "I see the judges of the race coming. Let us vacate. We both have entries. I wish you good luck, sir." He extended his hand.

"May I return the same sentiment to you, General?" Baker spoke impulsively.

"I thank you, sir," said the older man.

A voice broke authoritatively and loud behind them. It was Mr. T. Swann, headed by two other judges coming up the steps of the stand. "Gentlemen will vacate!" he said. "Let us, the judges, now have the stand. Gentlemen, come up and we will proceed with the races."

General Jackson turned on him: "Thomas Swann, if you judge horses no better than you judge men, you are incompetent in this race."

XVIII

HOW PHILIPPE GOT INTO A RACE

AS Trevellian walked across the track the girl rode to meet him, holding out her hand, her face radiant and tender.

"I've been waiting for you." He stood at her saddle skirt looking up into her eyes. "I was afraid you would be too late to see your namesake win. You know what you said the other night—if *she* won, *I* won. A crown's ransom and a queen—that is the stake she runs for to-day!"

"You don't deserve to win me, sir," she said, bending low with daring, twinkling eyes—"to think that I would miss seeing Miss Templeton win to-day!—I mean—"

He laughed at her confusion: "It is good to look upon so beautiful a creature," It came in his slow, gallant way. "Have you forgotten what I asked for? Will you not give me your answer now, Juliet?"

She laughed banteringly: "Oh, you decide a wager before the race is run! It is not fair. And Miss Templeton, I must see her."

"There she is." He pointed out a beautiful mare that Uncle Jere was leading into the infield.

"She is beautiful," she said; "but don't you know that it takes more than mere beauty to win a four-mile race?"

"Really I must confess that I know but little about the game. It was my father's hobby. I never saw your namesake until I got back from the Indian war last month, and then, well, I wanted to name every beautiful thing on the place for you."

She looked at the mare, which, unsaddled, was being led leisurely around for cooling.

"Sir Knight," she teased, "I don't want to see you disappointed, but I've seen Sirocco, General Jackson's horse, and Judge Baker's, and Captain Bristow's; and I think, Sir Knight, that your beautiful Miss Templeton is too pretty to last."

"And if she is?" he asked fiercely, crushing her hand—"answer me, sweet."

Her face became frankly serious. "I am not sure—not yet." She paused. "And if I loved you," she went on with the same frankness, "do you know how much I would love you?"

"Juliet," he whispered, "if you only will say it shall be now—and do not expect a saint of a soldier——"

"Not a saint, surely," she said quietly.

"I love you," he added—"is not that enough, Juliet?"

He caught his breath as, with eyes which lighted with an unspoken meaning, she said: "It is more than I deserve—all that I should care for."

She turned in the saddle as an officer rode up: "Captain Bristow, I forgot you might be waiting for me."

He was tall, dark, and handsome. On his shoulder was the braid of a Captain of Volunteers. The two men saluted, and Bristow shot a quick, defiant glance at the man on the ground.

Trevellian raised his hat, turned, and walked back to the judges' stand. In spite of his self-control, hot, jealous thoughts swept through him. He looked again and saw the assurance in Bristow's face.

Trevellian found General Jackson and Baker occupying two chairs in front of the stand.

"A laggard in peace and a dastard in war, Jack," said the General to the younger man. "I wish I could tell her all the truth, but, well—there is something in life greater than truth."

"What?" asked Trevellian, eagerly.

"Duty, Jack, duty!"

He grew impatient. He looked at his watch. "It is time for the race," he said as he arose and cut quick eyes around where a drummer boy stood with a group of militiamen guarding the entrance to the infield and the pound where the bets were placed.

"Give them the long roll, Jimmy," he called. "It is time the horses were at the post."

The kettledrum buzzed. There was a stir as the outlying crowd surged up from the betting post and the far infield. There was commotion beyond the maples where the horses were being saddled, and soon they came in a procession across the infield, their riders up and negro grooms swinging to the bridle reins as some powerful horse reared, forged, plunged to be head-free. The foremost horse, a great bay dragging two negroes by the bit as he swept past the grand stand in a trot, was ridden by a sullen, mirthless negro dwarf, his long knees whipped up by short stirrups against his horse's withers. His head was full and long and squatted beneath sunken shoulders. His eyes flashed contemptuously at grand stand and thronged railings as he rode in front to receive the plaudits he knew his name would bring.

The starter, General Thomas Overton, learned lawyer and attorney general from North Carolina, arose in the judges' stand. His shrill voice carried to the farthest corner of the race course.

"Your attention, ladies and gentlemen: This is the unbeaten Monkey Simon, said to be king of all riders. His horse is Billy Bompard, property of Judge Baker."¹

There were shouts of applause. Men and women craned their necks to see Monkey Simon, the famous; Monkey Simon, the greatest of racing jockeys; known from New Orleans to Richmond; the rider of the unbeaten Maria; the victor of a hundred turf battles; said

¹ For a full account of Monkey Simon and his races see Guild's "Old Times in Tennessee."

to have been a prince in his African country; stolen and sold into slavery; the dwarf whose shrewdness and wit were as famous as his riding; who took no man's rebuke, no man's dust, no man's money, and feared no man nor devil.

The applause grew into a roar. The wilderness loved the man who could do things, even though he was black and a slave. There was no rider in all the West more nearly idolized among horsemen than Monkey Simon.

The negro looked haughtily across the hubbub as if disdaining the applause, and rode on—his high, thin nose and head unlike those of any other negro, with the thin, firm lips of a white man—unseeing and immovable. His features added testimony to his oft-repeated assertion that he was a prince in his native Africa.

"Look at that little black rascal, Baker," said General Jackson, "the smartest, meanest, gamest, boldest, greatest rider that ever threw a leg over sheepskin."

Judge Baker laughed: "General, have you heard of his latest *bon mot*? It was at the expense of Colonel Foster, at the chattel mortgage of the Bearden heirs."

General Jackson was interested. "Oh Foster, was it?" he said. "Tell it, Baker. The old fellow has been against us politically, but we snowed him under."

The General leaned over, a twinkle in his eye.

"When they auctioned the services of the negroes of the Bearden estate," said Baker, "Foster bid fifteen dollars for the services of Monkey Simon, although it was known that he was to ride my horses that year. Simon was indignant that so small a sum was offered for so great a rider. 'Kunnel Foster,' he said, in his dry way, 'don't be so flush, you're not *buyin'* me fur fifteen dollars, you're jes' *hirin'* me.' 'You little black rascal!' shouted Foster, 'do you know who you are talking to?'" Monkey Simon squinted one eye and said: "Yes, sir; ain't you the man that made the little 'spermental race fur Governor?"

The General shook with his nervous, jerky laugh.

"Good! The witty little devil, and it served old Foster right. But that reminds me." He stood up and called to the famous jockey, who sat his horse in front of the judges' stand: "Simon, I don't want any of your foolishness in this race. It must be a fair one! When you raced me last you spat tobacco juice in my jockey's eyes in the homestretch and fouled him. Don't you do that again, or I'll thrash you out of the saddle."

Monkey Simon turned and with elevated chin shot back quickly: "Oh, don't be so uneasy, General Jackson, I've never knowed onc o' yo' horses to run fast enough to git in spittin' distance o' me yet."²

Trevellian and Judge Baker tried not to smile at this sudden turn of the tables. The General reached for his riding whip; Trevellian put a hand gently on his shoulder. The General fingered his whip, smiled grimly, and sat down. He was square and knew when he had been beaten.

A mare was ridden up to the post. "Miss Templeton, by Imported Iano, the property of Captain Trevellian," said General Overton. His negro jockey grinned.

Her owner looked over the group where Juliet Templeton sat to catch from her a smile. It came with the flutter of a lace handkerchief.

The third horse came trotting in as if swept along by the wave of cheers which greeted him. On him sat Billy Phillips, smiling and bowing to the cheering, noisy crowd around him.

"This is Sirocco," shouted General Overton above the noise, "by Truxton, the property of General Jackson. And, ladies and gentlemen, we are glad to welcome Billy Phillips home. Billy will ride Sirocco to-day." He waved his hand toward the smiling Billy.

"Your attention," cried the starter, still louder; "the race will now be on, play or pay. All bets stand and new ones will have twenty minutes for placing. The

² Guild's "Old Times in Tennessee."

horses will start at the tap of the drum, one heat of four miles, and may the best horse win!"

As he sat down, there galloped across the infield out of the wood a boy on a horse which did not seem to run, but to glide. With the quickness of a scuttled shadow he was in the ring among them. The grace of the rider matched the grace of the horse. Never had the rough crowd looked upon so perfect a type. Silence fell.

His seat was the easy, stooping, fox-hunting seat of the born rider. He rode up to the starting judge, raised his hat, and handed him a gold eagle.

"It's my entrance fee," he said quietly.

The grand stand arose to its feet, leaning forward to see.

General Jackson was busy with Billy Phillips and his horse. He had not seen the newcomer.

Baker was astonished; he had never seen the boy before; he could not imagine what it meant. He arose quietly, his watch in his hand.

"Put the boy and his horse out, General Overton. He'll be in the way of alignment."

"He says he is going to start in this race," said the starting judge slowly and much puzzled. He held one hand on the bit while he talked to the rider.

Judge Baker with an oath came down from the grand stand. General Overton stood turning over the coin and looking down at the young cavalier. Trevellian stared straight before him. The crowd grew noisy and began to jeer.

Philippe sat quietly. In his face was sadness, then kindling indignation began to hurl rude epithets at him.

They grew noiser. A ruffian tried to pull him from his horse.

"Don't touch me or I'll kill you," he said. They drew back in consternation.

He was swept along in the boisterous crowd up to the grand stand.

"I've a right to start, gentlemen; I have paid my entrance fee," he said.

He sat unmoved among them—ruffians, partisans, gamblers—men who would take no chance on upsetting their bets from any newcomer in a race, and that one in the detested habiliments of aristocracy.

With jeers and oaths they surrounded him. It looked as if a mob disturbance was imminent, when there came through the crowd a man whose presence caused a silence to fall. Many had heard that the Creek Chief would be at the race, and it had not tended to make them less anxious to come.

In an instant the crowd recognized him. The silence that followed was a tribute to the Indian's dignity and reputation. As he came he quietly unsheathed a hunting knife. Very gravely he walked up to the head of Pacolet: "The Red Eagle salutes the White Eagle."

He gave his hand solemnly to Philippe.

With set lips and an almost savage glance that swept over the ruffians, he turned on them: "My name is Weatherford, the Red Eagle. I fear no man. If any man touch the White Eagle or his horse"—he held up his long hunting knife and waved it toward General Jackson, who was coming up hastily—"General Jackson will tell you what Weatherford will do."

"Why, Weatherford!" spoke the General in astonishment. He glanced around the crowd. "What does this mean, gentlemen? Ah," he smiled as he went up to Philippe, "my little Duke—and Pacolet!"

General Overton came up, and together the two men talked.

"Put him out!" the crowd shouted. It came in one protesting roar; but none came near, for the Indian stood stolidly calm, his knife in his hand.

General Jackson came forward. Philippe's eye caught his: "I appeal to General Jackson." His clear command-

ing voice carried far across the crowd. "I appeal to General Jackson for fair play."

The General turned quickly. Never had an appeal come more timely; never greeted with more sympathy. Those who noticed knew the meaning of the flash in his eyes; he, alone, now had charge of things, from the grand stand to the betting stand; he alone was judge.

He raised his hands. "Silence," he cried, "gentlemen will be silent."

The silence which fell was ominous.

"My son, you must prove the pedigree of your horse before you can enter in a gentlemen's race against pedigreed horses."

The boy stood proudly in his stirrups. "I, General, I am a gentleman as I hope to prove to you to-day, and Pacolet is a thoroughbred, as I told you once, both sire and dam. Uncle Jere, here, who has been General Trevellian's care-taker, will substantiate what I say. I bought him as a colt from him."

Uncle Jere was a free man of color and a man of his word. Long and faithful service in the Trevellian family, and as care-taker, had made him known throughout the valley. No negro in all the Southwest was better liked among the whites than uncle Jere. At his death, General Trevellian, in his will, had given him his freedom.

He eagerly substantiated what the boy said. The colt was a thoroughbred, one from the Trevellian stables, and they could prove it on the books if they wished.

Captain Trevellian spoke: "I have not been at home for many years, Jere; tell me the truth about this."

The negro was earnest: "Marse Jack, that's the motherless colt Fair Lady lef' when she died. You remember Fair Lady that ran second to Black Maria at New Orleans when she broke all track records? Wal, we mated her to Pacolet an' called the colt by that name. The General gave it to me, it was so puny an' no-'count. I sold it to Marse Philippe, here, an' he raised it hisse'f. It has

been his pet; an' as fur speed, wal, jes' gin 'im a chance to show it."

"And who is this Philippe?" asked Trevellian, for the boy had grown since last he had seen him.

"The little red-headed boy that was always round our stables befo' you went away—you sho'ly knows, Marse Jack."

Trevellian turned quickly. "I remember now, General," he said, "the horse is all right and as he said." He walked slowly away, his face pale and his eyes looking straight before him.

"Has he paid the entrance fee, General Overton?" asked General Jackson.

The starter nodded above the crowd.

"Then, by God, you start," said the General. "Line up with the other horses."

There was a shrill, maddened protest from Monkey Simon, who sat on Billy Bompard, listening intently. "He'll never start ag'in my horse—them two bastard scrubs," shouted the negro loudly.

It struck the boy like cold steel. He leaped from his horse and in an instant reached the negro. With one jerk he collared him and dragged him to the ground; he held him by the collar and his riding whip fell furiously. Judge Baker rushed up indignant, the butt of his riding whip raised. He reached for the white boy's collar, but the nervous, bony arm of General Jackson swept him back: "Don't touch him, Baker! By God, it's a fair fight. The negro started it and my money's on the little Duke."

"My God, General!"—Baker was white with fear—"he will kill Simon, the greatest jockey alive; worth to me ten thousand such as that little sprig of an upstart. Think of it, General Jackson—Monkey Simon, never beaten in his life!"

"Never beaten?" shouted the General. "Well, he's being beaten now, and the man that touches Philippe is

my enemy." He was quite beside himself as he nervously walked around enjoying the fight. "Whip him, Philippe. Give him a little hell till he learns some manners."

It was needless advice; Philippe's whip plied cruelly while Andrew Jackson with his drawn pistol stood off partisans of the negro.

The crowd broke into profane acclamations of approval. They were cheering the boy whom, but a moment before, they had jeered and derided.

The negro remounted. "I'll ride you to hell in this race, see if I don't," he muttered.

The rough fellows thronged around the young man with loud voicings of satisfaction. Many of them were ready to bet their money on the white boy. Wasn't General Jackson backing him and couldn't he fight?

Philippe mounted his horse as though nothing had happened. Uncle Jere had brushed the dust from his fallen hat and proudly placed it on his head.

"You may ride now," said General Jackson, "and I hope your horse is half as game as his master."

The Indian sheathed his knife. His glance softened tenderly as he looked admiringly over the White Eagle and his horse.

XIX

FOR BLOOD AND MONEY

JUDGE BAKER was plainly angry and Captain Bristow was furious. Baker walked up to the African, whose small, glittering eyes looked straight ahead in sullen silence.

"Never mind, Simon, never mind, our time will come." He spoke soothingly to the negro, but the latter seemed not to hear. He sat silent and fierce in cruel, biting wrath, his hide and pride both wounded. He, the petted toast of gentlemen whose money in a hundred races had hung on his whip and skill; he, the first time in life whipped like a common slave!

"Our revenge will come, Simon," whispered the white man again with that conciliation which showed even to the negro that he was concerned more for his own gain than for the negro's feelings.

"General Jackson's Sirocco is the favorite," he whispered. "Race him from the start. Race him so fast that you'll shut out the little devil and his horse—shut them out the first mile before they get their second wind."

The malicious flash that came from the negro's eyes was the only answer given. His lips were cruelly drawn. His thin nose dilated with suppressed determination.

General Overton was busy aligning the horses. The jockeys of Bompard, Sirocco, and Juliet, each eager for advantage if it could be had without detection, gave the most trouble. They fretted and plunged in the exuberance of life, dragged grooms about swinging to their bits, ready to dash away at the tap of the drum; ay, even be-

fore it tapped—for generalship lay in getting away first. Old and unscrupulous jockeys that they were, they knew it; but the horse of the boy stood stolidly with now and then a quick uplifting of the head, a sidewise, knowing glance as he watched the others, a listening play from keen, quick ears, the quiver of a tremor that ran through him as some ambitious and unruly horse near by wheeled and tried to break away.

His rider was equally calm. He sat almost on the pommel of his saddle, every muscle and nerve ready for the first stroke and the jump—his dark eyes fixed on the drummer boy who stood with drumstick poised for the stroke. His very attitude was convincing to the unlettered backwoodsmen from the farthest hills of the Cumberland. His poise and ease bespoke the latent power that lay in the nerves of the gentleman rider. Already, to a man, they clamored to bet their hard silver dollars on him.

As the drummer boy raised his arm, the African on Billy Bompard broke away with a rush that buried the horse's heels to the fetlocks in the turf.

"Back into line there, Monkey Simon!" shouted Overton, as horse and rider wheeled half-ashamed at their break and turned again into line.

"Do it again, you damned rascal," shouted the stern old starter shaking a heavy rawhide bull whip in the negro's face, "do it again and I'll flay you to the ribs with this whip."

The sullen negro looked at him with an insolent snarl. He had brought to the white man yearly more dollars than the price of a hundred slaves on an auction block.

"I'm not afraid o' yo' whip, General Overton," he said.

General Overton appeared not to hear.

They were ready. Another instant—and——

"*Sirocco! Sicrocco!*" shouted the crowd as the big horse of General Jackson reared and plunged over the line, shaking his head like an angry bull.

There was confusion again. They wheeled, they swore,

the slashing of whips on trembling sides fell cruelly as round after round they rushed struggling for their heads.

All but the quiet boy on the quiet horse.

For an instant, the boy forgot even the drummer with his up-poised arm while his eyes went over the distant hill where his mother's cottage stood. He saw again the morning-glories above the porch; the beautiful old flowers in the little front yard; the blue smoke as it came from the chimney, up—up—against a background of snow in winter; the sunlight that streamed over the floor in the lazy, sweet days of all the summers that had been his; and seeing it, a sob broke from his throat, tears started from his eyes. He cared not for the plays and tricks of scheming jockeys. He heard not the confusion and hubbub around him, the oaths, the disdain for him, the desperate play for a chance half-born and a purse half-won.

His heart alone had eyes; the race course, the shoutings, and the captains were a thousand miles away. *Little mother—little mother!* broke from his heart.

Things had not gone to suit Captain Bristow. He had made several trips to the barrel with the dippers tied to it. For the fourth time he came up to the negro to give admonition and advice.

As he passed the boy he turned insolently: "What are you so sad for, Mr. Duke; are you afraid?"

The dark eyes changed to open defiance. He turned with fine sarcasm for so young a face: "Yes, sir, but not as scared as you were when you deserted General Jackson in that night attack of the Creeks and ran like a coward home."

Bristow stiffened as if shot; his face went white with anger; he clutched his riding whip half-raised to strike, but in that moment his glance showed General Jackson, himself, at the boy's side, his keen eyes covering Bristow as with a pistol.

He moved with feigned indifference toward the African.

It was plain that he had lined up with Bompard and the enemies of General Jackson to beat Sirocco.

General Jackson saw and understood it. He smiled cruelly. "I thank you, Philippe, for that shot," he said, bowing.

Again the blue eyes sought the hills with the smokeless chimney—so near, and yet so far away, it seemed to him.

"Philippe, my boy"—he felt General Jackson's hand on his arm.

With equal courtesy his own hat came off.

The General's voice came fatherly and with tenderness: "I fear you know but little of racing. Did you ever ride in a race before?"

"No, General, but we've done everything else, Pacolet and I. I have run him for months behind General Trevellian's hounds. He is as hard as any tooth in their heads."

The General's eyes saw it with satisfaction.

"You are right, Philippe, if he can stand the distance."

"General, you don't know him. This Pacolet, sir, is like no other horse that ever lived. He doesn't run—he just glides like a greyhound, like a shadow on the ground before a cloud."

His enthusiasm had become eloquent. "Oh, but you just watch him, General Jackson, watch him run! And I raised him from a colt. He drank bottled milk from little mother's hand." He stopped just in time—a tenseness stiffened his throat.

The General detected the tenderness of the changed tone. His own voice grew softer: "I am strangely drawn to you, Philippe; you are the mettle of the pasture which makes the fighting men I need—but—would you mind telling me why you came into this race? Is it for sport, or do you need the money so badly? Tell me frankly, boy. They say I am a hard and stern man, but there's always a soft spot in my heart for the underdog and the truth."

The boy looked into his eyes earnestly. Unflinchingly

they lingered beneath the gaze of the man of whom it had been said that no man could hold him, eye for eye.

Then he went white with tight-drawn lips. He sat stolidly upright, pretending indifference. He stroked his horse's mane. The General's gaze held him as with a chain of steel. Slowly its penetrating power drew the half-sobbed confession from him.

"Little mother—she—is sick, sick unto death. She may die before I get back to her. If she does, I want to give her the burial of a Duchess. That's all I'm racing for—I want money for her. Let me ride quickly and get back to her. She needs me."

In the sudden grief that came to Andrew Jackson, his soul struck back down the long unfathered road, seeking for its father. The racetrack saw the glory of great tragedy. Even as Philippe's soul cried out for the mother he loved, so down the long years went the soul of the stern man to the mother *he* had loved and lost, dead and buried in a potter's field away from him and home, nursing Revolutionary soldiers stricken with smallpox.

His arm went around the boy. "God bless us, Philippe, but we will be men."

Philippe sat up straight again. He looked toward the distant hills. "The shock, General," he said, "the shock of some men trying to rob the house while I was away—that night they shot Uncle Sam and almost got me. She has been weak, but it is critical now. I must hurry to her."

"Ah, I see, damn them! I see! It was—wait, boy, stay right here!"

The General walked quickly to the grand stand and was soon talking earnestly with his wife. Mrs. Jackson raised her hands in amazement. Other ladies came at her call; then a hurried call for General Jackson's coach. In it were a number of Mrs. Jackson's friends.

The grand stand looked with surprise as it wheeled away in a cloud of dust. The General's voice was husky

as he said: "She shall have every attention, Philippe; and now, by God, we'll win this race for her!"

"General Overton," he called in a loud voice so that all might hear, "I draw my horse, Sirocco, and I pay all forfeits."

General Overton, red-faced with worry and anger at fruitless attempts at alignment, stopped, amazed.

"General Jackson, are you crazy? Do you mean it? The bets are all in his favor. He can distance the field."

"Announce it! Announce it, I tell you," shouted Jackson. "Announce it and let them play again."

There was consternation when this was learned; there was rushing around and a bedlam that drowned all others.

Sirocco, the iron winner from Nashville to Natchez-under-the-Hill—Sirocco drawn?

The news was unbelievable. It was unthinkable. It was something Andrew Jackson had never done before—drawing his horse at the starting post.

"He's losing his nerve, eh?" He, the duelist, the Indian fighter, the thunderbolt of war! Men could scarcely rearrange their bets for telling of the wonder of it. For half an hour bets changed with a swiftness before unheard of. It was now Billy Bompard or the mare—which would it be? The odds were even. It would be a blanket race between them. Tobacco went on them in piles—cotton, mules, and horses. As for the boy and his horse, they were not in the race.

They were not in the race, but they had the backing of a man behind them whose very energy was a thunderbolt in any cause he championed, and never was that iron spirit more partisan in all its gruelling life. Andrew Jackson—soul, spirit, body, and all he possessed now backed the nameless boy and his horse. . . .

He stood at the boy's side talking calmly. It was his way: In a great crisis he was always calm.

He had heard their talk; but his soul was a magnet

that drew friends like steel: Its secret was that it gave all of itself in the drawing.

"Who says I've lost my nerve?" he cried, as he faced the betting stand. "I'll bet any gentleman a thousand dollars that the Pacolet horse and the boy win this race."

"Taken, General," said Baker.

The General calmly registered the bet.

"You are in, Baker," said the old fighter.

"I'll bet any gentleman another five hundred," he said, counting more bills.

"I'll take that bet, sir," said Mr. T. Swann.

"I said any gentleman, Mr. T. Swann." The shot went home even to the wilderness. Mr. T. Swann went white as a roar followed the shaft from the General.

"And a thousand more represented by this negro, Bob, here," he shouted loudly, hunting for a taker.

"Taken, General." It was Bristow who spoke.

"Bob, stand here," his master said; "and if we lose, go home with that man." He turned to Bristow. "Put up your money against this negro, Bristow. I'll want the collateral or cash from you."

Bristow reddened and drew out the cash.

Bob grinned: "I'm not oneasy, Marse Andrew. I'll die an' be buried at the Hermitage. But make 'em put up as good a nigger as me."

"There isn't any, Bob," he said simply. "I'll take this money instead; and when it is won, part of it is yours. I'll teach them who they are up against; by the Eternal God, I will. General Overton, hold this money. The negro, here, stands for himself."

Like a battle he planned it: "Philippe, listen to me, my boy, as you never listened before. If this rawbone horse of yours can stand the distance as you say, we will beat them from the stable to the barnyard. I have raced them because *I had* to; because *my mother* was dead and *I* was an orphan, and poor, and it was beat them or die. I had it to do or die and get out of the way, even as you must do

it now! Do you see that devilish, broken-backed imp of a negro over there? He is the one you will have to beat."

His words came fast. They were broken with a swift stroke of his tongue. He spoke in dashes: "Don't race him from the start—let him set the pace—he's keen to do it. His plan is to break your heart in the first mile. Let him set the pace—trail him—trail him—follow him swiftly and like a hound on the trail. You would not have a ghost of a chance but for one thing—they are nearly matched, Billy Bompard and the mare. I know the mare. They will lock like lead hounds the first three miles. Then, here—right here—when you reach this post (he pointed to a post fifty yards down the backstretch), when you reach it I'll be there, and there with my pistol to see that you get fair play! When you reach me, Philippe, when I call to you, when I see that they are locked neck and neck and dead tired, then put the cold steel to your horse and race the heart out of that fiddling bunch with the black witches on them. Damn them, Sirocco could have run circles around them in a mile and a half!"

He turned and called to his own jockey: "Here, Billy Phillips, give me that steel on your heels!"

He strapped the spurs on the boots of the boy. His eyes fell on the big saddle five pounds too heavy. "Give me that light saddle of mine; it has the same weights on it."

"And here," he said, "take off that hat—let me hold it. Here, Billy Phillips, your cap!"

Philippe now sat in the saddle of a professional. He grasped his horse's bit with a firm arm and led him up to alignment. Ten thousand people gazed in awe and astonishment.

What did Andrew Jackson mean?

At the post he aligned them. It was strange how quickly the unruly horses obeyed, lining up. His keen eyes looked into those of the boy whose own had never left his. "*Now go!*" shouted Andrew Jackson.

There was a sounding boom from the drum. Billy Bompard and the mare led, collaring each other, butted in, frozen, flying, grappling in desperate speed to shake each the other off for the lead.

Philippe was forgotten in the roar that came: "*Billy Bompard—Billy Bompard will win.*"

"The mare—the marc—they are locked!"

Philippe squatted low in the saddle and the rawboned horse sprang forward while the taut muscles of his back worked under the boy like a nest of snakes awakened. Excitement left him—a great calm came instead.

As he shot by in the blur of dust and shouts and the roar of the crowd in his ears, his last sight was the face of the fierce old fighter and his far-carrying voice: "*Trail, Philippe, trail them like a hound!*"

With a deft thrust of his arm he threw his horse directly behind the locked pair. To the boy they seemed to bore a hole in the air—a hole and darkness around it. He felt if he but raised his head he'd strike something and be killed. But it was better than the stiff breeze which had played that hurricane tune in his ears.

They were taking the friction, not Pacolet.

They rushed into the home stretch of the first mile, his horse far behind, but galloping freely. The muscles beneath in the ease they played, told him that Pacolet had not yet begun to run. He shot into a lane of cheering people, cheering the foremost horses—then they saw him, so far behind.

There came a flash of cheers and derisive shouts.

But Philippe saw and heard the tall man in the blurred, blue uniform of Major General with a starred, cocked hat waving frantically: *Not yet, not yet! My money's on you, little Duke!*"

It was the General and it saved Pacolet from a touch of steel that might have lost him the race. There were vanishing crowds as he swept by the grand stand—horses, gam-

blers, stable boys—shouts echoing faintly away in the blurred distance: "*Billy Bompard—Billy Bompard leads!*"

He heard it faintly. It seemed to come from the distant hills—the hills. At the thought of them he doggedly ducked his head to cut off the faint-heartedness that was rising. And now the shouts began to grow louder. He was coming back the second time.

He heard the roar at first faintly: "*The mare—the mare wins!*" And then louder in one wild roar as he came in far behind; "*The mare wins! Bompard—Bompard wins!*"

They had forgotten him, so far behind. Their cheers turned to merriment: "*Ho! ho! the little Duke—he's going to mill and back!*"

Even that died away in an echo as his horse opened to his work. Before he realized it they had come around the third time and shot blindly through the lane of shouts; but he felt the muscles beneath him playing faster—faster. He knew that Pacolet was beginning to run—like a greyhound on a long trail, fearless and sure and free! He was only a length behind the two which had been so far ahead, and now their quivering tails were in his horse's face. He heard their whips cracking and saw the rawhide as it cut skurries of snowy foam from their sides. And he had not touched Pacolet—not he. The home stretch of the last mile! He passed the tired mare, and Pacolet's flaming nostrils were blowing bellows into the flank of the African's horse.

Up—up, he came. The grinning, malicious face of Monkey Simon was almost in his own. He heard the negro's spurs ripping into Bombard's flanks, and the crowd as it yelled again! "*Bompard wins! Bompard's got it!*"

For the first time he gave Pacolet his head. The fighting blood bubbled in him, and with a strange instinct he yelled as he had read the French did behind the banners of Jean d' Arc.

Still just ahead of him squatted the demon head and sunken shoulders, and Pacolet seemed anchored to his flanks.

"*Bompard wins!*" came again from the crowd, and Bompard shot ahead faster while his own heart stood still with shame and fear.

They plunged into a lane of shouts. The goal was just ahead, and as his heart went out of him he saw a tall figure waving frantically a cocked hat and shouting: "*The steel, my little Duke, the gaffs—give your horse the steel. In a race, as in life, it's the steel that counts.*" It came like a proverb from lips above the roar.

Philippe's two sinewy legs snapped like steel tongs to the live coals of Pacolet's flanks: Pacolet, frenzied, madened at the biting things that had never stung him before, in one great burst collared the African, collared Billy Bompard, and shot ahead amid sullen frenzied shouts. There were oaths, a flash of demon teeth in his face, a spray of stinging tobacco spittle in his eyes—a strong black foot thrust under his own—an upward twist of it, so nearly upsetting him that he all but lost his balance.

"*Strike him little Duke; he's fouling you. Strike! Strike!*"

It was Andrew Jackson's voice.

Philippe shot out his fist in the fury of the foul, and Monkey Simon, the unbeaten, went over his mount and into the dust. Pacolet darted through the crowd to victory.

Philippe was pulled from his horse before he knew what had happened.

There was a rush for him—oaths and noise. The outraged backers of Monkey Simon were cursing him. They surrounded him with clubs, sticks, and drawn knives, shouting: "*Foul! Foul! You fouled Monkey Simon! We'll beat the life out of you!*"

Defiantly he stood; bareheaded, his face pale, his eyes blazing. But he was one against a field of gamblers and

half-breeds: of savage men who knew no law but might, when maddened.

One brawny one, half drunken, struck at him savagely with a huge fist; he sprang back, dodging the blow. Another, furious, with the butt of a riding whip; he sprang back again, backing into the arms of a man who stood over him with a pistol, and in even cool words said: "*Don't strike him, Judge Baker, or you will die in your tracks!*" He thrust the pistol into the angry faces of the men around him: "*Or any of you! It was the negro who fouled him! He had the horse beaten. The negro fouled him! He struck, as a Trevellian will always strike!*"

"What do you mean? Trevellian? What right have you?" began Bristow.

"Because *he* is a Trevellian," came back quickly; and the man who stood over him with drawn pistol laid the other hand on Philippe's shoulder.

Philippe sprang back from the touch as if bitten: "No—no," he said bitterly. "No, I can take care of myself. I want no man's name or sympathy."

"You don't?" It came from the lips of Bristow. He was looking at Trevellian and then at the boy: "From the resemblance between you I should say you already had his name."

Philippe felt a presence. He looked up into the eyes of Juliet Templeton. She was very pale as she sat keenly glancing from Philippe to the man who had saved him. Philippe saw her sway in the saddle. Bristow caught her arm.

"What—what does it mean?" It came trembling, hesitating from her lips.

"He says it's his son," said Bristow. "Ah, let me help you, yes, hold to the pommel. Now, don't faint."

He lifted her from the saddle. "No place for a lady, Miss Templeton. The nasty ending of a good race."

He slipped the bridle over his arm. They went out

with the crowd, which was melting away. There was a great surge toward the betting pen.

A tall man came forward. His eyes were afire. He spoke in jerks. An Indian stood by him unseen, calm, but seeing everything.

"Jack—Jack—in God's name—why——"

"I know, General, I have lost her—all—everything."

He spoke in even tones. He was looking kindly with deep, sad eyes at the boy.

"You said just now there was something greater than truth—and that was duty. I hope I have measured up to it."

He turned to the boy: "Your name is Philippe Trevellian, and I shall give you the chance of a Trevellian if you will come with me."

He spoke with a yearning sympathy.

"Wait," broke in General Jackson, "this purse of one thousand dollars is yours, Philippe." He took it from the hands of General Overton.

"Hold!" said Mr. T. Swann, who stood talking to General Overton; "we judges are not agreed. We and Judge Simpson, the other judges—we are not certain."

"Not certain?" roared General Jackson, "not certain? You are a liar, sir, a damned liar!"

Mr. T. Swann turned livid.

General Jackson frothed at the mouth. Fury blazed in his eyes. Then his voice dropped to a wonderful calmness: "The gentleman who says this boy, Philippe Trevellian, did not win this race fairly, after a dastardly attempt at foul, will speak out openly. What say you, Mr. Simpson, sir?"

"He won it, General; it was my vote."

"General Overton?" General Jackson looked his old friend squarely in the face.

"I vote for the boy, Andrew."

"And now you, damn you," he turned on Mr. T. Swann.

"Yes, General yes, perhaps I was a little too hasty. I

hadn't heard. I vote aye," cried Mr. T. Swann, forgetting that it was not a debating society.

"Here!" General Jackson thrust the purse at Philippe. "It is yours, my little man. A brave race you ran—a brave boy you are. My heart goes out to you."

Philippe could scarcely speak for the pain in his throat: "Thank you, sir, I'll need it, sir, to give to my mother if she lives—to—to bury her if she is dead."

The General laid his hand on him as a father might: "Philippe, be brave, as you are. Mrs. Jackson and her friends are already there. Everything will be done as you would have it. We will get her well yet for you. Your past—all your past, I want you to forget. I want you to be my son. I am without children. I adopt the fatherless. If your good mother dies, come with me to the Hermitage."

Philippe spoke gratefully: "I thank you, sir, I thank you. I must think. I wish only to go to war with you—to leave this place."

Uncle Jere was holding Pacolet. He placed on the boy's head the hat with the white feather. "Marse Philippe, you air a man an' es fur Pascolet—great Gawd! he air a hoss!"

The boy shook his hand. "Thank you. Good-by, Uncle Jere."

"Come." It was Red Eagle who spoke. His own horse stood near. "Come, White Eagle, we will ride to the war. We will go where men are brave and there are no liars, and no white man shall be our captain save one!" He pointed down the field to where General Jackson stood talking earnestly to Trevellian.

It came over the boy like a realized dream—far seen, far visioned. "I will go, Red Eagle, from my own kind I will go"—he stopped with a sob in his throat—"as soon as mother is well enough—and if she dies, I will give her the burial of the Duchess that she was. Till I go, I will stay with mother. Come, chief, go first with me."

The chief's eyes softened to a gentle sympathy: "Red Eagle will stay with you. The Red Eagle's knife, the Red Eagle's rifle, the Red Eagle's heart, these will be the White Eagle's always."

At sunset the next day a small, sad group stood round a grave at Hunter's Hill. At the head stood Andrew Jackson between his wife and the boy to whom his great heart had gone out in all the loyalty of its simplicity and strength, in all the devotion which to such a nature becomes, in time, a religion.

At the foot stood Captain Trevellian, his head bowed and in that silence which bespoke the depths of his grief.

"I am the resurrection and the life." The voice of the minister fell sweetly soothing to the bitter heart of the boy. Bitter—and it might have been. Why should Trevellian be there? Bitter—but this was not the time—only if he had not come to desecrate. *"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts . . . and the incorruptible bodies of those who sleep in Him shall be changed and made like unto His own glorious body."* The minister's voice was closing with a climax which stirred the boy deeply. Philippe sobbed. Then came to him that tender, sweet sympathy which was the glory of Rachel Jackson. She had slipped her arm around her husband to the boy's side. Her hand went into his. He felt its warm presence, he heard her whispering to him: "You are not motherless, Philippe, you are my boy—mine—his—we who have no boy." And then came to him that uplifting promise of the word of God from the lips of the woman whose sweet voice bespoke the Christian sweetness of her soul: *"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell. Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear;*

though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

Without speaking, Trevellian had walked away.

"We will go home, Philippe—*home*." General Jackson emphasized the word.

The boy stood silently looking at the blue-grass mound on which a few old-fashioned flowers lay: "Will you have erected here, sir—I am going away to-morrow—a monument with the money I gave you?"

The General nodded.

"Buy with it, General Jackson, the most beautiful one that the purse will buy in France—in France, you understand"—he spoke slowly—"and on it this, and nothing more." He handed General Jackson a slip of paper on which was written:

Little Mother

XX

OFF TO THE WAR

IT had come quickly. Scarcely had the troops time to kiss their wives and sweethearts before there came again the command to shoulder arms and march south. Many of them were already at Mobile and with Coffee's cavalry.

They were glad it was broken, this unseen dread that hung over their heads since the troops came home from the Creek War. It was in the air. It was unmistakable. It was felt. There is a telepathy in things wild which is greater than the demonstrated sureness of the civilized. It runs through all nature from animal to man.

The half-spelled men of the wilderness knew it. They knew it, for they had not followed in vain the wild beasts of the forest and garnered wild instincts from their wilder foes. They knew that England would strike soon, and quickly and hard.

But where?

Here again that half-wild instinct came home to them. Like birds when the frozen danger of the North comes, or the too-fierce sun of the South, they go the other way.

To-day Trevellian's company of volunteers were marching south. Others would follow. To what point they knew not, but they knew that Andrew Jackson was leading them. It was enough.

The Hermitage was lighted. It was known that Trevellian and his company would stop to pay their respects, and the neighborhood had gathered for a dance and a God-speed.

In the yard bonfires burned. Hundreds of candles were stuck about in every nook—on the shelves, mantels, and window sills.

The dancing had begun, opening with a Virginia reel in which General Jackson led his fair guest down the line with all the courtly grace of his chivalric nature. There was incentive for his gallantry, for never had the old soldier led so stately a beauty down the cotillon line, though in his younger days in North Carolina he had danced with some beautiful women.

"I have danced with some famous ones in my youth, my dear," he said, bowing low over her hand, "but never with any one who could compare with you."

"Tell me, General Jackson," she laughed, "how old must a man be before he ceases to say sweet things to a girl?"

"Ah, that depends on the girl. Now, in your case I should say about the age of Methuselah."

They were standing at the head of the line waiting for their turn. Some began talking to her partner, giving Juliet an opportunity to look down the roomful of Hermitage neighbors and friends. Neither Bristow nor Trevellian was there. She was not surprised; she did not expect to see Trevellian again. She had put him resolutely aside; and yet, often since then, in the night when alone with her thoughts, she had begun to doubt and to wonder—with tears.

It was then her heart told her that she loved Trevellian: but that had been only in the night. In the day, she carried herself with poise.

She was glad he was not here.

There was a hubbub around her. The General tapped her on the arm. Once more they went down the line under the eyes of an admiring crowd.

"Now, Juliet," he said, seating her, "I must leave you to a younger and handsomer beau; but while I have this chance there is something I wish to say to you."

They were alone in a corner of the room; the rough floor was shaking with the boisterous dancing of the healthy and hilarious yeomanry.

"I must go to New Orleans this fall, General. My mother is there."

"Yes, Mrs. Jackson has told me. It is dangerous, though. You will stop at Natchez a day or two to take the boat. We shall send you under military escort as far as Natchez. On the boat you will be safe. I do not know how the situation is at the front. It is possible that you may have to stop at Natchez for some time—which brings me to the point I wish to impress upon you."

She looked at him quickly.

"The British," he continued, "will be on us very soon."

"Not at New Orleans?" she said. "Everybody says it will be at Pensacola or Mobile, if at all."

"Everybody knows but little, my dear. I do not know, but I shall try to be prepared. I would give much—very much—to know."

"Oh, General, my mother——"

"If I had my way," he went on, "I would rather you would stay here, but you must go. Otherwise, Mrs. Jackson and I would not permit it."

"I thank you so much for telling me this, General. I am not to go until fall, when there is no danger of yellow fever. Now, if we should have to fly——"

The General arose, his face purpling with rage.

"Should have to fly? Do you think I have told you my official business to scare you? Do you think those people will ever get to New Orleans except over the dead bodies of me and my troops? I'll drive them into the river, what is left of them, and you shall be there to see it. By the Eternal, I swear it, and you shall see the river red with their bleeding carcasses! I'll avenge the death of my two young brothers, this blow on my arm and head from a brutal Saxon sword, because I, a boy, descendant of Scotch kings, would not clean the bully's boots. Aye, I

will avenge my dear mother's death"—tears came into his eyes. "Prepare for flight," he said, calming; "why, my dear, and you old Joe Templeton's daughter!"

He sat down in an effort at self-control, looking around half-shamedly. She could see the purple anger fading before the mastery of a mind whose first great impulse was unmeasured calmness—a calmness which, in spite of his nature, he could command when he wished.

"No," he continued after a pause, "prepare to stay. I hate to see you go; but aside from the fact that there will be some very extraordinary fighting, which you will have nothing to do with and need not see, New Orleans or Mobile will be as safe as the Hermitage."

"Oh, General," she apologized, "please forgive me; I did not understand."

His good nature returned, even his jollity. He talked on to himself rather than to her: "The first of my Tennesseans start to-day. Let me see—they float down the Cumberland with Carroll——"

There was a volley in the yard and cheers.

General Jackson arose and hurriedly left the room. The guests followed. When Juliet reached the lawn General Jackson was surrounded by soldiers.

"Captain Trevellian's company going south, my dear," said Mrs. Jackson.

Their commander had drawn them up in line—a gaunt, sinewy, tanned, and splendid sight under the flaring of the bonfires. It was not a very straight alignment, for it was half-surrounding General Jackson and their Captain. They had given the General a volley and salute and now crowded forward to hear what their Captain had to say.

It was picturesque. The soldiers were dressed in typical buckskin, and yet there was a dignity and manliness that stirred the deeper emotions. They wore long hair above swarthy, sunburnt faces, heavy coonskin caps, hunting coats, and buckskin trousers ending in the top of rawhide boots. Powder horns and gourds or buffalo horns hung

over their shoulders fastened by a thong of deer hide. In each belt was a weapon of ancient Rome and Britain—a heavy knife, often a foot long, inclosed in a holster of buckskin or calf. The faces, themselves, were a strange mixture of fun and fight. In all, they stood a stern, grim rank of courage and physical manhood. To the General they were Bill, Tom, and Jim, as he clasped the hands that gripped his own. They were his friends—comrades.

"We heard you was givin' a treat, Jin'ral," shouted a long-haired fellow from the ranks, "an' we 'lowed we'd gin you a s'prize party."

There was a roar at this hint, and ere it ended a negro came out with two buckets of whisky and tin dippers which General Jackson had ordered from the smokehouse near the kitchen.

"Attention, men! Fall in! Ground f'lock!" came from Captain Trevellian.

The line moved back; the butts of the rifles rested on the ground.

"Pass that whisky down the line," said General Jackson to his servants; and as the black started, one at each flank, the troops drank in silence as indifferently as if it were water. Jackson and Trevellian drank last, touching their dippers "to health and good fight," at which there was a cry from a tawny sergeant in the lines: "And a quick one—b'ar or British! Lead us ag'in' everything!"

It was, indeed, the sentiment. Arms were now stacked and the soldiers broke into groups, thronging their commanders as they talked to them, man to man, face to face. Nothing was concealed. It was a big family of yoemanry, brave and bent on ridding their country of its foe.

General Jackson was their father. Around him they gathered, proud, trustful, with all the confidence of big children and all the daring strong love of men. Their hearts were hot and, like children, they wanted quick vengeance; for they were children in their tender natures

and saw things with eyes of children. And the things they had seen had stirred them to their fierce, quick fighting depths. Cut off from the rest of the world, wedged in between the mountains which barred them from the east and the savages on the south and west, their government had neglected them, left them to fight their own battles against the savage foe and savage nature.¹

And they had fought. They had swept from a goodly land a savage foe, opened it for the white race, destroyed their enemy's strongest ally, and had an open and unmolested road to the sea. This they had done and asked nothing from their country. This they had done on parched corn, in pestilence and swamp, in deadly savage-brooding wood—fighting famine and foe alike.

Now a greater foe had come. Their country—she who had counted them as naught till now, who had paid no heed to their wants and their sufferings—was now in a death struggle with her ancient and bitterest enemy. And that enemy had walked through the land above them with rifle, torch, and tomahawk until it seemed that nothing could stand up before them.

Though their country had forgotten them, in the hearing of it their hearts burned for vengeance. They forgot all her injustice. It was their country. They, too, were Americans.

And then had come Jackson and his call to arms—his fierce fighting spirit and the fiercer love they bore him. "B'ar or British, Indian or devil, lead us a'gin' 'em, General!" they kept shouting again and again.

Juliet heard Mrs. Jackson call: "Come, Juliet, all you girls, we are going to pass the cakes. I heard a hint of this—in fact, I was warned. Aunt Hannah, I think, has baked cakes enough."

There was another shout from the lines when the trays of sliced cake were brought. As Juliet passed in among

¹ "Letter of James Robertson," *American Historical Magazine*.

them with a tray, respectful silence fell. They were backwoodsmen and this beautiful woman was from another land. At first they stood embarrassed. Their roughness and coarseness were only skin-deep—in their hearts was chivalry. At last, one reached forth his hand to help himself under the tactful smile and reassuring nod of invitation and the tie was broken by a loud banter at his elbow: "Stop right thar, Bill; you can't reach out an' take pound cake frum an angel an' me not be in it!"

After this sally they thronged round her to get some of the cake from an angel. Some one seized her by the shoulder and brought her about-face: "Come, fair waitress; forget not your humbler friends."

She stood facing Trevellian and General Jackson, who had spoken. Her heart suddenly pounded, the color left her cheeks. She saw Trevellian's agitated but reserved bearing, his hand going up nervously to his hat, and in her confusion she pushed forward the platter. "Please have some," she said.

"Thank you." His reply was calmly indifferent as he reached to take it from the tray; but two slices were uncut, and in her effort to help him their hands touched. The hot blood surged to her cheeks. Looking up, she met his eyes, resigned, sad, but hotly determined in the old flash that dared all, hoped all, and was unafraid.

She read a thousand things in that brief look. Above all, she realized that he had put her out of his life. Humiliated, crushed by the look, her pride stirred with hatred of herself that she should care at all. She slipped into the crowd and away.

The General called to her impatiently: "Juliet, Juliet, you have forgotten me."

With shame and confusion she turned, though she felt that she should have died if she looked again into Trevellian's eyes. Mechanically she served him. Pale, trembling, hating herself, she passed into the house.

From her room she heard the huzzahs, the rattling

volley of parting salute, and Trevellian's command to "Fall in!" She heard the noisy tread of marching feet going into the night. She buried her face in her pillow. Would she ever see him again? He had forgotten her; she knew it, and yet she was so weak as to love him. Why did she not hate him—hate him as he deserved?

The rattle of a kettledrum burst into music. Then cheers faint and far away: "Hurrah for Old Hickory and Captain Jack Trevellian!"

Strong woman that she was, Juliet Templeton wept. She could not sleep.

Midnight came. The household retired. Candles had been snuffed—all save hers, which, in the big room, flickered ghostily beneath the oaken rafters. The stillness of a perfect moonlit night lay over the lawn; embers of bonfires glowed amid their eyelids of ashes. Juliet's heart ached, for she heard the echo of voices going into darkness and to war—to war and, perhaps—to death.

She was aroused suddenly from dreaming. Among the trees a girl crouched half-bewildered beside the smoldering embers. She was looking up to the window where burned the solitary candle. In the moonlight Juliet saw a face of rare, sad, intense sweetness and brave beauty—a wistful, yearning face of one who needed sympathy and help. She stepped quietly out upon the lawn to meet her.

"I thought you would come. I have been watching you all night, before the dance, before the troops came, and—and up yonder—when—when you cried."

Juliet flushed, but the sympathy in the girl's voice soothed her. She yearned to take her in her arms, one whose face and eyes and splendid crown of hair held so much that might be queenly. She took the girl's hand in hers: "Dear, what can I do for you?"

The girl shook her head. Tears came into her eyes. She could not speak.

"Surely I can do something for you. How—why—how

did you come here—how were you left here this time of night?”

“I—I—was looking for Philippe,” she said. “He—he has gone. I intended to go too till I found he was not among the troops—then I saw you up there—and I—Oh, I knew we had the same pain! I am sorry.”

Juliet drew her gently to her. “Don’t,” she said—“it is all over now. I am strong and I will help you.”

The girl clung to her, weeping. Then she broke away and looked up bravely: “I, too, am strong. Forgive me. I will go.”

“Not to-night,” said Juliet; “not alone. I could never forgive myself. Do you live far away? How did you come?”

She pointed toward a clump of trees. A horse, with a lady’s saddle, drowsed with head down. “Not so far—a short ride—twenty miles, I should call it. I slipped from home after they all went to bed. I am Crockett’s niece.”

Juliet remembered. She lifted the girl’s fine, sweet face in the moonlight. “Why, yes, Pamela, I saw you dance so prettily that day of the muster out.”

It was a painful memory to Pamela. Her head went down on the tall girl’s shoulder.

“Don’t cry,” said Juliet. “Tell me all. Who is this Philippe you look for?”

“Oh, he is just the bravest, handsomest, knightliest—Oh, he is different from all the world—and he is mine, my Philippe. They—they are trying to kill him—they came so near—they shot dear old Uncle Sam Williams—that Count and one of the Harps.”

“I know, Pamela.” She went suddenly pale. Her heart pounded strangely. “Do you know who he is—his—his father and mother?”

“No—no—I don’t care! I know I love him—and now they have killed him or run him away. Oh, I hate all of them! Just let me see the white of their eyes,” she blazed, “just let me get in bear range of them with that rifle.”

She pointed to the gun strapped to her saddle. "They'll see what Crockett's niece can do with it!"

Juliet drew the girl to a bench under the trees: "Come, Pamela, we will sit here till daylight. It is dangerous to go now." She shuddered as she thought of her own experience at the bluff. "I cannot sleep. I want to talk to you—to know you. Tell me all about this gallant Philippe and about yourself."

The girl told of their first meeting, the dance, the stern decision of her uncle, the fight at the forks. Her breath came quick, her voice trembled. She ended weeping: "Oh, what does it all mean, all of it—if he's noble and beautiful and loves me?"

"I see, Pamela." She could scarcely speak.

"Look!" Pamela held up the locket at her throat. "Isn't it beautiful? Captain Trevellian gave it to me. Dad worships him."

"Don't—Oh, don't," cried Juliet. "Don't mention his name to me, Pamela."

"Oh, have I hurt you? Please forgive me, Miss Juliet."

"No, child—but—do you think we'll ever see either of them again?"

"Of course we will. They hadn't got Philippe the last I heard of him. He was going to the war with the Indians. He'll come back a general, sure—and Captain Trevellian will come back a Major General. Then, won't we be happy!" She laughed and threw her arms around the older girl's neck.

Tears stood in Juliet's eyes. She drew the girl to her and kissed her. They talked as the hours went by and the first faint light glowed in the east. The bond between them grew sweet and permanent. An hour before sunrise she kissed the girl good-by and saw her gallop homeward.

Her own faith came bravely; and happiness which came with the sunrise was like vespers to the soul of Juliet Templeton.

XXI

THE SILENT SPINNING WHEEL

SHE sat by her spinning wheel, the hanks of yarn half finished. The ball of yellow fleece, which had revolved so swiftly to her deft touch of the wheel, stood silent upon its needle.

Outside, the June day hummed and trilled and pulsed with life, breathing out sweet odors from wood and field mingled with a mist that floated dew-laden from the near-by creek.

Pamela Crockett was doing the usual thing—thrifty, active worker that she was—she had ceased to work. She was idling. At least that is what her aunt thought, she who was not always far-sighted. For her days were busy ones.

Pamela's blue eyes met her aunt's accusing ones frankly. "I don't believe I'll ever care to work again, or dance again," she smiled wanly.

"O, yes, you will," said her aunt. "Nearly all girls get in that fix once in their lives; but it's always from disappointment in fust love, which turns out to be no love at all." She glanced sharply at her niece. She had much to learn of the nature of this rare, wild bird of her own nest. She was no Crockett, thought Pamela, and she did not know the soul of a Crockett.

"I wish," said Pamela, "that I could go away to school and learn to be a lady fit"—her voice dropped low—"fit to be his wife some day."

"I thought you were goin' to put all them notions out o'

yo' head, Pamela!" The voice was irritant. "You are fit to be any man's wife now. Fine feathers don't make fine birds, an' you've heard what yo' uncle said about the feathers o' that little Duke. Not that it would make any difference to me, for I've never seen a young man in my life that was so beholden to me until I heard that he was the son o' that French woman. Forget 'im, Pamela, an' marry Brother Shepherd."

"I don't love him," said the girl.

"It's the way with you all. But you'll marry Brother Shepherd—you'll love 'im in due time."

"Philippe," began the girl, her lips quivering—

"Oh, he was that kind and gentlemanly," said her aunt half-wavering, "an' he sure did have an air about 'im that would steal the heart o' any young girl. No, I don't blame you, chile, only it's foolish to think o' it when you can marry so well an' to sech a good man as the preacher. If I'd been a girl an' such a little prince had come into my life, like he did your'n, I guess I'd a been in the same fix as you—but Dukes is one thing an' backwoods is another." She laughed and her hand fell affectionately upon the thick glory of her niece's head: "I guess I'd do jes' like you; only I don't think I'd stop workin', because when work goes out o' yo' life it leaves so much room fur sorrow to come in. There now, don't cry."

The girl had dropped her hand on her spinning wheel and sobs shook her. She looked up militant: "He's everything any girl could want, and no matter who his mother is it was God who gave him that mother and I don't see how he could help it. Besides—besides, I love 'im an' I'll never love anybody else as long as I live. I'm goin' to marry him if I have to run away to do it. When God made two people love like this, He didn't do it jes' for fun, for He's dead earnest in all He does and He expects us to be dead earnest and true and not let our lives be spoiled by the tongues of people who don't know the truth and whose selfish and jealous souls are always

glad to bring shame and sorrow into the lives of other people."

The woman recognized her inability to combat facts as vital as these. She ended the talk with the suggestion that Pamela had better go to the spring and bring water for dinner.

The girl put on her sunbonnet, took the two cedar buckets, and went down the path to the spring. Slowly she dipped them into the natural basin under a shelving rock. The buckets filled, she sat upon the grass. The music of bees came in from a near-by orchard.

She was silent. Some great decision was forming in her mind. Forgetting all else, she sat there until her aunt blew the dinner horn for the noonday meal. She saw her cousins come in from the field; she saw her uncle return from his morning hunt. He had a deer on his saddle.

At the table, Tripping Toe could not eat. Crockett said nothing; his insight was keen, and, being a man, he pitied the girl. Besides, since that fierce ride and the tragedy at the forks she had not been herself.

The June afternoon wore on. The girl was restless and moody; twice her aunt found her alone and weeping; twice she went away without speaking to her niece.

The climax came with the sternness of Crockett's decision that night after supper. Tripping Toe knew that her uncle and aunt were talking it over. She guessed their decision. She knew the iron hand of her uncle whenever he wished it to be iron.

"Niece," he said—he always called her niece when he meant to be severe—"Brother Shepherd talked to me t'other day an' axed me fur yo' hand in marriage."

"An' what did you tell him?" Her voice came with equal determination.

"I told him to bring his license to-morrow night, that I was tired o' all this little Duke business."

"I'll never marry him," she said quickly.

"You'll marry him to-morrow night," said the uncle sternly as he left the room.

The family retired early and Tripping Toe went to her room, but not to sleep. When the others slept, she arose, put her few clothes and an extra pair of shoes in a satchel made of untanned deer hide, and by the light of a tallow dip wrote a farewell note to her uncle:

Dear Uncle: I am going straight to Philippe wherever he is, and I am going to marry him. You know how it is for you are a Crockett yourself—to hunger for love that's yours and not want to live without it. I can't work, I can't eat, nor sleep. My soul is dead and I'll be soon if I don't get to Philippe that I love more than my life. Forgive me if I am doing wrong, but I can't help being a Crockett. You'll find me where Philippe is an' mighty happy.

Lovingly,

YOUR TRIPPING TOE.

P. S. I'll take my three-year-old colt an' I reckon you'll find him broke good when we meet again. T. T."

At the barn she bridled and saddled the colt with her own strong bit and saddle. Then she glided into the night down the long trail southward. She was a Crockett and was not afraid.

A mile from home she rode swiftly along. In her brave soul she had no doubt of the ending of the journey. The hoot of the owls was music to her; the stillness of the night filled her with rapture as she thought that she'd soon be the bride of Philippe for life, for death. Under the shadowy forest she feared not, for love was there. Above, the bright stars filled her only with hope and happiness.

Wouldn't Philippe be proud of her coming to him as she did—she, his brave and loving Tripping Toe? Wouldn't he love her forever for the sacrifice she was making, throwing to the wind all else for him, giving her life to him? What was his mother—what the idle talk of the envious, malicious people to her life's happiness? As

for her, Tripping Toe—she would make her a true and dutiful daughter even as she made Philippe a true and dutiful wife.

She was going to Philippe—going to Philippe—going to Philippe!

“Why, you good colt,” she said, patting her horse’s neck. “You say it with your galloping hoofs. We *are* going to Philippe!”

It was after midnight. She had ridden at least twenty miles when she came to the Big Cane Swamp. She was a good shot with her uncle’s rifle. How she wished she had slipped it out and carried it with her! Then came into her subconscious mind a queer instinct of danger. What animal was it that glided swiftly across the road? She cared nothing for bears. They were lumbering, cowardly creatures that fled at one’s approach. Was it a panther? The panther and the wolf were the night prowlers. Both were sneaks and struck in the dark. One of them crouched upon the limb above the road and almost got Uncle David. But his quick eye and the keen scent of Rough and Ready had warned him.

Her eyes had not deceived her. She saw the shadow across the road. It sprang toward the oak, a limb of which silhouetted against the sky. She drew rein.

Tiogo, renegade Creek, had gone thus far on his journey southward. As he travelled his hatred grew—his blind desire for revenge. He was going to Pensacola. Seven hundred of his tribe were already there—armed, drilled with knives for the Americans.

There would be a blow somewhere soon. The English had sent the word—the red-coated, fighting white men from across the sea who had sent them to the joyful scalping feast at Fort Mims where, with his own hands, he had scalped white women and dashed out the brains of their children against the fort.

Now, with the fighting redcoats behind them, they would have their chance again.

He dropped flat upon the ground among the vines. There was enough faint moonlight to show his astonished, keen Indian eyes that it was a girl, not a man, galloping down the trail. His eyes, long trained, were like magnified crystals—they saw far, and, like an owl's, they saw far into the dark. This was the girl who danced when the white devils came from the war with the Indian scalps in their belts. This was the girl the Spanish general wanted. Tiogo was there and saw it, for he saw much and spoke only in grunts. He was a friend of the great General Gomez. His caravan had passed southward only a short while before. To bring this girl to Gomez—it meant much of the Spaniard's red water; it meant some of his gold—it meant——

It was not a panther that sprang upon the girl as she passed the great oak. It were better for her if it had been a panther.

Seized by the bit, the colt reared, the girl screamed. A rough hand went round her neck and over her mouth. He had bounded into the saddle behind her. He wheeled the horse and galloped furiously in another direction through the wood. He had six hours the start and the colt was young and fresh.

But Tiogo had not ridden ten miles before he ran into a trail which wound by the river that showed, by the grass and bushes that had been trampled, the unmistakable signs of a wagon and team. Tiogo, not wishing to run into some other's game, wheeled the galloping colt to go back into the forest. But almost immediately a rifle flamed out from deep woods within twenty yards of the trail and Pamela was clutched savagely by the Indian and dragged out of the saddle as he pitched forward to the ground—dead, with a bullet in his head. The colt plunged forward, but was caught by a man in a large black hat, while Pamela

was picked up by another who stepped out of the thicket with a smoking rifle in his hand.

"Wal, ef it ain't our little dancin' gal," said Little Harp to the other. "We're lucky—now, won't this be int'restin' to that Spaniard, Mr. Gomez?"

At daylight Crockett found his niece's note. He realized the mistake he had made. He saddled his horse and started in pursuit.

It was noon when he came to Big Cane Swamp. A hundred yards from the big oak he sprang to the ground. The moccasined footprint of the Indian was as plain to him as the oak itself. He tracked it to the roadside; he tracked it through the bushes. He saw, despite his lightness and deftness, the form of an Indian scarce ruffling the upturned leaves of grass and shrub, a picture as plain as if the savage lay stretched at his feet.

With suppressed dismay he read it all: the frantic hoofs of the colt sunk pastern deep in the sand; the road torn up as it wheeled and galloped southward.

The two dogs whined to dash immediately on the trail. The old scout fumbled nervously the lock of his gun and glanced at the broken-down horse he rode.

"No—no—dogs; I must make another start."

It was night when he reached his cabin. He was soon ready with a fresh horse, his knives sharpened, his powder horn filled, his leather pouch full of bullets, his satchel of jerked venison and parched corn. He called his dogs!

"Wife, don't be skeered. I hadn't calc'lated to go after Injuns ag'in, but I'm goin' after Trippin' Toe, and, by God, I'll git her—an' the renegade devils that got away frum us at the Horseshoe an' have j'ined the British an' Spanish in this fight will feel Crockett's knife in their scalp ag'in! Ez for the gal, I'll fetch her home an' marry her to Brother Shepherd an' stop all this runaway foolishness."

XXII

SEHOY

SEHoy! Sehoy!" The Red Eagle halted before the lodge door. His mellow voice rang bugle-like through the woods as he called.

A short time before sundown two horsemen had crossed the Tallapoosa River and had ridden through a forest of hardwood with now and then pungent cedar odors in the air. In the denser woods wild vines climbed to the tops of the trees and the delicate perfume of the wild grape caused Philippe's heart to ache with homesickness. As they rode inland, tall pines mingled with hardwood and grew thicker until at the village of Toocabactha, home of Red Eagle, they seemed to be riding into an evergreen cathedral—tall and dense, with a roof of pine needles where only flickerings of the sun came through.

The Indian village was not unlovely. It lay in the Holy Grounds, the Hickory Grounds which the prophets had said no white man's foot could ever press under penalty of death. The Creeks were the most civilized of all American Indians. They had learning; they had an alphabet; farms, slaves, granaries, cattle, horses, and swine were theirs in large numbers. Here had been the innermost shrine of the Creek Nation; its holy ground, in truth. This was its heart, its capital. Many of their towns, Emuckfau, Talladega, Talluschathes, had been destroyed, Toocabactha remained. Jackson had spared this because it was the home of the chief, his friend and ally in the intrigues now going on between Spain and England.

This, to the tired White Eagle, was a satisfying spot. In the reflex of the burden thrown off, the bitterness of that last day when he found his mother dead and all white men, save one, against him, his spirit drank deep of the restfulness of the scene. Here he was a man without a past. Here he would live and fight—no longer an outcast with the brand of the bar sinister on him, but a chief, a chief of gallant, beaten but unenslaved Creeks.

Thatched cottages gleamed through the pines far down the river. There were broad, tilled fields beyond. In the center was a great Council House, open with cane delicately woven in both roof and sides and cane settees or chairs around for the audience. The cottages of the young men faced the rising sun; those of the old, the setting.

There were gardens, and with the young corn and melons and dark green potato leaves were the old flowers that the white boy loved—flowers that stirred sadly his heart and moistened his eyes.

Indian children played upon the river banks, while canoes with happy lovers shot in and out the waters or came in laden with fish and game.

"Sehoy! Sehoy!" Again the Red Eagle called.

The Red Eagle's lodge had many rooms. In front of it was gracefully formed with cane reeds, verandas running around, and the thick, green roof above was flecked with dark-red chimneys. It was on a knoll overlooking the river. Pines cast shadows over it; field after field stretched for miles. Near by was a thatched stable. Negro slaves were tending horses which looked to be of blood lines like the gray the chief rode.

"Sehoy is coming!" The voice came like a bird note out of the forest.

An Indian girl jumped with a quick bound from a canoe that shot from a bend in the river. It was fully ten feet from prow to bank. She seemed to fly. The canoe

darted back till the young Indian in it plunged his long-handled paddle forward into the water.

"It is your Sehoy, Red Eagle. She is happy to see her brother again."

Red Eagle sprang from the saddle lightly, landing on his feet, and threw one arm around her. His hand rested gently on her head, then slipped under her chin, uplifting a face as faultless as a cameo, with dark eyes of passion and love.

Her hair fell behind in massive plaits. Only the tips of her pink ears showed in front. Above, a silver coronet, studded with turquoise and pearls, was wound around her hair. A string of black pearls was wrapped thrice around her throat and ended in a sapphire and turquoise pendant. Her fringed leather skirt fell to leggings, silk-stitched and beaded. On her feet were the softest of moccasins. Her tunic was gathered at the waist with a girdle of delicate sea shells, rare and glowing, blue and pink, like a burst of dawn. Bracelets, armlets, and anklets matched them.

To the white boy she seemed a wood goddess in an arbor of amber, gold, and purple shells.

She stood graciously, one arm around her tall brother, her head thrown back, looking up into his eyes. She, also, was tall and straight; her limbs slender as a fawn and only the gentlest sign of a rounded breast above, so subtle and sensitive that it seemed to vibrate when she breathed. So delicate the framework, so graceful the throat—a harp giving forth music from the silvery laughter of her lips.

Like her brother, her color was a bright pink-bronze.

As she turned her eyes for the first time on Red Eagle's friend, he saw in their darkness a tiny fleck of Scotch blue.

Her laughter ceased; her eyes fell softly, she straightened into unaffected dignity. She smiled, slipped gently from her brother's embrace, and stood—a royal princess.

The chief took her hand and led her forward. Philippe

dismounted. His plumed hat came off, his face glowed, his auburn curls fell to his shoulders.

"Little Sehoy, this is the White Eagle—the White Eagle who shall henceforth be of us and ours—Creek, even as our white father and grandfather came to us before him. They took their wives of the Sehoys, the family of the Wind. So shall it be with our brother, the White Eagle. He shall take, if he will, for his wife the princess of our land, as is the Creek custom."

He placed her fragile fingers in White Eagle's palm. She let them rest there. Then, slowly, she lifted her languid eyes to his. Philippe met them, smiling. He saw her bosom vibrate, and a deep, quick blush suffused her face and neck.

"Sehoy welcomes the White Eagle," she said. "Her brother's word is the law of her life and her life is for the Nation."

Philippe knew not what to say, for he knew not what it meant. Gallantly he kissed her finger tips. "I am proud, sweet Princess Sehoy," he said, "to become a Creek that I may prove myself to be a man. I shall defend you and your Nation with my life. I shall try to be worthy of my Indian name. Here my life will find rest in these woods, rest and peace—rest and peace," he repeated, "and no man of my kind to dog my heels with slander."

He turned. A splendid young Indian stood by.

"This is Cholocta, White Eagle, one of our chiefs," said Red Eagle. "I have news for you, Cholocta. I have been with the White Captain. I shall meet you to-night. We must act."

Philippe turned to speak to him. The Indian folded his arms and said: "It is well, chief. Cholocta is ever ready for war or peace, whatever the Great Spirit wills. It is good to hear from the White Captain. I go."

He did not look at Philippe. Instead, his eyes covered

the girl with hot, sullen, fierce, and hungry love. He walked silently away.

Sehoy lowered her head, her eyes following him. She turned and looking Philippe full in the face, broke into a laugh that told the open story of her heart. She sprang up the steps with a graceful bound. On the veranda beneath the twining white wild rose she stopped, a rare picture framed in rose bloom and color. "The Sehoy will prepare the room for the White Eagle," she said and vanished.

The chief drew a short three-toned cane whistle from his pocket. He gave a shrill blast—once, twice, thrice.

Three mulatto slaves came running.

"Fosa," he said to the first, "this is your new master. the White Eagle. Take his horse. We have ridden far. Rub him down as if for a race. You understand—we may ride hard soon."

"Come, White Eagle"—he placed his hand reverently on the boy—"Red Eagle's home is your home so long as you will it. Come!"

Later Sehoy led him to his room, a spacious one, the shutters opening on the river. The bed, table, and chairs were of cane. On the bed was a mattress made of the feathers of the wild goose, with buffalo robes above it. A large hallway ran through the house, opening into other rooms, one of which was the reception room of the chief.

"This is the White Eagle's room." She stood in the doorway, holding a candle stuck into the polished horn of a deer. She pointed to his rifle, which Fosa had already placed upon its rack of elk-horn over the bed.

"It is sweet to be here, Sehoy," he said simply; "sweet to rest awhile away from what has been the burden of the White Eagle's wings." He had caught the inspiration of the simplicity, the frankness, the honor of this noble people. It came to him intensified in the gentle girl herself.

She was looking with deep insight into his face, read-

ing it as she would read the pathway of the forest. In her eyes dimmed the tenderness of pity.

"The White Eagle is tired. He is heartsick, he is soul-sick." She spoke with unaffected frankness. "His spirit has been all but crushed. The Sehoy sees. She understands his heart. But the White Eagle is young— young and like a statue in beauty." Her eyes swept him with timid admiration. "And his heart will come to him here; his soul will be renewed like the eagle's, for he shall rest and fight and, like the eagle, he shall love, if he will."

It was said so earnestly that he could not resist it.

Love—if he will. He thought of Tripping Toe, his love for her—but now doubtless she was married to another. Should he tell this gentle creature of the forest, this beautiful being who was of another world? He yearned for her friendship. He felt that her innocent, unspoiled heart would help him in despair and loneliness. Then he thought of Crockett's words and of the shame that was his. As a white man he could offer no white woman his name. He had left the people of his kind forever. Its laws had thrown him out here—here on this land untouched by white man and his laws. Here he was a man among men—a man to fight life's battles; to love, if he would.

He looked up. She was gone. The candle, like a white star on a dark night, seemed to him as a new flame of light to his soul.

The supper of the chief was like that of any white man. Slaves served the meal of fish, venison, new potatoes, and corn cakes—and wine of the wild grape.

It was nearly midnight. Philippe had slept and awakened. The new moon shone from behind the pine hills. The odor of flowers filled his room. A mocking bird, awaking, poured out a wistful, delicate love song to the moon, then drowsily sung itself to sleep again.

Philippe was satisfied and at rest. "Oh, little mother," he said softly.

He was vaguely conscious that in it all was the hand of God. The future stretched before him, unknown and unseen; but he knew that from it would come a new and fuller life for him.

As he lay there he went over for the first time the events of the last few days. The ride had been long and hard—the journey from the racetrack at the Hermitage to the home of the Creek Nation—and it had given the boy time to think seriously of the step he was taking.

They rode, killing a fresh deer each day, and at night they slept by the open camp fire. With all the subtle craft of hunter and woodsman the Indian had made Philippe's journey as easy as possible. There was nothing he left undone that his foresight had not prepared for, and already he began to teach the boy to whom, with all the devotion of his nature, he had become so attached, the lessons of the wood, its secrets and its rewards. Philippe proved to be a quick, reliable student. He felt that he was more Indian than white, for the Chevalier had been no poor tutor before Red Eagle had come.

They had talked but little. The Indian had seen the tragedy and sorrow of the white boy's life. In many little things, in tender solicitude for his comfort on the long journey, for things not spoken, but in chivalrous kindness and gentle courtesy, he had won the love and confidence of the hackled, crushed, and sorrow-sick boy.

In the quiet of camp fires at night the boy began to realize it; why should his happiness with little mother, his home on the blue-grass hill, his life of youth and love have been shattered in a day? Why should this love that had come to him have been his heaven and his sorrow? Why like a relentless fist that never ceased to strike? Who could explain the last blow of it by any law of justice; by any process of reasoning? And these unseen, unknown people who shadowed him for his death, what did it mean?

Cruel, inexplicable beyond reason, it was, to the bitter heart of the boy, diabolical.

Philippe stirred in his sleep. Before he slept he had prayed a prayer as the little mother had taught him. With iron will and clenched teeth he had not uttered Tripping Toe's name. He had put her forever from his life. Doubtless she was already the wife of another. He slept, and the strong cord of the awakened will no longer held.

"Tripping Toe!—Tripping Toe,"—he murmured in his sleep. He awakened with moist eyes. He abused himself bitterly for a weakling and a coward.

The sad miseréré of the love-happy bird flooded again his room, bringing a sorrow past his strength; for it was night and sleep had come and gone, and Memory and Conscience hold always a sweetly solemn ceremony in the cathedral of the heart when the sudden awakening comes after the first deep sleep—the resurrection of Holies that have died.

XXIII

A SUMMER'S MOON

DE SOTO first fought the Southern Indians upon the red field of Maubila in 1540, but it was over one hundred and seventy years afterwards that the farseeing Bienville sailed up Mobile Bay and at the mouth of Dog River erected a warehouse and fort and called the place Fort St. Louis de la Mobile. A few years later the French moved up to the mouth of Mobile River and founded the town by that name.

When early American history is truly written and sifted, the debt that American civilization will owe to the Jesuit priests will not be the least on the ledger of the Nation.

It is not remembered when a Jesuit school at old Mobile did not perform its part in the life of the wilderness. What far-reaching influences went with these first dim rays of learning and religion which feebly lit up the savage night of silence that hung over the central Basin from the Lakes to the Gulf!

Marquette, Joliet, Iberville, LaSalle, Bienville—what great arcs have come from the small flame of their first feeble rays!

Princess Sehoy had her schooling in the old Jesuit College at Mobile.

The family of the Wind, of which Sehoy was princess, was the wealthiest, most powerful of the Creeks.

The white blood of the French Durants, of the Scotch McGillivrays, and of the English Weatherfords easily outstripped the pure breed.

The Jesuit fathers gave Sehoy her education, but they

could not induce her to become interested in the complicated rituals and creeds of their religion. There is one God with the Indian, however little of the Indian blood is in his veins; that is the Great Spirit.

The Jesuit schooling could not change a dynamic, basic law of her ancient inheritance.

Sehoy, when she came into the life of the white boy of the Cumberland, was as pure and unspoiled a daughter of the Wind as the first Sehoy who had died a martyr to the maiden love of her maiden heart.

Tradition with the Indian, like history with man, repeats itself. The phases of the passions tend ever to go around in circles. From the moment she saw him, Sehoy's heart went out to the White Eagle as confidently as if he had been decreed of the Great Spirit. Her heart told her; the boy's unhappiness and unrequited love said it; the story of her own family made by the wedding of other Sehoy's to white men; all—it was fixed; it was fate; it was truth and right and the gift of the Great Spirit.

It is true that Cholocta loved her; but Cholocta was sullen, cruel, and not to be trusted. She did not wish to be the slave of a red Indian. In her veins there was more white than red blood. Besides, brave as Cholocta was, he was suspected. He did not have the confidence of her brother. He was a peace chief in time of war, once friend of the white General Jackson, and now there came vague talk of his running with the renegades and the Seminoles on his far journeys to the camp of both British and Spaniard.

In the family of Sehoy's there was no duplicity. They were of the Wind and as transparent and as pure as that which came and went with melody through their pine trees.

From the first meeting she gave herself, in her own heart, in betrothal to the White Eagle. She cared not if the tribe knew, if the world knew. She would see that *he* knew; he, so beautiful, gallant, and brave. Could he

do otherwise than return youth for youth, beauty for beauty, truth for truth, love for love?

The Sehoys were of a proud race. They wedded the equal of any man—king, prince, white or red. But she, Sehoi, felt that her love was so much greater than any who ever loved before; she, in her heart, confessed that she was willing to be the White Eagle's slave if he willed.

No summer's moon was ever so perfect. Love which was hers she believed had not before been given to maid by the Great Spirit. She did not think it was hers to seek. No princess of the Sehoys had ever done that. But she would let him know her heart and then she would wait until he gave. To conceal this passion of her heart she would be shy but loyal, and yet joyously would she show it daily; that, according to the law of the tribe, she might ask for betrothal on the night of the ceremonies which made him chief and prove it by her past love and devotion.

She played skillfully on the harp. The solace which nightly came to the boy in those sweet months of rest and peace among the Indian friends was as incense to his soul—on the veranda under the honeysuckles, on the river bank amid trees, in waters adding lullaby-crooning tunes to the wild, weird songs she often sang in her own tongue. These and the unusual beauty of the princess played fatuously on the mental strings of the romantic boy. It seemed to him that he was in another world. He wondered if it were true or merely some fantastic, sweet, rare enchantment such as he had read of in the books of the Chevalier. And as he looked on her and heard in her own tongue the songs of love he was dazed and distressed with the weirdness of it. Would it not be well to end it all here, now—in the arms of her—marry her, love her, rest here in peace and happiness; be a chief among them, forever forgetting the cruel memories of the past; rear children that should be his and hers; and in the far future, through moonlighted nights and by winding waters,

through flowers that made love's bed and in hunts and the chase that made it sweet with manhood, lay him down at last to eternal rest in the forest!

When the harp ceased, her voice would fade away, her eyes would light with sadness and oft with tears. Then, like any child, she would slip her hand into his and say: "Let us go in, my White Eagle. It is late, for the moon hangs low. The Sehoy wishes you to sleep and be strong."

With the solicitude of a mother she would say it, leading him through the odor of pine needles and cones into the lodge. In it there was never the faintest trace of passion.

In the house she would lead him to the pantry. There were pies of dewberries, cherries, and crushed scuppernongs. And there were roasts and tongue, cooked with spicy roots and bay leaves from the woods.

"These pies are of my own making. Try this one and see how delicate the pastry and how juicy the berries. But this day I took them from the oven. I trusted not to Semola, our old slave cook, for I wanted the White Eagle to taste them as made by the hand of Sehoy."

On nights when the Red Eagle would come from his hunts he would grimly chide them for not sleeping, while his warriors and slaves divided the game which they had brought home—canoes of deer and bear, and, now and then, a fat buffalo which had not yet been driven westward. At other times, there would be nets of fish or strings of them joined through the gills by strong thongs of the sappy bark of young hickories. Once the warriors brought in, strapped to the pony's back, an elk with splendid horns, evidence of their far hunt even to the distant western prairies.

"We followed them," he would say, "upon our ponies. I killed him for these horns. They are for the lodge of the White Eagle."

Red Eagle gave to the white boy a rare and beautiful relic which had been in the Creek tribe for more than two and a half centuries. It was a fine Toledo rapier. It

had been given to the tribe by the Spaniard, De Soto. Its blade was long and perfect; its hilt silver and gold, and in the handle was an oval turquoise surrounded by black pearls. In the Council House were many relics and this had been among them.

The White Eagle looked on it with affection and handled it with the hand of an expert. It was the favorite weapon of the Chevalier Dumouriez, and many were the lessons he had received from him.

"With this blade in my hand," he said to the Indian, "I would want neither rifle nor knife for close conflict."

The pack ponies stood with heads down under the burden of game of all kinds. The chief took from one pony a willow net swinging on both sides and weighing the pony down. Two slaves brought it in.

"These," he smiled, "are for the little housewife, Sehoy. They are fresh eggs of the waterfowls."

The warriors and slaves skinned and cleaned and hung the carcasses in the cool night, or placed them in the cave which extended far in under the bend of the river.

"Come, let us eat and retire; the Red Eagle would rest," said the chief.

Sehoy laughed and brought her pies, while he praised and petted her. She opened an ancient vessel burnt in the fire centuries before. She cut the long, thin slices of root-flavored roast and the loaves of beaten flour, strong and rich with the whole kernel and husk. The scuppernong wine she handed to them in flagons of pink sea shells.

The Red Eagle rose with dignity and said: "Happiness and forgetfulness for my friend, the White Eagle."

"Gratitude and courage and honor—let them be ever in his soul," the white boy replied simply.

Then Sehoy spoke:

In the Eagle's life there is love for one;
May the Eagle choose his mate of the sun,
True and soft as the south wind's breath—
For the Eagle's mate is his mate till death.

She lighted him to his room. He remembered always a radiant vision of her in the doorway. "Good night," she said in the pretty French which she had learned among the Jesuits, and then added an old love stanza:

"Otez l'amour de le vie
Vous en otez le plaisir."

"Sleep and pleasant dreams, my White Eagle. Rest and peace."

But Red Eagle heard hours afterwards the soft notes of the French flute coming from the White Eagle's room. They were followed by the midnight song of a mocking bird awakened by their melody. The chief went out and found the Sehoy in the shadow of the balcony weeping.

Rest and peace: no other words so nearly described the mental repose which came to the White Eagle during the summer months which followed. The place itself, far remote from civilization and the talk of the white man—which, to the distracted boy, had become an odious symbol of all that he wished to avoid—was the similitude of rest and peace for which his soul bitterly longed.

In the sorrow of the past, as yet undimmed, he was content to hide forever his identity in the solitude of the forest; but his experience proved to be richer than he had thought. Instead of mingling with savages, he had found refuge with the most civilized Indians that ever inhabited the American continent. Their rulers had been more than Indians.

Judged by the record of his deeds, his statesmanship, and his diplomacy, it is doubtful if a stronger character than Alexander McGillivray, grandfather of the Red Eagle and Sehoy, ever lived on a wilderness soil. He came nearer uniting all of the Indians of the Southwest in one great nation than any other man who ever ruled them. Not even Tecumseh was his equal.

The home of Red Eagle was the equal of the homes

of the pioneers on the Cumberland, if not, indeed, more pretentious than the latter. It was more like that of a baron of old than of a savage in a new country.

The tribe took the white boy seriously into their hearts as well as into their affairs. It was an honor that such an one should come among them and be one of their own. Other white men had done this and by their superior intelligence had made the Creek Nation the greatest of all nations in the Southwest. From them had come such warriors as Red Eagle and Lochland Durant, such beautiful princesses as Sophia Durant and that illustrious family of Creeks who held the Durant's Bend on the Alabama River. Never before had any one come among them who so quickly and loyally won their hearts as did the romantic boy who called himself the White Eagle.

If ever there was a natural-born chief, it was the white boy of the Cumberland. He entered into all their sports, their ceremonies, their religion; the latter expressing to the pure-minded boy the one God, or Great Spirit, which the little mother and the Chevalier had taught him to worship.

Civilized man, with centuries of progress behind him, still glories in battle and achievement, in the chase, the hunt, in horsemanship, in arms; his heroes and the men who hold the loftiest place in his heart have been those who have excelled in arms and war. The primitive Indian put yet a greater stress upon those achievements, and when the test came to the White Eagle their pride and joy were in his prowess.

With a rifle, with the sharp fencing sword, there was no Creek who was his equal. On the long hunts to test his skill, courage, daring, and endurance before making him a chief, he held his own with the most experienced hunters of the tribe.

Red Eagle's record for one day had been twenty deer. The young White Eagle in their first hunt lacked only five of equaling it; but in addition he had killed both bear and

panther. In the week's hunt he came out with honors second only to Red Eagle.

During the months the white boy rested he did not forget the words of Andrew Jackson. The runners of the Creeks kept him informed of the rapid trend of events in the war with Great Britain. He knew that sooner or later he would be called into conflict with all the courage and sacrifice of his nature. To that end he and Red Eagle thoroughly prepared the remnant of the Creek warriors. They were not drilled as white men—a foolish mistake which the English were making. The nature of the Indian is not such as to care for the sterner discipline of the white man.

The drilling of the White Eagle was more sensible; his men were drilled as a unit; but in action each was to take care of himself.

To all but the White Eagle, the devotion of the Sehoy was plain. As for him, his heart was forever wedded to the Tripping Toe of the Cumberland. Love had been his greatest joy and his greatest sorrow. He dared not think about her. Even as he put from his heart the thoughts of his unhappy fate, the scorn and contempt of his fellow man, so also did he try to put from himself thoughts of Tripping Toe. As much as he knew she loved him, he knew also that time would soften her sorrow, and, in the stern poverty of her life, her Uncle's sterner demands, that she marry the preacher, could not be put over.

Day by day he became more attracted by the Indian princess. They were young, and youth holds a strong balance in its favor even when sorrow is in the other scale.

XXIV

THE BATTLE IN THE FOREST

THE awakening of the White Eagle came near being tragic. He had gone with Sehoy across the river to another bluff on the banks two miles farther into the forest to see some ancient graves. Among them she showed him the grave of one of De Soto's men who had died on the march of the ill-fated Spaniard nearly three centuries before. Her folklore and tribal knowledge were remarkable as she told him of these graves, their meaning, and showed him relics of other centuries. The White Eagle had been most interested. The princess was brilliant in her happiness.

As they started homeward, he rested a moment, leaning against a pine that marked the grave of the first Sehoy.

There was a slight twang across the river; the boy had dodged instinctively, because he had heard the arrow before the wind from its feathered shaft brushed the side of his cheek. It stood quivering, buried in the shaft of the soft pine against which he had been leaning.

"What does it mean?"

He looked at the princess, startled but calm.

Sehoy had sprung forward even before the twang of the bow. With Indian ears she had heard a suspicious sound and saw a slight unnatural waving of a bush fifty yards away across the river. She threw herself in front of the White Eagle before another arrow could follow, seized him by the hand, and drew him quickly aside.

The arrow cut with a hiss the air where but a second

before he had stood. She arose with a tragic smile. Her hand trembled in his; her bosom heaved; her face paled.

"Stay behind me," she cried, her swift eyes scanning the bush across the river with keen glances. "It—it—was for you, my White Eagle, and—he came so near!"

"See—here, we are safe now."

He looked at her, strangely stirred. She stood before him protestingly.

"I would share any danger with you, Sehoy," he said. "You would not make a white squaw of the White Eagle?" he laughed.

"Oh, but you are not wise to the ways of them," she said. "Your eyes are not wilderness eyes, as are Sehoy's. The next shot——" Her eyes spoke dramatically. "The Sehoy would give her life for you," she added gently. "Is it not that which love is made for? See—let us read his message."

With his aid she drew the arrow from the tree. She studied it closely—barb, shaft, and feather. She pointed to the first two. "These," she said, "are Seminole, and this short shaft is their message that they will attack us soon—very soon. Red Eagle must see this!"

She paused, looking at the feathered head.

Slowly her wondrous eyes opened in unspoken astonishment. Very quietly she spoke: "The Sehoy is grieved; her heart is sad that she should bring to the White Eagle this peril. This shaft is Creek and is red with no white. It means revenge. It is Cholocta's. He is false. It is he who set the Seminole to do this."

Again she studied closely the arrow. Her eyes lingered with opening interest. "And yet," she went on, "it is not all Creek. There is the touch of the white man here—cruel, blood-lusting touch. My sweet White Eagle," she said, turning quickly to him with frightened eyes, "have you among your kind an enemy? Surely you have not!"

He was silent. There swept through his mind like a nightmare the last awful week in his life, before he

came to the wilderness. He heard again the death-rattle in the throat of old Sam Williams; he saw the pale, dead face of little mother. Could that silent, relentless thing have tracked him to this sacred spot? He looked at the princess as she studied the arrow. He read the sureness of her fears; she saw more than she told him; she was frightened.

"Come," she said, "the Red Eagle must know. He must hear my talk. Let us go."

Sorely puzzled, he followed her, watching keenly the girl who still kept herself between him and the opposite wood.

"The Sehoy is troubled," she repeated. "She fears it is her fault that Cholocta——" She stopped. "Go; I will follow. I would be behind to protect you."

"No," he said, taking her arm and drawing her to his side; "the Sehoy shall face no danger that I shall not share."

She placed her hand in his and smiled. They walked rapidly toward their canoe at the river bank. She carried the arrow, still studying it.

"And it had been such an afternoon in the woods with you," she said. "The Sehoy counts such days as years, so long they hold in her memory."

As they rowed across the river she broke into a soft, sad song. It haunted him afterwards—that sad, birdlike melody that floated across the waters as she sang in the tender words of her old Jesuit French:

"O memory, O memory,
O tears that come for days no more.
O kisses from another shore,
The shore of death and memory."

Red Eagle acted quickly. He called his warriors to the Council House that night.

"Cholocta is traitor turned, and has made bad talks with the Seminoles and those Creeks who have sided with

the British against our friends. Shall it be said of us that the Creeks forgot? That they strike the hand that saved them from starvation and gave back the lands of their fathers? What do these traitor Creeks and Seminoles wish to do? Red Eagle will tell you, for he has known it long. Ask them from whose hands they got the new bright muskets with which they go now upon the war-path? If they lie not, they will tell you that they came from the British at Apalachicola. And for what? To fight against Jackson when the great army of the British shall come. But first they would destroy the last of the Creeks—first must they destroy us. We stand between our white friends and harm. Let us prove to him that we do not stand idle.”

Mounting his horse the next day, the Red Eagle rode first toward the Seminole on the track of Cholocta, and then to the north toward Natchez and the Choctaw country.

The surmises which had first formed in his mind were confirmed; Cholocta had not had talk with the Seminoles alone; that was not the thing which stirred the heart of the chief to watchful anger. He found tracks of the white man—the tracks of the barred shoes. He followed them far into the Choctaw country, and in the unseen, silent way he learned much; farther on in its remotest wilderness there was a white man’s home—soldiery, an outlaw band, wealth, negro slaves, booty, and always the hand of death was here. This barred rider was their king. He was the unseen foe of the White Eagle. He it was to whom Cholocta had carried news. Already they were plotting—soon they would strike, but they would find the Red Eagle ready. Later, ah, later—all in his own good time—he would ride again the road to that castle of the magnificent, bloody plunder in the wilderness—of the Harps—of the Count—yes, the Count, their lord and leader. At present, he would ride rapidly back, for again the trail of the snake was in his path. With eagle instinct

he saw through it—from the Cumberland country to his own far-away land of rest and silence. He would be prepared; nor would he tell aught of it to the White Eagle, whose peace and happiness he held above his own.

The latter were armed with bright, new muskets, as the Red Eagle had said; but Jackson, with foresight, after the treaty at Fort Jackson, knowing that he would need these Indian allies, had armed the Creeks with Tennessee rifles.

When Red Eagle returned there was beating of drums and gathering of warriors. And they were none too soon.

Scorned by Schoy, who openly gave her heart to the young White Eagle, the savage, jealous Cholocta planned revenge in the wiping out of the last of the Creeks. Nothing could have added to his shame and dishonor more than to have his love publicly refused by the Creek princess. To an Indian, death were preferable.

But first he would kill the White Eagle; perhaps then she would care for him. There were other reasons that only Cholocta and the white king of the Choctaws knew. In this attempt his Seminole assassin had failed, and—more disgraceful still—by the hand of the woman herself who had put her own life between the arrow and the mark. In this failure his treachery and his plans were both written as in a book: there was nothing for Cholocta to do but to strike quickly and destroy his foe and redeem his honor, or die in shame. And there was reward—reward from the white king of the Choctaws.

His plans had been laid. The Seminole whose arrow had missed the White Eagle by an eyelash was but the forerunner of an army of others who were approaching.

The Creeks went fearlessly and hastily to battle; the White Eagle with his rifle and the clean blade of De Soto.

Cautiously the two forces approached each other in the forest; the Creeks, as was their custom, marching single

file, each stepping in the tracks of those who had walked before him. On the second day they knew the enemy was near, though no sign of an army could be seen on either side. An eagle flying over would have seen nothing but the eternal forest and its eternal stillness; but if the panther had looked down from his hiding place amid the big brown limbs of the tree he would have seen the crawling figures of two red, half-naked armies as they slipped like serpents along the ground under bush and rank cane.

All morning they had maneuvered for positions. And now they were so close, that they could see the tall grasses tremble where the foe lay hid. Tensely they lay, their hands on their rifle locks, or gripping knife and tomahawk.

Out from the hiding place of the Seminoles came the voice of Cholocta: "*Hoo-oojah—alooyah!* 'Tis I, Cholocta, and I would a talk make for peace and a fight of man to man that war between brethren may be as the cloud that thundered but fell not."

"Arise, traitor," cried Red Eagle, "and talk as the running wolf barks. I will stand and face you that no harm may come to you while you speak your lies."

They stood facing each other.

"I have no quarrel with you, Red Eagle," spoke Cholocta. "My warriors make no quarrel with the Creeks, but with the white man. Hear our talk; join with us against the Americans; help us with those across the sea, to get again the land of our fathers. Turn your backs forever on the Americans; and as for this White Eagle, give him to me, Cholocta—to meet in fight, that I may give his body to the wolves."

Red Eagle sent quickly his answer: "The Creeks hold their honor above gain. Our word has been given and our word will stand. As for those across the sea, have they not lied to us before? We believe the truthful word of one man rather than the lies of many. The White Eagle

shall speak for himself ; but you, Oh Cholocta, you speak not for yourself but for the murderous mouth of a lying white man. Know you that you deceive me not ? Let the White Eagle speak ! He can both fight and talk."

While Cholocta was speaking, he was flourishing a long, keen blade of the British cavalryman, a weapon given him, doubtless, by the English, or which he had taken from the rout of other battles. He waved it about, and from his handling it was plain that he had acquired some skill in its use. He was naked to his waist ; his body was smeared with the blood-red ochre and vermillion of his tribe.

He stood alone, a superb specimen of savage man, a tall, red statue of physical power and strength. He walked back and forth on his battle line, twirling his blade which twinkled in the sunlight. His attitude was one to incite courage and victory among his own men, and fear and disaster among the Creeks.

But it was not that which made the White Eagle rise quickly and fearlessly to meet him with the old rapier of De Soto in his hand. It was not his insults hurled. Before him stood a traitor to his tribe and treaty ; a traitor to Jackson, who had befriended him ; and a murderer who had secretly tried assassination when he could not prevail openly.

"I have nothing against you, Cholocta," said the White Eagle, as he strode quickly to meet him, "nor do I seek your blood upon my hands. But I am ever ready to meet the traitor and the assassin and to end his life as I would that of the cowardly wolf or panther. This is not my fight that I make, but the fight of my friends, the Creeks, and my greater friend whom you have betrayed and now seek to destroy."

The Indian leaped halfway to meet him. Already the White Eagle was on guard, and, as they closed, the rapier whirled a circle of light in his face. Never before had Indians seen anything like this. Their method had been

to rush in and slash or hack or drive the sharp point straight into the body of the enemy.

Confident even to smiling, an unusual thing among Indians, he rushed at the white boy. He despised the long, thin paper blade, so weak and fragile, compared with the heavy, sharp sword he held in his hand; he would break it into bits with one blow; he would cleave the despised white boy in two from head to heels.

"*Ahoojah! Alooyah!*" he shouted long and joyously as he closed in.

The White Eagle's rapier leaped into the air, not the lifeless, cold, long shank of steel which had hung in the lodge of a master. It seemed to be a white-winged thing of fire, circling like lightning in the summer sky. It shot out in darts of parry, feint, and long lungings in bewildering uncertainty, and yet with overpowering and deadly certainness. To the Indian it hissed like a snake; it even hummed and softly sang like a bird, a bird with eyes of fire and a beak of steel, who struck everywhere and at once.

The Indian stopped, baffled and amazed before this circle of steel. His boasting went from him; his blood rushed from his heart down into his loins. He knew that every renegade behind him had seen the first pale ghost of death and defeat.

He shouted loud for courage, loud and vulgarly, and struck in fury at the white man's head. His own sword came back to him, and the point of the rapier, aimed for his throat, plowed an open furrow across his face from chin through cheek and ear and scalp.

The White Eagle smiled grimly as he came back on guard, while the Indian, covered with blood, rushed back out of reach, whirling round and round in the demoniacal dance of the Lakes.

It worked him into great fury. He shouted his war whoop and indulged in vain and foolish bellowing and boasting.

Maddened, reckless, he rushed again. In a surge of savage fury he raised his weapon and struck downward with a lightning stroke at the whirling circle of steel that shone in his face. A ripple of sparks followed when the two steels met, and before he could recover the rapier plowed a bloody furrow up the Indian's arm from wrist to armpit. One all but heard the big tendon snap.

The White Eagle had severed the leader at the wrist; the right arm of the savage was useless. His sword fell from his hand. His arm hung by his side. The Indian sprang back, but uttered no sound. Covered with blood, like a panther he leaped with one bound to strike the white man in the back, his left hand drawing, as he leaped, a long hunting knife which he had concealed in his belt. It was a quick leap and came near reaching its mark. It was the one thing the White Eagle, who knew so well the rules of the game, was not expecting; for in this game of honor there was no precedent for such an act. In the code and the lessons taught him by the old Chevalier, he had not contemplated battle with a savage.

He was on the white man's back with the alertness of a cat. The force of his leaping body sent the white boy reeling. He wheeled to defend himself. The Indian's knife flashed before his eyes.

"Foul! Foul!" It came from Red Eagle, and even with the words a rifle spoke from the hidden ranks of the Creeks.

Cholocta crumpled in death.

For an hour the woods rang with war whoop and yell and rifle shot. Their leader dead, the renegades were already half-beaten. Slowly from bank to bank, from tree to tree, from bush to bush, the Creeks drove them back. The Seminole dead thickened as the Creeks swept forward. Then it became a rout. The remnant of the Creek Nation was saved. The renegade force that threatened Jackson's friend was annihilated. No Seminole car-

ried back home that night the scalp of a Creek warrior, his wife, or his babe. Instead, the Creeks marched back, their poles decorated with the scalps of the renegades. Of the Creeks, there were enough dead and wounded. There were dirge songs and burials and a weird march by night with the wounded. Among them was the White Eagle, an ugly shot through the deep flesh of his shoulder. On a stretcher of buffalo skin they carried him home, singing songs of his valor and skill with the rifle and sword. Faint and sick, he wondered at his blood lust, for he remembered how often his Dechard had spoken in the fight, and with exultant pride at the sureness of his aim. Half-delirious, he would say: *"It's for him—for my country—the first blow at the bulldog!"*

They laid him on his bed in his own room. A slim, tall Indian had silently led his stretcher home through the forest and swiftly dressed his wound, bathing it with sweet cleansing tea of the mullein and the curative leaf of the yellowroot. He drank of the tea of the valerian.

He fell asleep. It was morning when he awoke. Red Eagle stood in the doorway. The young Indian sat by his bed. His pain was gone.

"You shoot well, my White Eagle," the chief said gravely. "Many renegades went down under your rifle. I stood always near you, for I knew the hot blood of youth and that you knew not the fight of the Indian. Often, too often, you forgot the ways of the fox and remembered only the way of the charging bear. Twice I myself, in the battle, shot to save your life."

"Thrice, Red Eagle," smiled the boy. "I thank you for my life thrice saved. That assassin stroke of Cholocta—but for you——"

The chief smiled. "It came not from the Red Eagle," he said, "that shot——" He looked toward the young Indian by the bed.

The White Eagle had not noticed. Now, he turned.

The young Indian laughed ; her hand went quickly to her head. When the war gear and feathers fell, her own beautiful hair dropped over her shoulders. It was—the Princess Sehoy.

Yet, in their triumph and happiness, the Red Eagle was not happy. Quietly and alone he had mounted his horse and had gone over the battlefield after the defeat of the Seminoles and the death of Cholocta. The print of a horse with a barred shoe had fled northward to the Choctaw country.

MAKING A CHIEF

IT was several weeks before the wound healed and the White Eagle was able to sit up. His illness had been more like a pleasant dream than of fever and pain, for the Indian and his sister had devoted themselves to him; nursing him with a tenderness that was beautiful, a service that was more than friendship.

By day and night the Sehoy had watched him. Her soothing lotions and the medicines of the herbs of her tribe would add much to the quick restoration to health and the alleviation of pain and sickness of the white race if they were substituted to-day for the barbarous surgery and deadly, strong minerals of their own physicians. Never had man such a nurse as had White Eagle. Such wonderful tales of folklore and beauty she told him; so much of the unwritten history of her own tribe, and of the early history of other Southern Indians: Creeks, Choc-taws, Cherokees, Alabamas, Maubiliars, and Natchez! Then there were her songs and her harp. She sang in French, Indian, and in his native tongue; and the songs in his native tongue were of love.

Madly, passionately, the Indian princess loved him. Would she ever win his love?

This was the only thing that kept him from being entirely happy. His affection for both the brother and sister was genuine and strong. He would gladly have given his life for either; but love for woman had gone out of his life. As for this love before him, he could see nothing beyond the present.

Vaguely he began to see the holy, passionate love of the princess. Her soul was as beautiful as her person, and as transparent. The thought often awakened him, troubled, from sleep. He would turn to find her eyes upon him: great, luminous, queenly, and gentle—such as he remembered Homer's Juno had.

He threw it all off. This beautiful girl and her love for him should not be another burden to his soul. Perhaps it were best. Perhaps it were sent to compensate him for the sorrows of the past. Let it be. Let it solve itself in its own good time and way.

Trying to forget, he would recite for her his favorite poem, the wonderful story of Alexander's Feast as Dryden told it. And when he had finished he would laugh and again recite the splendid couplet:

"Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee."

Mischievously she would come and sit by his side.

"Do you think I shall ever be an Alexander among you?" he asked her.

"You are already the Sehoy's Alexander," she said, laying her hand over her heart and kneeling in humbleness at his feet. Then, as if half-ashamed, she would rise and say: "You are strong enough now to eat my scuppernong pies." She vanished, leaving behind her the perfume of the wild grape bloom.

She had learned that this was his favorite perfume.

In a few minutes she would return with both the pie and the life-giving wine of the scuppernong.

"Do you know that we shall make you a chief in a few days?"

He looked up, sipping his wine: "Why, Sehoy, I thought that I was one already."

She smiled: "You did not know it, but all that you have gone through has been to test you; your shooting,

the great hunt, and that fight with the Seminoles—it was all to test you. White Eagle, you have earned your name. My brother is summoning the chiefs and the people for the ceremony at the Council House. Then you will, indeed, be ours—our White Eagle.”

He looked at her in silence. He wondered what the future held for him.

“In the ceremony” (her eyes went suddenly down) “before he may be a chief—he one of the tribe—he must be betrothed. It is a form only, but it must be that he may be truly a chief.”

“Is it only a form—does it mean anything else, Sehoy?”

She flushed: “If he weds, if she may be honored with his love, no other has a right to be his wife.”

“But it does not mean that he must wed her, Sehoy?”

She shook her head sadly: “It is for her to win his love if she can.”

She dropped impulsively by his bedside; one arm stole around his neck. He heard her whisper, timidly: “Would you let the Sehoy, the unhappy Sehoy, be your betrothed, White Eagle? There is no other now?”

“No, no other now, Sehoy.” He turned on his pillow. There were tears in his eyes.

She saw him and, reaching up, kissed both eyes: “See, it is thus that Sehoy will always kiss away your tears.”

And now had come the day when, after their ancient custom, the White Eagle was to be made a chief. It was a custom old as the tribe and sacred with a venerableness that was half-religious. It had come down from father to son. With it went the name that was his for life—the White Eagle.

As from unremembered time, the exercises were held in the Council House at Toocabactha. It was a scene never beheld by a white man unless, in beholding it, he became a chief, as did Alexander McGillivray and Charles Weatherford, white father and grandfather of the Red Eagle.

The third white man to see it was the White Eagle.

All Creeks were there—warriors, women, and children. They came in from every village left untouched by war; The Red Eagle, Black Heel, the Big Warrior; and the ancient orator, Pushmataha, whose voice had always been for peace.

The Council House was lighted by the spiral fire of cane which burned in the center of the building around the center pole and timed the hours of the meeting. Each of the joints of the cane, filled with fats and tallow, was so timed that it consumed in the burning the fourth part of an hour. Hanging over this central fire was the great pot of Black Drink, the drinking of which was the test of manhood and the sacred communion which forever sealed the pact.¹

It was a strange, weird scene: the dusky shadows in the great Council House, flickering lights of pine torches about, great fires of pine roots along the river bank in front, the silent, solemn assembly within.

In the cane chair of honor sat the White Eagle. Around him were grouped the other chiefs. The ancient river flowed by in gurgling lullabies and whisperings of the sea. A stillness was over all, so pronounced and real that the new moon in the white light of eternal silence might have been the emblem and the queen of it.

It was all poetry. Why try to describe it in a prose whose rough touch can only suggest its beauty?

In the center of the Council House, and hanging over the spiral fire, the pot of the Black Drink is being brewed. Around it three Indian prophets march, one beating a drum, another playing a reed lute, and a third beating cymbals. As the brew begins to boil the prophets cease, and, amid great silence, all arise and pronounce the words "*Hoo-oo-jah! Aloo-yah!*" (There are scholars who contend that the Indian is a descendant of the lost tribe of

¹ Pickett's "History of Alabama."

Israel and that the word, whose meaning has never been understood, is the Hebrew word Jehovah.)

They stop before Red Eagle. They pour the black drink into the conch shell until cooled. Red Eagle arises and drinks as long as it takes each prophet to pronounce the words, "*Hoo-oo-jah! Alloo-yah!*"

The White Eagle stands. He drinks as long as it takes each chief to pronounce the magic word twice, "*White Eagle! White Eagle!*"

A great shout goes up. On his head the Red Eagle places a headgear of white plumes which fall to his hips behind.

Red Eagles arises. "Warriors: As is our time-long custom, we have to-night made a chief of the warrior, White Eagle. There is battle ahead and blood: let him lead. The Red Eagle has found him wise far beyond his years, and modest as he is wise. Let him lead. The Red Eagle has found him a warrior true, on hunt, on horse, with rifle and with courage cool. Let him lead. Who is the woman that would his betrothed be? For our chiefs are the fountain of our blood and breed and must betrothed be to one whose veins pulse equal with him in the blood of chiefs."

Then came laughing in her beauty to his side the Princess Sehoy.

"I his betrothed will be, and fain would I, to win my lord his love, wear my hair as any maid betrothed, and hanging low upon my breast."

She turned with tender modesty to the White Eagle: "See, betrothed; but when love comes, then shall it turn betrothal into wife, and so shall Sehoy's hair be as a crown upon her head—a wifely head."

She sat by the White Eagle's side. Never had the little Sehoy been so happy and so queenly beautiful. By the laws of her tribe she was betrothed. Would her hair soon be a crown to her head or hang over her shoulders in maidenhood forever?

A more momentous question then arose: Would they be neutral in the fight now on, or join Jackson against both Spain and Britain? It was known that Big Warrior was for Britain; Pushmataha, for peace; Red Eagle, for Jackson.

Big Warrior spoke first: "Creeks, plain is my talk to-night, as becometh a plain man. Truth is soon spoken—'tis liars that need the ornaments of speech. All orators are liars, and I like them not. Blunt as war clubs are my words, that they may be felt. Who can whip the red-coated British? They have stepped upon our land and their foot is an earthquake. They have marched across it and their redcoats are as fire. Even now their warriors come in flocks over the sea as the great marsh-hawks, red-plumed, and in flocks with bloody talons and hungry claws. Even now their ships, like eagles, sail the sea, and when they land what will this Jackson sparrow be? I cast my arrow on this pile for Britain."

Then old Pushmataha arose, and his speech was eloquent for peace, treasured to this day among the historians of the Creeks.²

Then arose Red Eagle and spoke: "I am no orator, Creeks, as many others are, but I rise to speak plain words. Where is the Creek who does not hold his word to be his heart's blood? Shall he lie even with the written word? I speak as one who fought when it was time to fight. I met the Jackson when our Nation's life hung in the scale. I fought him as a chief would fight. He drove us starving into the woods, nor would he offer peace until he had my head—the Red Eagle's head. I saw and knew. My life must atonement be that the Creeks might live. What did he, this great man? He gave it back to me and with it gave a greater thing—his hand and his friendship true. Is Red Eagle the viper to bite a hand like this? What else did he, that one should love him now? In treaty

² See Pickett's "History of Alabama."

fair, he fed and clothed us, gave us more land than many nations have. To-day, the Creek is in his home again and behind him stands the man who fears not devil fierce, nor English brave. Born he was full-armed for war, and on legs the gaffs of victory. Let the English come—he will drive them into the sea, and there will Red Eagle be when it is done. I vote for war side by side with Jackson.”

The warriors shouted and swarmed forward to vote. The feathers had by far the larger pile.

XXVI

OVER THE THRESHOLD

THE ceremony was over. The White Eagle was one of the chiefs of the Creeks.

Sehoy led the band of maidens that danced before him to the lodge door. They danced the Dance of the Lakes, the Dance of the Green Corn, the Dance of the Warrior's Return. They sang weird songs of battle, of marches, of hunting, and of love.

It was Sehoy who sang the song of love—Sehoy, the betrothed.

She then dressed in an exquisite tunic of blue and old gold; double strings of pearls were around her neck; brilliant beads bound her temples; her girdle was of rare shells from the far gulf; even her dainty moccasins and leggins were buttoned with pearls; over her nude shoulders hung the rare sable which a chief from the far North had brought to an ancient chief of the Creeks for the privilege of hunting in the hunting grounds of the South. Her hair, unbraided, fell in a wave of shadowy midnight down her back to the silver buckles of her leggins. The maiden braids had been unloosed, and waited only to be gathered up by her lord and chief and bound under the coronet to make her a wife.

This is why Sehoy danced so beautifully and with such wild litheness. Old men, seeing it, smiled and wondered. They saw the passionate love that glowed in her eyes, that fired with lightness and beauty the poetry of her every move. They saw her dance, scarce touching the greensward with her princess feet. Her low song was

twice poetry—the poetry of motion, the poetry of words.

It pleased them. It was but history repeating itself. Many of them remembered the young white men who had come among them and had been made chiefs. They looked now upon the comeliest and gentlest of them—the White Eagle. With tribal pride they were happy for the love that would be given their princess Sehoy in the betrothal that soon would end in the young White Eagle binding the hair that now floated in maidenhood.

At the door of the house the maidens sang a weird, solemn song in the Creek tongue, then seized Sehoy and lifted her over the threshold. Still singing, they vanished into the twilight.

The White Eagle stood, tired and bewildered, before the lodge of the Red Eagle. The three days of terrible hunt, the fierce fighting, and the wound of only a few weeks before when in battle he had won his right to chieftaincy, and the impressive ceremony had weakened him, mind and body.

Resolutely he stood drinking in the sweetness of this restful twilight hour. No girl, no princess, not even the pure, transparent heart of Sehoy was more innocent than the White Eagle. But in his heart, his man's heart, rankled injustice done him, a love denied, a ban and a bar placed on his life as a white man.

"Come!" Sehoy reached over the railing and took his hand. "Come, beloved, it is our betrothal night. The Red Eagle has gone on a hunt and the lodge is ours for happiness and love."

She led him into his own room. She seated him and vanished, soon returning with a gourd of fresh spring water. Tenderly she bathed his face, his hands. Love, joy were shown in her every laugh and action.

She took off his headgear of the chief. She wound his thick auburn locks with soft, white eelskins in which she deftly wove the white feather of his rank, and took the heavy hunting shirt with knives in their sheaths from belt,

and in a loose blue robe she adorned him for their first meal alone. Leading him by the hand, she seated him in the family cane chair; and drawing a cane stool to his feet, she sat down as would a child.

Her eyes laughed, her delicate bosom quivered with joy. Resting her arms upon her knees, her face in both hands, she looked up into his, then dropped her eyes, glowing with the red flush of happiness and love.

The boy could not understand himself nor his mental attitude toward life and men since he received the blow that sent him into exile—an Indian. Helpless, he gazed down into her eyes in pity that was half-love, in wonder.

Gazing, he seemed to lose himself, to be another person, a disembodied spirit. The beautiful eyes held him as in a trance.

He felt his own spirit slip from him; he felt his own soul going away—down—down the long vista of untold centuries. This, then, was Egypt—and she an Egyptian princess of the Pharaohs. His soul lived again—five thousand years again. Forgot was all—forgot his weariness and sorrow. Oh, sweet forgetfulness! Oh, peace that was priceless!

In a great surge of joy he took her in his arms, he bent to place his lips on her—and then——

"The gaffs, my little Duke—give him the cold steel!"

He sprang up, holding the girl by the arm.

Why had his soul harked back to Andrew Jackson and the soul-strong command that had come in the hell of that fight in the home stretch?

White with shame, his heart pounding, he placed her in his own chair. The eyes that had so nearly charmed him were closed. The beautiful, sinuous arms were round his neck. She held him tightly to her slender, pulsing breast.

Her whispered words came like distant music to his ears: "My hair, White Eagle, bind it, bind it first about my temples. Bind it that the Princess Sehoy may not be

ashamed among her people. O White Eagle, my own, love me—love me!”

He broke from her hand. He staggered, panting to the door. With the cool wind came: “*The gaffs—the gaffs—the cold steel, my little Duke.*”

He came back to her. She sat upon the stool weeping. The boy’s heart went out to her.

“Sehoy, my princess Sehoy, the Great Spirit has placed upon us both the burdens that we must bear: I, as chief; you, as princess born. Shall the White Eagle tell you of his life and love?”

She came as a child and again sat down at his feet.

“You know not, Oh White Eagle, the law of our tribe—the love law of those of the royal blood of the Wind. Shall the Sehoy go forth again among her people to show her face no more as princess born because her love was given in vain? The young men and maids to laugh her to scorn that her hair was not bound on her nuptial night? And the old chief and the prophets and wise men—they would scorn her to death. She would live among them only as an unnamed thing. And Red Eagle, your friend, Oh White Eagle, he would kill the little Sehoy.”

“Not while he is my friend and I am here,” he said tenderly. “Sehoy, by the sworn vow I have made, by all the true impulses of my heart, I would give my life for you.”

“Give me your life then,” she smiled naïvely, “and I, the Sehoy, will give you all of hers in return. You know not how deep, how more than life itself, is the love of the princess of the Wind. Have I not lands, and wealth, and slaves? Am I not a princess? Am I unlovely, Oh my White Eagle? Is the Sehoy not beautiful as the Sehoy of the white in the far land from which you came? Who,” she cried, “who dares to love you as the Princess Sehoy, who, like the princess she is, can love but once and for all time?”

"You are beautiful," he said frankly. "Only one is more beautiful to the eyes of the White Eagle."

The girl's eyes lighted with quick jealousy. "She loves you not as does the Princess Sehoy. She cannot, she cannot, else, she—she had died of it without you! Oh, she cannot!"

He was silent. A pain swept over his face as memory went back into the past.

Her quick eyes caught it and guessed. "I knew she loved you not, else she would follow you—follow you through fire and war and wilderness—follow you, or die."

Again the pain swept his face. He could not speak.

She arose from the stool and sat upon his knee. Her arms went round his neck. The faint, far-away odor of wild grape blooms came to him. They were as delicately white as the pearls in her hair.

He dropped his head on her shoulder. The odor of wild grape was not memory, but Tripping Toe—Tripping Toe, now—even now in his lap.

She felt his head drawn gently back. Her voice came with rare, flute-like tenderness, like the soft running waters of the river that flowed beneath them in the twilight. She kissed his eyes. "See how the Sehoy loves you? Does the white princess love as much?"

He arose, shamed—humiliated. "You must leave me, Sehoy, or—or I will—I swear I will—the White Eagle will leave you!"

The girl threw her hand to her heart as if shot. Her pink, olive skin became ghostly white. She reached for the keen hunting knife sheathed in its scabbard and hanging from its belt on the wall.

"See," she said, raising it above her heart. "Dost know what that would mean, White Eagle?"

"Don't," he cried, "don't, for my sake! Sehoy, would you add more sorrow to my already overburdened heart? My past is past. I wish never to have it return. My white princess that I love—my little princess Tripping

Toe—Oh Sehoy, I shall never see her again! Perhaps she despises me even now, knowing all. In time, sweet princess, give the White Eagle time. He is wearied and needs rest. His soul is sick and needs sweet medicine. His heart is faint.”

He felt her arms go round him in a rush of memory odors.

“See!” she said. “Sehoy will water your love with her tears. It is her greatest sacrifice of love—her weakness and her shame. Never before has a princess of the Creeks wept. ’Tis the unwritten law of the tribe! tears are for the weakness of the white tribe only. Oh beloved, but I am white in my love for you, even as I am almost white in my body.”

In pity that was half-love he held her. “Sehoy, my heart melts for you, even as for myself. How strange that we both suffer for——”

“That which can be so easily and so sweetly cured,” she was smiling into his eyes through her tears.

“Cure me,” he cried recklessly; “cure me and take me, Sehoy, princess of the Wind, if you only will—if you will cure also this heartache for Tripping Toe; this curse that the white man’s laws have placed upon me; this shame that is eating out my heart; this blow that killed little mother, these accursed, venomous words that came only from the snakes of the white man, poisoning my soul and changing my spirit into smoke and black gloom. I left them for this—to be cured of it—for happiness, for peace. To be far away that I might never see them again! I’m an Indian for this—to be cured of it all—the love for Tripping Toe, the pain of it and the shame of it. Take me, Sehoy, make me forget and laugh again with life. Make me and I am yours—your White Eagle, your mate.”

“This night, White Eagle, I shall cure you. This night you shall forget all—all—even your old name. You shall know only me, your queen, your wife—your Sehoy.

Come, we shall eat and drink—you of the tea of the Ghost Flower.

“Dost know of the Ghost Flower?” she asked. “It is a legend as old as our race and something the white people know not the use of, neither have they ever tasted the tea which makes one forget.”

“Forget all?” asked the White Eagle quickly, a wistful look in his earnest eyes.

“All,” she said—“all one’s past, even one’s name, one’s sorrow, all.”

“I should welcome it, Sehoy, I should welcome it,” he said.

“It is so strange, this story of the Ghost Flower,” she went on. “Once, hundreds of years ago, our first chiefs handed it down, a beautiful flower, the most beautiful in all the woods. It grew in the richest dells protected both by nature and by those who worshiped it for its beauty. It was so rare that all men loved and fostered it. Ah, is it not so in life? See what happened? This protected flower began to live upon other flowers and herbs around it. Selfishly it began to seek all for itself and to give nothing in return. Living on the sustenance of other flowers, it began to degenerate, even to decay. It lost its bloom, its beauty, its leaves. It grew bold and leafless and warlike—a single, fetid, clammy stem above a poisonous root.”

She was silent in deep thought. “It is life, Oh my White Eagle, life. If we give not, we lose and decay. If we give, if our life is one of service, we gain and grow in beauty of body and of spirit. Is it not a lesson, my White Eagle, that we may all learn? And, is it strange that from the tea of this flower, which forgot its past life and knows not even its name, one drinking it should also forget?” She smiled fondly: “Come, be not afraid. You will forget all the cruel past and will remember only the sweet present, the sweeter future, and—Sehoy.”

XXVII

THE GHOST FLOWER

THE betrothal supper was a dainty meal. In the doorway she stood like a happy child, her hand in his. "See!" she said. "Is it not beautiful? The maidens of the tribe have been here."

She had thrown off the ermine that had concealed her shoulders and breast. In the rich blue tunic she stood before him, flashing in pearl and opal and amethyst, the purple dawn of rare shells and the blue skies of the gulf in the jade of girdle and belt.

The decorations of the room were wildly beautiful. Evergreen monograms of the tribe of the Wind, the Deer and the White Swan, hung from the cane-woven walls. The large settles for the White Eagle and his betrothed were entwined with every wild flower that bloomed in the summer days in woods and field. Rugs of panther, bear, and buffalo were on the floors. The walls were an armory of spears, bows, and battle axes so ancient that they easily ran into prehistoric times.

It was wonderful and new to the White Eagle. He wanted to know more of these interesting relics, to study this collection in the crude museum of the Indians. Hand in hand they went round the room.

"Some of these are from the graves of our remotest ancestors," she said. "The prophets say that some of them in age are as much as half a thousand years."

She picked up a tiny ball of pottery in which was graven the crude face of a child: "From the grave of a little

Sehoy who went to her fathers centuries ago. Ah, the little Sehoy, she is happy now and she died before she knew what it meant to love—and find it not.”

There was mistiness in her eyes, her voice was low.

She turned and stood before a gleaming skull which stood in an alcove. Two candles lighted it, and around it were arrowheads, and stone knives, keen and long and pointed; a breastplate of copper, star-pointed, lay below it; a string of rich black pearls on a copper wire circled the base of the head.

She dropped on her knees before it. “Katawah!” she said. Folding her arms, she murmured a little prayer.

She arose to her feet. “Our first ancestor. So many years ago he lived. For untold ages he lay in his tomb cut into the rock near the river bank. The Tallapoosa flowed yonder then,” and she pointed with tapering, high-bred finger toward the distant valley. “Centuries ago it changed its course and, turning, cut into the tomb of Katawah.”

She walked to the table. Slaves had brought in supper. They stood, one at either chair, silent and awaiting her orders.

“Sit down, my lord. It becomes us not on our betrothal day to dwell on those things of the past. Our life is before us, beloved, our life, and forgetfulness of the past.”

She drew her flowered chair to his. She sat so close that her bosom of blazoned chains seemed part of him. She picked up a rounded pot of ancient pottery. She poured into a blue and gold shell something that sparkled and filled the room with the odor of grape bloom.

“Dost know the scuppernong, my lord, and its story? Many, many centuries ago, the first princess of the Sehoy, tribe of the Wind, was betrothed to the great chief of the Cherokees, but she loved him not. To save her nation she had gone to him with unbound hair. Her heart was with her lover, the South Wind yonder. On her bridal

night she heard the voice of the South Wind calling her. It came mournfully among the pines, it wailed and was broken-hearted. Ever it called: '*Sehoy—Sehoy—I die for love of you. Let not the Cherokee bind thy hair. Rather let it be death and me, the South Wind.*' From her lord's lodge she fled with unbound hair and sought the voice of the South Wind. The Cherokee, vengeful, followed on her path. He pursued her, weak and fainting, through valley, forest, and brake. He slew her, weeping, in a mighty grove, and from her tears, moons afterwards, there came the first leaf of the scuppernong. Let us drink of the tears of the first Sehoy."

She pressed it to his lips.

He hesitated. He looked into her eyes. They were smiling down on him and were strangely, weirdly beautiful. In them were triumph and love requited, and the hot, sweet passion of kisses. Her lips curled, whimsically beautiful, the corners twisted into a little smile like the tendrils of the wild grape. Tenderness, love, triumph were in her face, and, like the purple dawn of her beaded armlet, it shone so in happiness that he began to see them as one.

He drank long, quaffing to the roseate bottom of the pink and gold shell. A strange feeling of exhilaration flooded him. Not alone the shell, but the room, the table—all were pink and gold. It was sunlight everywhere and the golden light had turned the night into day. He looked into her eyes, his own; he swept over the beautiful creature before him in wonder and devotion that made him wish to go down on his knees before her, even as she knelt before him. He felt her lips meet his. He wished that they might never be withdrawn. His brain swam in a mystic circle of blue and gold that revolved around and around like a lighted flame, making quick, kaleidoscopic changes of amethyst, pink, and—he could not believe it—the colors, the revolving circles of blue and gold were at last Sehoy—and he held her in his arms.

Tenderly, very tenderly, she was holding him to her heart as if he were a babe ill with a strange, wild illness and she a sweet mother solicitous, so tenderly solicitous, that he might swoon again.

He lifted his eyes in the thrill of exultation. The Sehoy was gone; the room was no more; beyond, even the river and the woods were not. Space lay before him: space which was stillness and silence and void of sound, or sight, or light, or motion, or memory.

"That," she said, divining his thought, "that, Oh my sweet lord, that which you see now is your past." Her voice came as from afar off in some heaven of sweetness and rest with a love that would perish in the great void—for him!

He felt her arms around him, her heart throbbing so loud that it rang as a bell in the tower of his soul. And, as it rang, its mellow tone said only: "*Sehoy—Sehoy—Sehoy!*"

How strange that she read his thoughts! "That past is gone. Happiness is yours now, beloved. That which you hear—that golden bell in your heart—is Sehoy's heart in tune with yours. All that you see—all—it is Sehoy, only."

For the first time in all his brave life he feared—*feared!* Was he dying? Was he alive? Why could he not see through that silence and stillness and void back—back—to—to—to—back to what he was before this awful, uplifting, exhilarating wine-quaff came over him? Who was he? Whence came he? What shadowy things lay beyond the silence and stillness but could not quite cast shadows on his mind?

"Strive not to remember, my sweet lord." Her voice now tinkled like a silver bell in the night. "They are past; only the Future lives for me and thee. Dost know your name? Answer me, sweet."

"The White Eagle," he said so naturally that he started.

She kissed him, laughing gayly: "Born an Indian chief, Sehoy's chief and lord."

It seemed equally natural for him to smile and nod. It was truth itself. When had he ever been anything but an Indian, a chief? When had he ever loved before? All—always—and endless always he had loved his bride, Sehoy.

Did he say it, or did she read his thoughts, that she clasped him so merrily to her bosom while the bell in his bosom now chimed mellow marriage tunes?

"Sweet, my lord, my White Eagle," her voice said, "you have drunk of the Ghost Flower in the wine—your name it——"

"The White Eagle," he said, rising and lifting her with the strength of ten men in his arms. "I was born a chief, Sehoy, my wife, my light!"

He held her in his arms as if she were a child, and as a child he clasped her again, with kisses, to his heart. Her heavy, beautiful hair fell in his face. He stroked it, patted it, gathered it in his hand and began to wind it around her temple.

"Not yet," and she seized his hands. "The Sehoy does not know that the Ghost Flower has made you forget—to-morrow—you, who are so strong——"

"I tell you I do," he cried fiercely, beside himself with love. "I love only you. I remember nothing—only you. I am happy, Sehoy."

He met her kisses on his lips.

"Dost feel strong?" she whispered tenderly. "It is a grapple in the dark, and Oh beloved, sometimes 'tis Death that sits at the betrothal feast."

He held her still. "Sehoy, I step on light; I walk on air. I can knock down whole forests with my feet. I can kick a continent across the globe, as boys a ball. My past trials are bubbles—gone!"

"And now we will eat," she said, "and be stronger still."

But still he held in his hand her glowing hair.

"No—no," she said. "Let my hair be. If by to-morrow—if still you are strong, then will the Sehoy know that you are hers—the Ghost Flower has not lost its charm. Then, then you may bind my hair."

He had eaten, and now he slept. She had led him to the couch. He saw it all hazily and as one in a dream. Of his two brains, one slept; the other, that strange, mystic, eternal, and immortal cluster of cells that is called the subconscious—it was more than awake. It stood fierce and angry with him, desperately resolved, humiliated, maddened, fighting for his spiritual life. Its mission is twofold: to save life and to reproduce it. To-night it would save and reproduce—but never, never at the cost of the crucifixion of all that was eternal and true—manhood, honor, love. He knew not how near he came to death that night, and to unholy love.

He slept, the part of him that was mortal—the objective, the clay, the weakness of him, the mind; but his subconscious pictured another story into his sleeping ear. A woman came in a white robe. She bent and placed her ear to his heart. "Part of him is dead, but the best of him lives," she said.

As he lay, she stood ever before his couch, watchful, tender, and with infinite solicitude in her eyes.

He lay as he slept, nor could he move. Dreamily, that part of him which slept now started! An Indian was in the room. It was Cholocta, sullen, cruel. He held a dagger in his hand. In vain he tried to waken—arouse. Oh, for his own knife, his rifle!

"Go!" She stood between the Indian and the bed. "Go!" She held his own rifle pointed at the Indian's heart. "Go! You know the Sehoy loves you not; nor will she mate with any chief who has the hated Choctaw in his veins. Go! before you die here." He knew it was a dream—that the Cholocta was dead.

The nightmare of it all—and he could not arouse. He slept again.

It was nearly day. He felt the rosy flushes in the east. Some one had lain down beside him. Arms were around his neck. He smelt the odor of the grape blooms in tangled hair.

"My love, my love—it is your Sehoi."

He reached, clasping her to himself. Around and around he wound her hair. She breathed passionately, hotly, madly. . . .

Then came to him again the faint smell of the wild grape bloom. Slowly, slowly the great void that held nothing but silence and night rolled away into an eternal silence and in its place came the first red flush of morning and memory. Slowly, with heart-breaking pain, the mists went out of his mind. He felt the battle going on amid his two minds—the one that slept, that one which had never slept.

"Awake! Awake!" cried the immortal one. *"Awake, O carnal spirit, my companion of the soul, or forever hold your peace in carnal chains and captivity."*

Slowly the sleeping man turned. Like a lotus flower came the faint dawn with memory.

He folded the princess in his arms: "Tripping Toe, you have come at last." . . .

Their lips met.

"The gaffs—the cold steel, my little Duke. In life as——"

He sat up as if plunged in ice water. The lips he had touched were not the lips of Tripping Toe. Hers were like the pure, white morning glory. These were the lips of the tiger lily. He swooned and slept. . . .

The princess arose, her face set in the calm silence of despair.

"Tripping Toe!" She had heard that name. It would live forever in her soul. It was magic, for it prevailed above the Ghost Flower. She stooped and for the last time kissed the sleeping man.

"Oh my lord, and so it is given to the Sehoys to love and to die. But even as she loves you, so will she find

and bring to you the Tripping Toe of your soul."

She went out, her unbound hair falling in splendid sorrow. . . .

When the White Eagle awoke, Weatherford stood by his couch.

"Awake, White Eagle!" said the chief. "You have slept full long. There is war on the coast and the White Captain needs us."

The White Eagle arose, springing lithe and with new life in his limbs. His mind was not yet clear. He spoke as one in a sleep. He looked confusedly around. He stared at the couch, the room, and beyond the sunlight breaking over the hills and flashing in the murmuring river.

"Where—where is Tripping Toe? She was here but last night."

The chief stood gravely silent. Then speaking to the boy: "You have had sweet dreams. The White Eagle's spirit went back in dreams to his spirit's mate. It is well. But come, maidens dream of love; 'tis the glory of chiefs to fight, and the White Captain calls."

XXVIII

THREE SWORDS AND FIRST BLOOD

THREE swords hung over Jackson's head in the summer and fall of 1814. The falling of any one of them might have proved fatal.

The Creek War was finished, but not ended. Seven hundred Creeks and Seminoles were still in arms in Florida, encouraged, armed, fed, and drilled, as it was afterwards learned, by the British.

There were now two factions in the Creek Nation. Friendly Creeks had helped Jackson in the fight; hostile Creeks had fought him to a finish. Of the fighting Creeks, Red Eagle had been the leader; of the friendly ones, Big Warrior.

Now it was reversed. Red Eagle had heroically surrendered and stanchly stood by his word.

That splendid remnant of the Creek Nation in the Hickory Grounds were ready under his leadership to give their lives for Jackson and their new country.

From the day he offered Red Eagle his hand, Jackson had been more than generous with his brave people. In the Treaty of Fort Jackson, just finished by him, he saved for their nation one hundred and fifty thousand square miles of land as rich as any on the continent. To Red Eagle, he restored his own and his father's plantations, slaves, horses, and cattle. He left the nation better off than before the war because now they were under the guard and protection of Jackson and the army of the Republic.

For the hostile Creeks who had fled and joined his enemy, he had only death or captivity, if caught in battle.

The second sword was a still greater menace and more puzzling. To any one but Andrew Jackson it might have been insoluble: It was the unconquered Creek and Seminole on his flank, a menace which might develop into a separate campaign. They had joined the British at Pensacola, and were already in arms against him. It was a serious problem. If the American general did not go to Pensacola, the British would strike whenever and wherever they found the best place.

If he did go in, it might mean war with Spain and his own disgrace for acting without orders.

The last sword was Herculean in its weight and Achillean in its keenness.

Where would England with her great army and navy strike? And could he get his yeomanry there in time—those volunteers from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi?

It was a splendid victory, this first white blood that Andrew Jackson drew. It thrilled the country like a meteor in the darkness of the midnight skies, and was read as plainly as a great comet, sword-shaped, hanging in the heavens.

Was it the hand of God, or blind chance, that placed the incompetent braggart, Colonel Nicholls, in command of the first detachment of British to land on the Southern coast? Was it Fate that guided him to Mobile, defended by old Fort Bowyer and the gallant Lawrence, instead of leading him to the unprepared and defenseless New Orleans that lay so easily in their grasp?

Andrew Jackson did not believe in chance; he believed in God, and in himself. He loved to tell how God led him in all those perilous, uncertain days.

Only the advance guard of the Tennessee troops had reached Fort Bowyer. Coffee and his Tennesseans, two thousand strong, were advancing by swift marches, pouring southward through Alabama, down the trails Jackson had made famous in his battle of the winter before; but they were four hundred miles away, and only the stanchest of the company commanded by Captain Trevellian had been able to reach the vicinity of Mobile with their general.

With a pen of fire Jackson wrote to the Governors of Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Kentucky. His message was electric and sped as of fire:

*"There is no telling where the spoiler may come," he wrote; "dark and heavy clouds hover around us. The energy and patriotism of your States must dispel them. Our rights, our liberties and free constitution are threatened. This noble patrimony of our fathers must be defended with the best blood of our country. You must hasten and call forth your troops without delay."*¹

He, himself, left his home, frail and sick as he was, and with tact and skill had consummated a treaty with the Creeks that was far-sighted and liberal; and again mounting his horse, he had ridden two hundred miles farther in time to march with Trevellian's picked company ahead of Coffee's troops: but even before he arrived the blow fell on Fort Bowyer.

On September twelfth, they entered the channel leading to Mobile Bay. The British vessels of war, the *Hermes*, the *Sophie*, the *Carron*, and the *Childers*, anchored. On the fifteenth they drew in almost under the guns of the fort and stripped for battle. Within musket shot of the fort they turned their broadsides on.³

The fort was commanded by Major Lawrence of the same family as he of the Chesapeake, and, like an inspiration, their watchword was, "Don't give up the fort."

¹ Parton's "Jackson."

³ Bassett's "Life of Jackson," page 133.

After three days of preparation they thundered and fought—the seventy-eight guns of the ships against the twenty of the fort. The bay resounded with their thunder.

Jackson reached Mobile that day and hurried Trevellian and his company across land and water to the fight. At half-past four o'clock the fighting began; at half-past five the *Hermes* was stranded, a burning wreck upon the waters; the others, like crippled ducks, fluttered out of the bay.

Before the fight, a force of British soldiers landed to attack the fort in the rear, or to cut off escape. Among them were the unsundered Creeks, Seminoles, and East India negroes in the red uniforms of British soldiers. These suffered more cruelly than the ships; for, as they charged, Trevellian's Tennesseans swept them on one flank, and before they recovered, a company of well-drilled, fighting Creeks, led by two mounted chiefs, charged them fiercely.

Of the two hundred and eighty men who stormed that little fort, two hundred and forty were killed or wounded. Of the Americans, only fourteen suffered the same fate.

There was rejoicing that swept from the gulf to the furthestmost edge of the wilderness. For the first time they had met the British in battle. Now they felt that they could whip them.

General Jackson sat in his tent among the magnolia trees. The Bay lay serene after the hurricane of battle. Only his superb will had kept him in the saddle. His diet was milk and rice. His high leather boots flapped around his lean legs. In his blue-gray eyes alone was the fire of the unafraid.

"Two Indian chiefs wish to see you, General," said Major Reid, his aid-de-camp.

The General met them at the door. He smiled as he shook Red Eagle's hand. "I thought you'd come," he said,

"but I did not know that you would bring with you such a splendid body of Creeks. They fought like regulars. Who drilled them?"

"It was the White Eagle," said the Indian, turning to the younger chief, who advanced, smiling, to meet his commander.

The General looked at him in surprise. "I thought I knew all your chiefs, Weatherford," he began, "but this one——"

The White Eagle stood in the full regalia of a chief. Like the Red Eagle, his face, neck, arms, and hands were crimsoned with the vermilion hues of their soft red ocher. He stood up a most splendid statue of young manhood. Close-fitting buckskins, tasseled and embroidered, fitted his body. Under the deep red of his war paint showed the bronzed, firm skin of the white. From his waist hung the long, keen, turquoise-handled rapier of the ancient De Soto. He carried no other weapon save a rifle. On his head he wore the elaborate headdress of a chief, covering fully his neck and head, and falling so low over his forehead as to change the appearance of his countenance. The feathers reached to his waist and were the pure white wings of the wild swan.

"I cannot remember ever to have seen this chief," said the General.

The White Eagle reached out his hand with a quiet laugh: "General, don't you know me now?"

Jackson sprang forward, grasping his hand: "My little Duke—Philippe—I would not have known you. God bless you, my boy! I have worried and wondered often, but I knew you would come."

He stood alternately shaking the young man's hand and patting him with fatherly touch. "Ay, and you came with fire. You could not have helped me more than by bringing those Creeks. And so you are a Creek chief," he smiled. "Splendid—splendid! You are not the first white man who has made a great Indian. My friend

Sam Houston² was raised among them and is devoted to them. It would not surprise me to see him turn Indian any day."

"I told you, sir, that I was going to war and to fight under you, and it seemed to me"—the young chief hesitated, his voice dropped—"under the circumstances, that—perhaps, I would be happier as an Indian—than—as an outcast."

Jackson spoke sternly. "My son, never say that again. God rules. His ways are just. He places burdens on us to test us, and if we bear them like men we grow to be men in the bearing. In the meantime, be the man that you are. Andrew Jackson will be proud of you whether a white man or an Indian."

"I thank you, sir," and Philippe gripped the outstretched hand.

"I saw your charge yesterday as you came from behind the sand hills and struck the redcoats in the flank. God! but it did me good!" He turned to his aide: "Major Reid, they tell me there were more dead there than anywhere else in the fight."

"It was my first fight, General. The honor of it belongs to Red Eagle, not to me. Oh, I like being an Indian," his boyish enthusiasm broke in, "such a wild, free life; such brave, sturdy friends. They are so truthful, so careful of other's feelings, so devoted in their friendship. I

² This prophecy proved true. While Governor of Tennessee in 1829, Sam Houston, made desperate by the knowledge that his bride did not love him, resigned his office, sent his wife to her parents, and left the State forever to live among the Indians of the West. He took a wife from among them, and lived there until called to command the Texans in their fight for independence, when he went on to fame and immortality at San Jacinto. He did not visit Tennessee for several years afterwards. When he did so he passed through it heading a delegation of Indians in the full regalia of an Indian chief going to Washington to plead with his old comrade, Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, to protect the Indians in their treaty rights. It is needless to say that his mission was successful.

think I shall live with them always. But, General, I would rather it be not known yet, that it is I."

"We shall honor that request, Philippe. You two shall dine with me to-day. Come, let us have lunch."

In the two hours they spent in his tent neither man referred to Philippe's past. After luncheon Jackson talked earnestly with the Indian.

"Where have they gone, Red Eagle?"

"To Pensacola," he answered, pointing in that direction.

"Are you sure of that, Red Eagle?"

"I know it. We captured many of our own people yesterday. They did not understand. They have eaten the false words of the British. They have not lied to their chief. The British are gathering there."

"I shall send you on a perilous journey," said Jackson quietly. "You must disguise yourself and follow. I want information of their forces and their intentions."

"The Red Eagle is proud to go where the White Captain says. And shall the White Eagle go with him?" he asked.

"No—no," Jackson spoke quickly. There was a tenseness in his voice.

"It is too great a risk. It means being shot if he is caught. I cannot risk my boy there, at that."

"The risk is what will make it worth while, General," said Philippe. "Let me go!"

"No, no." The general smiled kindly, but his voice was firm. "I am willing for you to fight in battles with me, but the treacherous cunning of the Spaniard is a thing not known to your nature."

His voice lost its rancor. He spoke slowly as if thinking aloud: "It's strange they are blood of our blood, bone of our bone, and yet they know us not because they see us not through the eyes of the Anglo-Saxon, William Pitt, but through those of their blood-pudding eating German King. It is decreed of God that I shall meet him in a final battle—one that began with the Magna Charta and

will end—here—soon.” He turned his head, smiling: “After that—after that—there will be an understanding for all time between the English-speaking peoples. That will be the last battle between them. That will end the Revolutionary War—the battle of the People against Autocracy. In the not far distant future I see one more to come—world-wide in its scope, and there we shall stand shoulder to shoulder with the British—and win. The Spaniards—they are Latin, and are different. Yes, you shall go to Pensacola, Philippe. By the Eternal God, you shall go—but with *me*.”

“But I go, I go,” Red Eagle spoke eagerly; “and when they catch Red Eagle, then they may hang him.”

“Report to me quickly, Weatherford. I must have correct information. There is no one of my Indians I trust as you, and few white men.”

The chief smiled and passed out.

As he did so Captain Trevellian came in, saluting General Jackson: “There is a serious matter I would bring to your attention.” He barely glanced at the young Indian, who had arisen and stood stoically indifferent to the presence of the white man.

Jackson’s quick eyes detected it. Suavely and tactfully he broke in: “This is the White Eagle, Captain Trevellian, the young Creek chief who led the Indians so gallantly in the attack yesterday.”

Trevellian smiled: “I have to thank him, General, for that splendid fight. He came in the nick of time.”

The Indian did not speak. A sullen silence shone in his eyes. Jackson, seeing it, turned to him and half-whispered: “The White Eagle will oblige me if he will hold himself in readiness for a few days. My compliments again—you may retire when you please.”

As he went out, Jackson turned to Trevellian: “*Now*, what is it, Jack?”

Trevellian was silent for a moment. “General, I am

afraid the old Creek trouble has broken out at Fort Jackson."

The General's face blazed. He rose to his feet. "What do you mean, Jack, mutiny?"

The young officer nodded. "There is a camp lawyer evidently among them again. He has convinced them that under the General Muster Law Act of Congress in 1795, the State Militia, when embodied in the service of the United States, could be held for only three out of the twelve months for which it called. They do not seem to understand the new law of 1812, amending the old law and authorizing the President to embody a detachment for the militia to serve six months. I believe the men are ignorant, General, the most of them—but if we can get hold of the officers involved——"

"We will act at once, sir. We will stop, now and forever, what I had to contend with in the Creek War. You know how near it came to our defeat and ruin. There were some mitigating circumstances then; my poor fellows were starving, but when food came they gallantly atoned in battle for their mutinous conduct in the hour of their hunger; but here—now—and the British almost at our door?" The General could scarcely speak for anger.

He stalked around the tent white with fury. He began to buckle on his sword. He called for his horse.

"You are not going now, General?"

"By the Eternal God, I am! And you and your company with me! Order, also, the Thirty-Ninth Regulars. I will hang every one of that mutinous bunch higher than Haman's feet ever dangled in air." He stopped.

"Jack, do you know the chief culprit—the camp lawyer who is doing this?"

"Chief of them, General, I fear, is Bristow. He and Manriquez' lieutenant have been plotting and that French Count is mixed up in it."

The General's eyes widened. "As for Bristow, I suspected it. I would have hung him in the first mutiny but

for you. As for that Count! He is a deep, scheming villain. I have a private insult to wipe out with him."

He had never told Trevellian of the incident at Stone's River in which Juliet Templeton was involved.

"I will give the best horse I own to get hold of him once. Give me the facts as you learned them, Jack. Let us be sure of our game."

"Captain Jones and Lieutenant Winchester," said Trevellian, "would not stand for it and have ridden here and given me this information. They both say that Bristow has approached them on the subject and that he has told the men that if they would mutiny they should all go home under the protection of British troops, who, they tell them, are surely going to destroy you. That Gomez and the Count lately returned from Cuba——"

"The British troops will need more protection than my poor deluded men," shouted the General. "Where is this Gomez?"

"Gone yesterday to Pensacola," said Trevellian.

"By what authority does this Spaniard come spying and instigating mutiny in my army? I will have him shot if I catch him there or in Pensacola."

Trevellian smiled: "He seems most anxious for us to go to Pensacola. That's part of the game: the mutiny is to be pulled off after we reach Pensacola, that the British and Spanish may easily destroy what is left of us."

Jackson smiled grimly: "If this wasn't serious, Jack, it would pass for humor."

He sat down and hastily wrote an order. "Take this to Colonel Williams of the Thirty-Ninth Regulars. Be ready to march with your company in an hour."

The next morning before daylight he reached Fort Jackson. Swift as he was, news of his coming had preceded him. The talk had ceased, the number of clamorous troops had dwindled to a few leaders and malcontents. Seeing the inevitable, Bristow had fled with Gomez, saving

his neck by two hours. Over two hundred of Colonel Pipkin's regiment were placed under arrest, including two officers, but at the court-martial it was proved to be almost entirely the work of Bristow, and the evidence of guilt, when sifted, at last pointed to two officers and six enlisted men. The officers were convicted of guilty knowledge and dishonorably discharged and disfranchised. The men were later shot. Thus did Andrew Jackson wipe out mutiny from his ranks.

There was in the White Eagle's mind a strange doubt as to the meaning of certain actions he had seen in Red Eagle. He had seen the chief watching him at times when he thought the White Eagle was not noticing; and once on a hunt with some of his warriors, at a time when they seemed silent and sullen, the Red Eagle had ridden out of the forest with a strong band of his own warriors casually, seemingly, but to the White Eagle there was something mysterious about it.

To-day, after leaving Jackson's headquarters, he had ridden back to his own tent. Two warriors met him in a dark grove of magnolia trees. They beckoned him to stop. One caught, rather insolently, the White Eagle thought, his horse's rein. The white man frowned. His hand fell to his sword hilt.

"No young eagle of the nest should touch with weak beak the wing of the grown eagle. Neither should he try to stop him in his flight," said the White Eagle.

"The young eagles would lead their father to the place where his mate awaits," said the warrior with a faint, quick gleam in his eyes. Like all the tribe, he thought that the White Eagle had married Sehoy.

"There is a time for the White Eagle to mate, and there is a time when the White Eagle must fight. You have seen with your eyes the battle that was fought and you shall hear with your ears the noise of others. The White Eagle must fight for his nest."

He sat smiling, but quietly noticing every word and movement of the two.

"If the White Eagle knew who awaits him, the White Eagle would leave the warpath for a moon's visit to the lodge of the White Eagle's mate."

"Who is the mate of the White Eagle?" he asked the Indian indifferently.

"The Sehoy," the warrior replied with stoic countenance.

The chief started: "The Sehoy—and where is the Sehoy?"

The Indian pointed toward Pensacola. "In the town by the sea where the flag of the red and yellow waves. There are those who would bring her ruin. She needs the help of the White Eagle, her mate."

"Did the Sehoy send this message to the White Eagle?" he asked sternly.

The Indian nodded, tapping first his head, then his foot—his token of the whole body of truth.

"Show me, then, the token that Sehoy sent that I may know your talk is true and not the laugh of the wolf."

The Indian took from his breast one of the soft, fine doeskin gauntlets tasseled with the small blue and white shells which he had seen the Sehoy wear in their rides.

The White Eagle seized it eagerly. As he did so, two other Indians arose from the shrubs around him.

"Come!" they all said. "We will lead you. Quick! The Sehoy needs you!" They laid hands on his horse. Their eyes were eager.

Some one struck Pacolet from behind. The horse leaped forward, clearing the four men around him. The White Eagle heard blows and the rush of men clinching in fight. When he drew rein and rode back, the four Indians lay bound on the ground. Red Eagle towered above them. A dozen of his warriors stood around.

"These dogs," said the Red Eagle, in a voice of stern authority, "follow the track of a horse with a ring for a

shoe. They shall live for a year in our lodge of logs where no window nor door is, and when they come forth to the chase again they will be glad to follow the horse with a clean hoof." He turned to two of his warriors: "Chain these together and be gone with them!"

Silently the warriors moved away with their captives.

Wondering, the White Eagle told of their talk and showed the glove of Sehoy.

The chief smiled: "The Sehoy is safe. The Red Eagle knows her mission. The dogs lied. They stole that glove to trap the White Eagle."

"To trap me?" he asked, astounded. "Who——"

"Come!" said the Red Eagle lightly. "Henceforth leave not unattended to go even the shortest journey. The Red Eagle knew of this. He left unsprung the trap that the wolves might walk into it. Come, stay with me."

Vaguely, bitterly, the White Eagle rode with him to camp. He said nothing, but fell asleep with a tinge of the old fear and mystery in his eyes.

XXIX

PAMELA AWAKENS

PAMELA looked out on the bay. At first she wondered what it was, for she had never seen the ocean. The sand was white to the beach and there were no trees.

On the Cumberland the soil was dark and there was nothing but trees—dark, green, restful trees spreading across the valleys; and other trees, stately ones, up—up—on the distant slopes of the Cumberland; but here—there was one glare of sand and little trees that looked like fans. And the water she saw was blue and green. She remembered her geography and whispered to herself in astonishment, "*This must be the ocean!*"

She closed her eyes and wondered. She opened them again, expectant, bright, as a child awakens on Christmas morn. Yes, there were trees, trees about half-grown compared with the Cumberland's, with dark green foliage, low and trim, and something about them that made her think of poetry and the book she read of Arabian Nights. And see, in some of them there are red and yellow balls—what could they be? And in others, great yellow-white balls nearly as large as her hand. She sighed and turned on her pillow.

Something flared beneath her window with red, white, and gold wings waving in the wind. "*It is an angel, surely,*" she whispered—for she did not know whether she lived or not. Then she heard a strange voice say, "*Poinsettias, señorita,*" and she went to sleep again: but not for long. Her strength was coming—and back in the farthest subconscious mind she began to move—to know

that she was alive—but how?—where? She opened her eyes again.

What glorious sunshine! What! "*Is that the sea?*" she asked herself in a whisper, for louder she could not speak.

And the same voice said: "*No, señorita, it is the bay, but it leads into the sea.*"

The voice sounded old, and though it was soft it was not sweet or trustful.

A hand was laid on her forehead. It was an old hand, soft and yet firm, and somehow she felt that it was not to be trusted.

"I speak not very well the English, señorita, for the Juanita is of Spain. If beyond the bay you look, to where those three great warships stand with their tall sails and battleflags—English they are, Juanita knows all their flags—that is the sea."

The old hand went under the girl's head. Her arm was embowered in rich auburn hair as she raised her gently to see the farthest ships and the blue scroll of the sky, far, far away which met the faint blue scroll of the sea. The firm old arm laid her down again.

Pamela's pleased smile met Juanita's.

"Juanita is glad that the señorita knows again the things that her eyes behold."

Pamela looked up at the woman—old, for Spain, wrinkled and with white hair above eyes that were yet young and black—she could not have been over fifty. The eyes were crafty and cruel, though they smiled obsequiously. There were gleams of sharp sternness in them. Instinctively the girl shrank back on her pillow. The woman saw it and smiled reassuringly.

Pamela tried to point feebly with her hand as she said: "And those beautiful yellow balls in the trees?"

"Oranges," said the old woman, "and those trees beautiful with flowers glorious, poinsettias, as I said—and the great white ones, magnolias."

All her life Pamela had wanted oranges. On the Cumberland only the rich ate them, for the Mississippi did not flow up-stream and there were far more important and needful things than oranges to pack on horses and by wagons five hundred miles over the Natchez road.

She smiled, like the child she was. The old Juanita laughed low: "Now the señorita will have all the oranges she wishes."

The girl smiled again.

The old Juanita chuckled: "You haf smiled the first time in t'ree months."

Pamela was not strong enough to wonder. She whispered: "They are beautiful. The sea—I never knew it could be so restful—and I am—so tired."

"The señorita will sleep now, sleep and grow beautiful again for my lord, Don Antonio—he wants her to be very well and beautiful."

All of which was lost on Pamela, for she already slept.

It was nearly sunset when she awakened—this time she was much stronger and her voice was clearer. Juanita let her drink a small cup of tea and eat a dainty, a very dainty, wafer. Then she felt stronger.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"In Pensacola, señorita," the old woman answered knowingly. "Is it not where the señorita would come? From home she ran away. Ah, how natural! how romantic! Ran away from the rough country to follow her lover, Don Antonio Gomez. Beautiful—ah, it was all right—sure, it was beautiful to think of—the sacrifice and all—the romance, señorita, eternal; and always the young haf it—and the giving of love. But the señorita was fortunate not—very sick she haf been taken—she know nothing when she come—she haf been dead—but now," she laughed, "she will be well and beautiful again for my lord, Don Antonio."

Pamela paled as she slowly took it in. She tried to sit up, but it was easier to stay on her pillow.

"Pensacola?" she said. "How—how did I ever get here—and this place—this room," and she glanced at the high ceiling, the lofty windows, the great doors of oak, the polished floor, the stone casements, the flag that floated on a high rampart.

"It is the governor's castle," said Juanita; "Governor Manriquez, his aides and officers. This room"—the old woman swept her eyes around it; there were swords, military uniforms, wardrobes with officers' clothing—she laughed as if it were a great joke: "This is the room of Gen. Antonio Gomez."

The girl shrank back in dismay. Faintly she remembered that mustering out night in the Cumberland. She saw the cruel, sly smile in old Juanita's face.

"How long have I been here?" asked Pamela queerly.

"T'ree months—t'ree long, sick months—the señorita came with brain fever—she knew nothing—and then the typhoid—and still she know nothing. Juanita knows, for it was Juanita who haf nursed the señorita—I, Juanita, friend and housekeeper of General Gomez. You tried to follow him, señorita; it was beautiful."

Pamela shuddered. Again her mind went back intensely, quickly, cruelly back to work and to remember—that night on the Cumberland—Gomez—Philippe. Her lips quivered. "*That was May*," she said faintly.

The old woman nodded. She saw the tears start in the girl's eyes.

"You want not to remember all those things now. You will haf health, now, and love."

Pamela's quick instinct came to her aid. "Bear with me, good Juanita; I am weak yet, but I am not ungrateful for what you have done for me. But you must know the truth: I—I ran away—to find Philippe." She ceased with a sob. She could not make her lips move for the great pain in her throat.

"All will be well, señorita; spoil not your beautiful eyes with tears. Let them be clear and lovely for your lover—

not Philippe—we know no Philippe—only the General.”

She patted the girl's cheek: “The General haf set his heart on you—on your being well and beautiful again—you soon be well—you soon be yourself. Two months we think you die every day. He came every day to inquire. Now he will be proud that his little señorita will know him and greet him with a smile.”

“Let me sleep, Juanita.” Her face was pallid. “I thank you for all you have done. It was good of you and of him. I am tired—so tired.” She heard the old woman go softly out.

Pamela closed her eyes, feigning sleep. Slowly, hazily her mind went back—that brutal capture by the Indian and the terrible, gruelling ride of that first day. Instinctively, at first, then with shocking clearness she remembered the rifle shot in the dark in the woods—that grateful, God-sent shot by the river bank that sent the Indian who sat behind her, holding with one hand her pinioned wrist, as they galloped down the trail—that shot that burst like lightning almost in her face and sent the Indian reeling headlong from the horse behind her, and pitching back dead, in the sand beneath the colt's heels; of two men, booted, in rough clothes and under big felt hats, with savage, whisky-red faces and black beards, springing quickly out, one grasping her horse's bit, the other lifting her—stunned, famished, and half-fainting—from the saddle. Without a word and with stolid indifference with which they would handle a shot wolf, they caught the dead Tiogo by the heels and tossed him into the river. One came gingerly up to her and with awkward gallantry jerked his big hat from a head of unkempt hair and with affected gentleness said: “Don't be skeered, little gal, no gent'man 'ud lay hands on sech as you 'cept to pet em.” He leered familiarly into her face.

Two horsemen rode up. They seemed to come out of space; one was a handsome man, well dressed and with the air of a gentleman, but with a keen, reckless eye—a

bold, outstanding chin. He looked her over, sitting dazed and disconsolate on the ground, a thankful, faint smile on her lips. For a full moment he stood cynically smiling: "I imagine you owe me something, little one. That ruffian Indian! God! Where would you have been to-night?"

When he spoke she remembered instantly. The smile stiffened on her lips. This was the cruel Count she had seen who had so much to do with Philippe's going—and these men—Harp's bandits. All the fireside stories of the dreadful Harps flashed through her mind. But the one she remembered most vividly was the one her father had told her when, two years ago, the two had been outlaws in East Tennessee and Kentucky, where they had committed numberless murders and highway robbery. But this story—Oh, she would never forget it: how one morning they had come to poor Mrs. Stegall's home and ordered her to get breakfast for them. She left her sick and crying baby in the room with them while she cooked their breakfast; hearing the baby cease to cry, she thought it slept; after they had eaten and ridden away, she found it did sleep, for the Harps, to stop its cry, had murdered it in its crib. This and much more flashed through her mind. Then the Crockett nerve came back. She smiled and thanked them.

It was on her tongue to tell them why she had left her home, for they wanted to know how, in the thickness of her settlement, Tiogo ever captured her. She remembered in time that it would be telling that Philippe was gone—and where. She feigned fainting and was silent.

Their camp must have been near, for they soon returned, followed by a quadroon girl, a comely, timid girl who bathed Pamela's face and hands with water, all the time seeking her eyes as if in sympathy and understanding.

Revived, they led her into the wood where a camp fire burned. There was supper already prepared and the girl

fed her. The men sat off by another fire, smoking. Now and then they whispered together.

The girl did not speak to her—she was frightened into dumbness. Occasionally one man would ride up the trail and watch—all seemed nervous, smothering the fire even when it blazed. A big man came with blankets which he took from the saddle of his horse and threw at the girl's feet.

"Here, Milly," he spoke to the girl, "fix them blankets under the bushes thar. Git in thar, both o' you, an' go to sleep."

Pamela was glad to get into them. Her head swam, nervous chills were on her. She lay by the silent Milly shivering, then she felt a rough hand on her ankle—she started to shriek.

"No harm—quiet—not a sound!" It came hoarsely from between white gleaming teeth beneath a black mustache. She felt an iron anklet click as it locked around her limb. She heard another click—she was chained to Milly. She slept soundly under the stars.

They were aroused before daylight, given bread, and were soon going into a swift trot southward. All day they went and far into the night. She heard them say that they had left Natchez to the west and were striking for the unsurveyed wilderness of the Choctaw country, and there at the crossing of the trails they overtook the caravan of covered wagons of Gomez, led in person by that distinguished-looking gentleman.

As the two girls sat that night by the roadside, the men of the caravan and the finely groomed Count talked long. They seemed to be most friendly—they had an understanding. Gomez walked up to her smiling—reached out and patted her cheek. She drew back in protest. It only made him laugh.

"You little dancing wench, how lucky! I got you soon and I got you cheap." He walked off indifferently to where the big men in black hats stood.

"How much for the two, Harp?" said Gomez. "You don't want such pretty things as these among your nigger slaves. They are not salable, and the Count's harem," he laughed boisterously, "I've heard it's overfull."

"We won't sell the quadroon now," said the big man; "we can take her to New Orleans after the Americans are whipped and get big money for her there. As to the white gal, that's 'twixt you and the Count. I guess we're pretty tough; an' frum what they say I guess we've done our share o' cold-blooded things, but we ain't never fell so low as to sell a white gal yet. Leavin' out our little religious scruples, as the parsons say, we've jest had the narrowes' escape in our lives gittin' outen the Cumberlan' country; an' knowin' whose gal it is, we'd ruther Crockett'ud go after you than after us. An' Red Harp, he didn't git out," he added.

She saw Gomez walk over and talk to the Count. She saw money pass between them. The two men came back and stood looking her over as if she had been a bartered horse. Suddenly the Count's eyes glanced. He sprang forward and caught the girl's hand. He had seen the ring Philippe gave her. His eyes lit up with curious interest.

"Where did you get that pretty ring?" he said as he began to take it from her finger.

"Don't, please don't!" she cried. "It is very precious—it—it is my engagement ring." Tears filled her eyes. She had said it, hoping that a touch of sentiment might also touch their own hearts. Instead, they both laughed.

"Mademoiselle will consider herself engaged to me now," he said, with marked ironical chivalry, "for I shall keep it."

"Don't! Oh, please give it back. It is all I have left of Philippe."

The Count laughed loud. "A fortunate fellow, this Philippe," he said; "and have you any idea what his other name may be?"

The girl gave him a look of quick defiance. "*Gentleman*," she said, "*Philippe Gentleman*. What a pity both of you have not heard it before!"

This amused him still more.

"Some little tartar you'll have to contend with, Gomez. I don't begrudge you your undertaking."

Gomez reached for the ring. "Ah," he said, "what a magnificent thing!" He studied the monogram: "It seems that I have seen this before, this monogram." He was evidently puzzled. "Of course it goes with the five hundred paid for the girl?"

The Count took it hastily: "No, twice that sum would not buy it. It means a great deal to me—a family heirloom." He thrust it quickly into his pocket and changed the subject. The two walked away.

After supper they did not wait for the morning, but started again. Pamela heard them say they were going to Hurricane Castle. They would reach it that night.

Again the shaking, shivering chill, and Oh, how hot! how burning hot! But it was better traveling, for she was placed in a covered wagon with Milly. She remembered Milly's kindness, her sympathy—and now that she was alone, the slave girl talked in whispers. She told Pamela how all those horses and mules, all the negroes, had been stolen on the Cumberland and in Tennessee; how she, herself, had belonged to General John Coffee on his plantation. She wept as she told how they had picked her up as they went through. She had been sent by her mother on an errand to a neighbor and Little Harp's band had come upon her suddenly and taken her. The girls comforted each other in their mutual fear and grief.

They came to a lake, and down a long stretch they swept—the lake on one side and the river on the other. They wound through a ravine that would never have been seen except for the guide. They ferried across water and under great bluffs of the river. They went through a

large cavern where the water had eaten its way through the bluff. Great barred gates were opened to them. She heard dogs barking. She saw cabins—a large house with stockade of logs around it like a fort. She heard them say that this was Castle Hurricane. She guessed it was the home of the robbers and the Count. Pamela wondered how anybody ever found it—she saw how hidden and secure it was between the river and the lake, with a great bluff barring the way and a secret cabin with barred gates for entrance. She fixed it all in her mind plainly. Why, she did not know; but she was of the wilderness, and half-hidden trails, and trees notched, and caves secret but open were to her plainly written guideposts.

That night the burning fever set in, the shock, the grief—she remembered no more after this.

But chief of all she now remembered the Castle Hurricane itself, and how well it was hidden on an island that hugged the Mississippi. It was filled with stolen slaves and booty of all kind, and the cruel Count's rooms were most elegantly furnished, and there was every evidence of wealth and idleness.

The Count had been most polite and courteous, while he waited, he said, for Gomez to come for her, and had given her a beautiful room with Milly to wait on her.

Then vividly came to her that first night and her determination to escape. A captured slave, who proved to be Milly's brother, and who recognized her, had stolen to their window at midnight and told Milly of a secret passage that opened by a secret door in the floor of their room and came out again at the bluff on the river, outside of the fort.

Through this passage she and Milly all but escaped; but as they back-tracked through the forest the next day they were captured again—Oh, the horror of it—hand-cuffed together, and put in the wagon under guard for Gomez and Pensacola.

But that secret passage under the fort—damp, but in

one niche stacked with bags of gold and silver, cases of new guns—she would never forget.

And, if she lived she would lead her own people to it—to sack it—to destroy it—free the negroes—and there was gold enough for all—a fortune for her and Philippe, for had she not found it? Was it too late now?

When she awakened next day, she did not see Juanita. Instead, a most beautiful Indian girl stood by her bed with her nourishment. Before she opened her eyes she felt that some one was looking intently at her.

At sight of the Indian girl she gasped; she feared that she was dead and that this beautiful thing before her, languid-eyed and gentle, with a strange rich dress and strings of pearls around her hair and graceful neck, was an angel and not a girl at all. She started to speak, but the girl put her finger to her lips; only her eyes spoke words of devotion and caution. She glanced at the open door. In the court officers sat smoking.

To trust this girl was instinct: to do as she nodded or beckoned—and to eat. Satisfied, fearing no longer the eyes of Juanita, she ate hungrily. How fast her strength and her roses came back! The next day the girl came three times with her meals, and the next, and the next, and still not a word.

Juanita said to her when the girl was away: “She is the Sehoy, an Indian princess of rare beauty and lineage whose tribe has been murdered by a ruthless bully named Jackson, destroyed by battle and famine till none of her blood remain alive but she and her brother, Red Eagle; and to escape those murderous men who came again into her country, she has come to Pensacola for protection, she, the last of the Creek princesses.”

Pamela also learned from Juanita that many of the Sehoy's unsundered warriors were there, they and the Choctaws and Seminoles being drilled and trained and armed by the English to go out again and destroy this

butcher, Jackson. The Sehoy, Juanita said, was the guest of the governor and the English generals, for her name was famous and her people would follow her. She was beautiful and many of the officers were in love with her: a French Count, who had come in a few days before, seemed determined to win her.

"On account of her power in the nation it was policy to toast her and humor her—and well, it was good—it was so, always." Old Juanita shrugged her shoulders. "These men, English or Spanish or French, are all alike, and no girl is safe among them, none. Manriquez himself—secretly, he would make love to you if he could. And Gomez," she laughed, "he would take any girl—anywhere nicely, if she would; ruthlessly, if she wouldn't. But this princess is different, and so the Governor is very particular about it. Her good will means a thousand warriors."

"See! They are drilling now on the plaza." She pointed to the open square. Pamela looked and saw the red-coated officers drilling Indians.

"But why," began the girl, "this princess Sehoy"—her eyes dropped self-consciously—"why does she care for me?"

"Oh," and again the old Juanita shrugged her shoulders, "it was strange, but she is kind to all. Two months she came daily to see you—the like of it I never saw—from the very first days she come here. Ah, but you surely would have died but for a tea—a strange herb tea that she said would make you forget and rest, and such sweet herbs she gave you when the fever was highest and you began to remember and to cry out and try to destroy yourself, and call for your Philippe," she laughed.

Pamela blushed and hid her face in the pillow—then she slept again.

That night, with a midnight moon shining in her window, Pamela awakened strong and glad and full of life—a life that had come to her renewed and virile, and yet it

held her in a strange land with peril such as never confronted a daughter of the Cumberland before. Calmly, silently she lay thinking. Never before did she need so much the courage and resources of her, the wilderness-born; of her, the niece of the unafraid Crocketts. And so again she arose, and, kneeling, prayed—a prayer that was of stern faith and absolute trust of the wilderness, a faith that knew only two great things in life, God and the courage of God within her. This God was hers. He would guide her with the Sword of Truth and the fire-brand of Retribution. Let them but lay their unholy hands on her—Pamela, a child of His—and they would see what He would do even with a rifle in the hands of Crockett. And the other was Man: God's men were with her. These other creatures of lust and passion and plunder, what were they in Retribution's path but ashes and mockery? Was not the Old Testament full of their bones and their blood? And had He not said, "*I, the Lord thy God, will protect thee, . . . under the shadow of my wing*"?

And what meant this Sehoy? She knew of Red Eagle, for her uncle had told her of him fresh from the Creek War.

She heard Juanita's step as she unlocked the door, admitting some one, and then locked it again.

She was startled—some one laid a gentle finger on her lips; some one knelt by her couch; some one's arm slipped around her neck, and a faint, soft voice was talking to her: "Tripping Toe—Tripping Toe!"

She sat up instantly and alert: "Who—who are you that you know me as Tripping Toe?"

The voice laughed sweetly. "I—Sehoy, the Red Eagle's sister, Philippe's friend—your Philippe, but our White Eagle."

"Have you seen him, Sehoy? Oh, do you know?"

"Sehoy knows all—how more than life and all things else he loves you. That is why I am here. I—the White

Eagle's friend—I, Sehoy, princess of the Wind, that like the wind goeth where it pleaseth and like the wind giveth its life in the going. Be brave, be well, be strong! There is danger—great danger.”

“I am well now. Sehoy. But Philippe, where is he?”

“Near you with the great White Captain—Jackson; near you, and we must foil these, his enemies. We must go to them. It is death, more than death to you unless you leave soon. Be well!”

“I will go now—now.” She sat up, her heart beating wildly.

The Princess Sehoy pressed her finger to her lips: “Speak not, but listen: Two months the Sehoy has watched and worked and deceived them. You were there in yonder room; last week they moved you here—in *his* room.”

The full meaning of it came over the girl.

“Oh, Sehoy, it means——”

“Gomez,” said the Indian in a tone that changed the bird note into a sibilant hiss of a snake. Her eyes flashed in the moonlight. Pamela shrunk back, for she had seen and heard snakes strike before.

Sehoy held her finger on Pamela's lips as she whispered: “Be brave. I go, but I will return and the Sehoy will not fail you.” She stooped and kissed the brow of the white girl. Like the soft, noiseless rustle of bird wings at dawn, she was gone.

XXX

NEGRIL BAY

JOHN COFFEE wrote beautiful letters to his wife, Mary. Their preservation has been fortunate for history. Big of frame, heart, and mind, he followed the law of such characteristics and loved one little woman. Therefore his full, complete, and graphic letters to his wife.

Nothing so clearly pictures the fighting spirit of Jackson's army as this extract from one of John Coffee's letters to his wife:

"You remember that when, setting out for Natchez nearly two years ago, I bade you farewell, hoping, indeed, to come back to you, but recognizing the chances of war. I did the same when leaving for the Creek war. But now I do not feel that way. I will not be vain enough to say that I think I have a charmed life, but I have faith that I shall see you again without serious harm. Besides all this, I feel in my bones, you might say, that greater things are in store than ever before. There is every reason to believe that the British will make a great attack on our gulf coast this coming winter. It may not be altogether a Christian spirit, but really I would like to see some redcoats in front of us just once, if no more. Like all the rest of the boys, I am tired of thrashing redskins. I am sure the redcoats will land in force somewhere on the coast of the gulf before long. If they do, take my word for it old Tennessee will be heard from as she never has been heard from before. My boys have got so used to killing Indians that they are almost sorry for them. But they have no pity for the redcoats, who, they declare, are to be held responsible for all the devilment the Indians have done. *Every one of my boys wants to get in fair buck range of a redcoat!*"¹

In fair buck range of the British! But if he had seen

¹ See "Coffee's Letters," in *Tennessee Historical Magazine*, by Judge J. H. De Witt.

the British that November day in Negril Bay with their twenty thousand men, sailors and soldiers, and their fifty splendid battleships ready for their plunge on New Orleans, John Coffee would have molded more bullets and added more priming to his priming pan.

The Island of Jamaica lies like an opal in the sea, south-east from the mouth of the Mississippi. Of the Greater Antilles, there is none balmier nor more beautiful. Two headlands jut out from its western coast, and between them lay the British fleet, spread over the bay, their masts decorated with battle flags, their decks red with soldiers. Their training had been at Trafalgar and the Nile, and following the great Wellington in the Spanish peninsula. Seasoned, efficient, an unconquered and unconquerable army and navy; together they made one of the most splendid expeditions that ever left the shores of England.

The *Tonnant* of eighty guns was there, captured by Nelson at the Nile. Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, renowned for his valor and the brilliancy of his work, shared the flagship with Cochrane. The *Royal Oaks*, the *Norge*, the *Bedford*, the *Asia*, the *Ramilies*, all seventy-fours, lay seaward from the *Tonnant*.

Two Admirals were theirs: Malcolm and Sir Thomas Hardy, whose tenderest glory came from the dying lips of Nelson: "*Kiss me, Hardy; I die content.*"

The *Dictator*, the *Gorgan*, the *Annide* were Trowbridge's, now famous in England's annals. The *Sea Horse* was Captain James Alexander Gordon's, who had terrorized the Potomac. There were a dozen others of lesser fame.

Another fleet from Bordeaux was on the high seas to join these at Lake Borgne, and Percy's squadron from Pensacola with Nicholls had been ordered to meet them; and still another, with the Commanding General of the expedition, Sir Edward Pakenham, was on the ocean, coming swiftly under fair and taut sails.

There were four regiments aboard this ship—three thousand men whom John Coffee would rather have met in battle than any others on earth.

He met them later at Chalmette. He knew who they were. He took bloody toll for Bladensburg, for burnt Washington and the River Raisin.

Keane, brave and gallant as any Scot who ever went up to breastworks with fresh laurels of fame in the Peninsula, was on their deck with his four splendid regiments, among them the Ninety-Third Highlanders—the praying regiment of the British army. In an unbroken line they had come down from Cromwell's *Ironsides*. Their forebears under Cromwell had given to England her chiefest greatness and glory.

Save the admirals and generals, no man knew the destination of this fleet. It was not known until Lafitte, pirate and patriot, from his smuggling fortress of Grande Terre, where he ruled as Baron of Barataria, learned it by strategy and sent the news to New Orleans. The city lay as unprotected on the banks of the Mississippi as a Creole maid alone on a cannibal island.

To stop this thunderbolt of war were backwoods soldiers scattered from Pensacola to Mobile. Others, half-armed, were coming on rude flatboats down the Mississippi, while Jackson and his Tennesseans were marching through swamp and mire, following the uncertain footing of the gulf.

As for New Orleans, it was a city asleep with a few half-armed defenders united only in bickerings, contentions, and vainglorious boasting.

Besides Lafitte, two other men deserve the record of achievement which history and story should ever give to those who do. The first was the commander of the little privateer, *Young Wasp*. It came into Mobile Bay on November 28, conveying the British transport which she had taken near Jamaica. Two indignant impressed seamen had been taken with her and these were eager to tell

that the transport was one of about one hundred and sixty sail which had left Portsmouth over a month before under a strong convoy of battleships full of soldiers, and that all the forecastle talk was about New Orleans.

A week later the little Yankee schooner, *Warren of New Bedford*, commanded by a grim old sea fighter, William Gardner, with a gun in her bow for protection, swung in on its homeward journey and took a look into Negril Bay. That look was enough for Captain Gardner. He saw a mighty fleet with fifty-odd transports full of troops and supplies with sails hoisted, ropes taut. They were preparing to sail. He ran dire risk in looking in, for there flew out of the line at him a frigate and a sloop of war. The Yankee captain tacked, showed his heels, and swung into Mobile to send the American general the news.

In two days it was Jackson's, and his quick mind grasped it with the instinct of born generalship.

This mighty fleet with its transports would carry the supplies for an army of at least twelve thousand men. Nor would England send out so large a force except to overwhelm the defenses of the lower Mississippi. They would take New Orleans. They would hold the Louisiana Purchase.

Admiral Cochrane, on board the *Tonnant*, had been busily writing for two hours. In the calmness of the moonlighted bay and the tropic beauty of the night, he had laid aside his pen and had taken a fresh cigar.

"Hardy," he said to the admiral who came in, "be seated. There are some things I wish to talk about and I want your advice. General Pakenham, you know, will not be with us till we reach Lake Borgne, but the Colonial Office gave me notes of a proclamation to be issued to the people of Louisiana as soon as we arrive."

Hardy sat down. "Yes, Admiral, I am aware of that."

"I am a poor scribe, Hardy," said the old admiral; "but

I have some notes here and I want every commanding officer in the fleet to see them and to know exactly what her Majesty's Government intends to do in this expedition. I should like for you to see that copies are given to the other commanders."

Hardy nodded his approval.

"The Colonial Office calls it the Crown Colony of Louisiana, and you know what that means. I have their full notes here in this proclamation, and we are to publish it as soon as we occupy New Orleans. It gives full protection to the inhabitants, general amnesty to all who have previously opposed us and proclaims our sovereignty of England in behalf of Spain, over—note these words, Hardy," and he handed the paper to the rear admiral—"over all the territory fraudulently conveyed by Bonaparte to the United States."

"That is plain," said Hardy. "Further on you will see that it denies the validity of the secret treaty by which Louisiana was re-ceded to France by Spain fourteen years ago. And further on, [reading from the manuscript]: *'We denounce the pretensions of the United States to sovereignty under the alleged purchase from Bonaparte.'*"² That is very plain. I think I understand it, Admiral Cochrane. It means, when we take New Orleans, that we will hold the entire Louisiana Purchase."

Admiral Cochrane smoked quietly. "We left Portsmouth on November fourth," he said. "But for the storm in the Barbadoes, that almost scattered us, we should have reached New Orleans sooner. It must be plainly understood that we do not intend to conquer this country, but to possess it; and we must proclaim that we do not make war on Louisianians, but on the Americans."

"Have we all the civil officers necessary for this?" asked Hardy.

² Buell's "Life of Jackson."

"That ship yonder," said Cochrane, pointing to a small vessel of the merchant type, "has on it a complete civil government staff to take over the State government of Louisiana at our moment of occupation."

"Ah," said Hardy, "I met yesterday Mr. Elwood, appointed Lieutenant Governor of Louisiana, lately transferred from Trinidad. By the way, they picked up a collector of customs. Mr. Thornton, at Barbadoes, resigned there to occupy the same position at New Orleans."

"The staff is complete," said Admiral Cochrane; "it has an attorney general, an admiralty judge, and a secretary for the colony: all of these are from England. But another office was created, and a very necessary one, considering the number of Indian allies we have. It is called Superintendent of Indian Affairs. I notice Mr. Dockstadter, was appointed from Canada. You may remember his father, the noted Colonel Dockstadter, famous Tory fighter who made things so hot for the Americans in the Mohawk Valley."

"Now," went on the admiral, "we want to word this proclamation carefully. We have no resistance at New Orleans and should take the city easily and without a battle; and since we must govern these people we must treat the Louisianians as kindly as possible. We may, of course, have to brush aside a few half-savage, backwoods Americans. These we will quickly dispose of, but the Louisianians are to be our subjects: therefore, must be our friends."

"I think I understand," said Hardy, arising. "When you shall have prepared the proclamation kindly let me have a copy for my squadron."

They were interrupted by a burst of music on the upper deck. There were sounds of laughter and dancing. The old admiral arose: "We had better look in on it, Hardy, since we are too old to take part. The young officers are giving a ball to some of the ladies of the town and the wives and daughters of the officers. By the way, among

them are five beautiful daughters of our friend, Mr. Elwood. If you will come down, I will introduce you. They will give you an idea of the languid beauty of the Creole girls of New Orleans; for, though English, they have been reared in the Barbadoes."

"That reminds me," he said as the two admirals went down the stairway: "See that orders are given that the *Tonnant* leads out first in the morning at daylight. The rest will follow in the written orders you have."

Hardy laughed: "I shall tell the young people, then, that they shall have their next ball ten days from now in the city of a *la Belle Creole*."

"With fair wind I think we may safely promise that," said the admiral.

XXXI

A SOUND OF REVELRY

NO one in gold braid, yellow silk, blue broadcloth, and boots; no one who ever wore a silver-headed sword with an endless rattle of silver chains to dangle with it; no one who ever had on his head a glorious covering of cockade and stars; no one with ruffled lace on his bosom front, with decorations above and the smell of lavender on his handkerchief—none ever even remotely shone like Governor Manriquez, Spanish Governor of Florida, at his ball this night in honor of the Honorable Colonel Edward Nicholls and the British officers. The only one who came near being as resplendent was Antonio Gomez, just returned from Havana, lately appointed Governor of Cuba by his Majesty, the King of Spain.

The British in their army uniforms of red and their naval ones of blue compared to these two were as subdued as redbirds and blue jays in a room full of gold and green parrots. They showed it, not alone in their looks, but in their half-penitent manner. The truth was, the Honorable Colonel Edward Nicholls had made an ass of himself from the Keys of Florida to the mouth of the Mississippi.

It is true he issued vainglorious predictions in proclamations which, even if they had not been fulfilled, in their rhetoric, at least, should have entitled him to some consideration in the Hall of Fame as a master of phrases which could run but would not work; for they had run well from the Keys of New Orleans, from the Gulf to the pioneer fighters of Tennessee and Kentucky. But with

all their running, they had come to a sudden stop at Fort Bowyer.

Here the Colonel's rhetoric had bolted the track and left humiliation and defeat in its wake.

To-night, therefore, Colonel Edward Nicholls could not in his soul of souls swear that he felt much like dancing. He had heard that Andrew Jackson was coming to Pensacola even as he had gone to Fort Bowyer, and he was wondering if it were not safer for him to remain in the bay aboard his battleship than to risk capture in a hot, stuffy little Spanish town, whose only hope of resistance against this grim tornado, coming out of the wilderness hurling lightning with his thunderbolts, was a small fleet and a boasting Spaniard. He had learned already that the man could march fast, charge quickly, and fight like—well, there was Ferguson of King's Mountain calamity; there was Cornwallis of surrendering fame; these and others had fittingly described and passed down the line, by memory and word of mouth, the wilderness method of the wilderness-bred in two words: *yelling devils*.

Undoubtedly his experience at Fort Bowyer had convinced him that these were the same yelling devils of King's Mountain, the Cowpens, and Tohopeka.

No such fears were maintained by the yellow buccaners of Spain. Fear is a mental state which, though a noxious weed, requires brain soil for development; and there is no evidence that the Spanish Governor of Florida possessed the necessary soil.

As for Manriquez, his faith was in the unbeaten English there to back him. Was not their army in town and their battleships in his bay? Had he not thoroughly fortified Fort Barancas, manned his walls with cannon, thrown up the breastworks on all approaches to the city, including the impregnable St. Michael in front?

He had, indeed; but, like all fools who cannot grow the weed of fear, he had thoroughly armed his front, but

left his rear naked in a calamitous exposure bordering on indecency.

Incidentally, there never was any one who wrote literature which ran but would not work who was entirely happy about it, until he had read it to all who would listen before starting it on its flight, therefore the Governor of Florida had already read to Colonel Nicholls that last grandiloquent letter of his to Andrew Jackson; and secretly Colonel Nicholls had grieved to know that there walked on the gulf coast a warrior so lost to honor as to plagiarize his own glory and grandiloquence of style!

However, this did not stop the ball. Nothing could have stopped it—it was part of the earth, the heavens, the solar system. The opening march, with the Governor and his wife at the head, was the Procession of the Equinoxes on a smaller scale.

The entire dancing population of Pensacola was present: Spanish girls of rare beauty, of short skirts, and nimble feet; young fellows in sombreros and swords and velvet jackets; British soldiers and sailors; Indian chiefs. It was a strange, wierd mixture that fandangoed, mandolined, guitared, tambourined, and fiddled that lovely moonlight night before the cyclone, called Jackson, came out of the woods like the proverbial old gray horse tearing down the wilderness.

A unique assortment: Choctaw chiefs, Seminoles, renegade Creeks, all in the uniform of Britons; their headgear a conglomerate collection of feathers, silk hats, and caps, both of army and navy; for were they not also soldiers of Britain and guests of Spain?

There was yet another visitor, a very chivalrous man and a dancer whose step was the despair of all others. He was handsome, well groomed, booted, and carried only the small, keen rapier of the gentleman. It was the Count de Chartres, known to be the friend of Gomez; a Frenchman reputed to have a castle and fabulous wealth in the Choctaw country on an island of the Mississippi.

There was a rumor among others that he was a slave driver with a retinue of desperate fighters. They had come into the town with him: armed Indians to the number of a dozen, and five or six rough-looking men armed and in the black hats of the Southern slave driver and sugar planter. They were there to meet one of their ships from Porto Rico, and it was rumored that it contained contrabrand slaves for the Choctaw country.

Of the girls, the princess attracted the greatest attention. For several months she had been in Pensacola, the guest of the Governor and his wife. Many of her people had joined the Americans; but it was known that this powerful nation was divided, and it behooved both Spain and England to treat this princess with the greatest dignity and respect; for in this crisis the warriors of the Creek nation might easily turn the tide.

The Governor and his staff treated her with perfect respect; but there was one man whose sensual eyes entertained no such effeminate and foolish ideas about an unprotected and unsophisticated and unusually beautiful Indian girl. This was the Count de Chartres, who two days before, when he first met her at the Governor's dinner, had resolved to possess her, ostensibly by open courtship and fair means. If these failed, were not his slave drivers always with him? In a few days they would be going back to the Choctaw country with slaves; it was not unusual for the ships from Porto Rico to bring an Indian girl among them.

Since the first meeting, he had been chivalrously attentive to the Princess Sehoy. With women he had had many affairs; and Fate, he thought, had been kind to him, master that he was in the game. Perhaps it was because he believed that Fate of the mailed hand held it out always toward a mortal with an iron one.

In this, when milder efforts failed Count de Chartres gloried in the iron hand; and, strange to say, in his con-

quering of women he had found it to be both their weakness and their joy.

At thirty-five it required the abnormal to interest him and arouse that subtle power which was his by nature. Surfeited, this passion anticipated novelty in the Indian princess. His past had been with his own race; this creature was different—an Indian princess, tragically beautiful, with languishing eyes, in gowns and jewels that betook more of the simple beauty of the East than of the gaudy splendor of the West.

And her voice was like the wind among the pine cones.

He had ridden with her that day. She rode a gray throughbred of her own, a horse of marvelous speed and endurance. The Count had noticed the horse, and later had said something which had visibly affected his big negro driver in a black hat; for that gentleman took pains to find out where the animal was stabled. That day the Count had sent flowers to the Sehoy. That night there was no one so attractive to her as the Count de Chartres.

In a lull during the ball, four men talked in an alcove. Within was music and hilarious dancing; for the wine of the Governor flowed freely, and a childish happiness had swept through the town, even among the youngest dancers. This was their night before their triumph over the Americans. Something would happen soon, they knew not when; but after it had happened there would be yet a grander, a more magnificent ball.

Looking on the scene, the four men chatted as they smoked. It was nearly midnight and a fair moon. The smell of early ripening November oranges came through the windows and there was a heavy white jessamine odor in the air.

"I congratulate you, Governor Gomez," said Colonel Nicholls, "on your appointment as Governor of Cuba."

"I expect to sail in a few days," said Gomez. "It would be my great pleasure," he bowed pompously, "to

wait a little longer and have the infinite delight of seeing——”

Nicholls laughed: “Of seeing us thoroughly thrash the Americans, pardon my anticipating your remark.”

“You have expressed it correctly,” said Gomez, “far better than I could.”

De Chartre’s keen eyes became alert. “Colonel Nicholls,” he said, “I have quite a brave retinue of fellows in my wilderness castle. Now, if you should need them you have only to suggest it.”

“We will need every real patriot we can get,” said Nicholls.

“Really it seems strange to me,” Nicholls went on, “that England should stand between the tyranny of Bonaparte and the helplessness of the world he was bent on conquering; not only Europe, but America, if we had not destroyed him; and yet to get no more sympathy from these Americans in our struggle for liberty than we have. By the way, Count de Chartres, of course, you are French.”

The Count nodded: “Aye, but of the House of Orleans, sir. I shall inherit the title and estate of Montpensier, second Duke of Orleans. He and his brothers, you remember, were driven out by the revolutionists, the same who took the common little Corsican, first as a republican and later to make him emperor of France.”

“You are right, sir,” he said. “Had you not sent him to Elba—if he had won one more victory; he would have been emperor of the world.”

“Fools!” he said. “These Americans, what fools they are!”

Governor Manriquez, after ardently seconding it, said: “Take this headstrong Jackson! Ah, Count, but you should have seen the last letter I wrote him. He is rash and foolish enough to strike even his friends—*me*”—he touched a decoration on his breast—“Spain, a neutral and friendly nation. What backwoods diplomacy, what coon-

skin statecraft, to bring the thundering and over-conquering legions of Spain upon him while Britain mauls him to a finish! And—and——”

Nicholls took it up quickly: “And take away from him his Louisiana Purchase, fraudulently conveyed by your Bonaparte, Count de Chartres, to Mr. Jefferson.”

The three men uttered a word of surprise in one breath.

“Ah,” said de Chartres, “I don’t quite comprehend that—I had hoped you would take everything, east as well as west of the Mississippi. My Choctaw country would still be American,” he spoke disappointedly.

“There is no need of further concealment, gentlemen,” said Nicholls. “I have dispatches to-day from Admiral Cochrane, commanding our fleet which left Portsmouth several weeks ago. Already I suspect they have reached Negril Bay, Jamaica, with an army aboard commanded by General Pakenham. You know what that veteran army can do—anything—and the navy, fifty of our greatest battleships”—he vigorously puffed his cigar and said, with perfected and premeditated indifference—“I suspect, gentlemen, in all, army and navy, we will account for at least twenty thousand fighting men.”

“And they will strike?” asked de Chartres quickly and with interest. “We are all allies here,” he said significantly.

“They will strike,” said Colonel Nicholls calmly. “Gentlemen, in another week or ten days, they will have New Orleans. Any day I may have notice to join the fleet there.”

Governor Manriquez paled. “What! Surely—impossible—I—”—he remembered suddenly his letter to Andrew Jackson and more acutely he remembered Jackson’s letter to him and his closing words: “*Consider me no longer as a diplomatic character, unless so proclaimed to you from the mouths of my cannon.*”

Further hilariousness passed instantly from the thoughts of the Governor of the royal province of Florida.

Gomez' spirits also went to zero with his friends', but he, well—in a few days he would sail for Cuba.

The count, too, ceased to be interested. The conference ended. Soon afterwards the British retired to their ships.

The Princess Sehoy was retiring when she met Gomez. The Spaniard's face flushed. He seized her familiarly and half-roughly by the arm. He was going to Cuba. His idea of women was different from that of his friend, de Chartres. He had never honored one with his protestations of love—even as he had taken Tripping Toe, so would he take any of them. There was no foolishness with him as to how a girl should be taken.

He resented de Chartres', as he supposed, quick conquest of the unprotected Indian maiden: this slave trader, this negro driver, this half bandit. What right had he to come to Pensacola and take ripened fruit that should have been his, second in command and chief of the commissary department? He had noticed the count's insidious attentions all evening.

Unfortunate Sehoy! In her uncommon beauty lay this seed of her tragic life, intensified even by the sweetness and purity of her soul. Fate seemed to have given her the white mantle of beauty and purity only to be used as her shroud.

Seizing her, the Spaniard leaned near. His hot, half-drunken breath was in her face. The girl sprang back alarmed. "Release me," she said simply. "I am the Sehoy!"

He laughed: "Sehoy—ah, before Antonio Gomez had chance to capture you, you give yourself to that little French count."

She looked at him with unterrified eyes—his hand pressed cruelly the pink flesh of her arm.

"Release me" she said, "or I shall call Doña Manriquez. I am the Princess Sehoy and I know not what you say."

"I say this," he sneered insolently, "that if I did not

have a maid already awaiting me in my room I would take you there, you beautiful little princess devil."

He released her. She glided swiftly away, looking back with eyes of scorn and fury that never before had been in the eyes of Sehoy. She vanished up the stairs—a solemn, dignified splendor in her carriage.

Gomez returned to his wine and his dancing. Seizing a Spanish girl, he kissed her passionately amid laughter as they wheeled away in a fandango. Outside the sentinels stood on guard on all the ramparts; troops slept on their arms behind the barricades—only the South gate, which led to the sea, was open and undefiled.

A silent, tropic moon intensified a stillness that reigned everywhere save amid the boisterous, wine-riotous dancers of the plaza.

"How about the schooner? Has it put in port with those slaves?" It was de Chartres talking to two of his negro drivers. De Chartres was never drunken; his faith was of the devil kind, and in its kingdom he took care that it was undisputed with alcohol. Besides, events were climaxing fast—his life, his fortune, and a dukedom in France were at stake. If the British would only come quickly before Jackson reached New Orleans, if Castle Hurricane was not discovered by the army of Tennesseans now sweeping northward——

The two men had also been to a ball, in their way, and their way had been of strong, raw rum and those who were not socially eligible to the governor's ball. They had met the Count on the open plaza near the castle. They expected the ship at any hour. They would stay up to meet it.

"Good!" said de Chartres. "We must get away from here, and quickly. It's going to be too warm for us—maybe before another day."

"The same here," said the larger man, tapping his breast. "No use to run fool risks dancin' an' ridin' with

pretty Indians when Jackson might come along an' trap us—British and all."

"You are right," said de Chartres, "they are trying to bull-bait him here, both Manriquez and Nicholls, but I think they will be more interested in getting him out after he comes, or getting out themselves. It is none of our affair." He dropped his voice to a half whisper: "The boy?"

"In Jackson's army somewhere, but our Creek spies ain't been able to locate 'im. The four we sent there to find out ain't never got back. We slipped 'em in—they ought to report soon—if," he added dryly, "they ain't already reported in hell. But that Red Eagle is as alive as we are an' he may have got 'em."

"It is strange that none of you have spotted that boy yet," said the Count angrily. "He must be with Jackson's army. He was with the Creeks all summer, a white man among them. We failed to get him in the battle with the Seminoles, and then my spies say he vanished completely—that no white man is among them. None was with them at the fight at Fort Bowyer."

He spoke confidentially: "Now, Harp, we may as well look a bad situation in the face; it's this: none of us is safe—Jackson is going to overrun this country. If we stay at Castle Hurricane, we'll be caught like rats in a trap. We must hurry there, clean up, and sail. We have everything ready to sail—negroes, booty and all. But I will not go until we capture or kill that boy. It's been a hard chase; but once there, he's mine or death's."

"Our Injuns will get 'im, sho'," said Harp. "They may have put 'im out o' the way already. They will meet us at Rigloetts Pass when the schooner passes up yo' Hurricane Castle an' report day after to-morrow."

"Good!" said de Chartres, "We'll stop there as we go to the castle for our last haul. This Indian girl now," he began thoughtfully——

The big man smiled.

"I want her—she's already in our hands, Harp."

"That's yo' game," said the other bluntly.

The Count laughed: "She'd bring a fancy price on the slave block at old Santiago, would she not? Those Spanish dons would bid their castles for as rare a beauty as she."

"Let her alone, Count. You're jes' settin' on a open powder keg, smokin' a cob pipe. I know the business—niggers, horses, all. Our old game is safe. I've been at it nigh ten year, but put this in yo' pipe an' smoke it whilst you set on that open powder keg: A Injun princess, an' she the sister o' Red Eagle, ain't natu'ally a nigger gal an' never can be. The blood's dang'rous."

"Tish!" said de Chartres, popping his fingers. "My life has been lived on open powder kegs. And this other game—this woman game—it's worth while only as it's risky. Now here, I've arranged it. I am to ride with her to-morrow morning. We will ride down the beach ten miles and opposite Fort Barancas. Tack in there, and take us—you and Lafitte, you understand, the Baratarian pirate, you can put anything safely on him," he laughed. "And I don't think any of my men would be offended if taken for pirates. I'll arrange that you capture us and the horses. That gray thoroughbred that she rides, Harp, I don't believe you'd object to owning him when we get to Hurricane Castle."

"I know whar he's stabled," said Harp, "an' I calc'lated to take 'im along anyway—only four o' us 'lowed to hit it back by trail an' not by ship—we ain't gal-crazy. We like the old way best."

"No, my way is best. I've heard news to-night—at the ball—from headquarters. You see those barricades, those defenses, those troops? Look!" he pointed down the main street—"even it is barricaded. Jackson will be here—we must hurry—we must get out. I know when I am in a hole, and you know, Harp, when your neck is close to a noose. Don't risk any more rum to-night.

Sit up till the ship ports. Wake me at dawn. Get aboard with all your negroes and horses and take us in at Fort Barancas. Our friends, the British, hold that. Good night; I'll sleep a little now."

XXXII

THE SEHOY ACTS

WHY can't I go out, Juanita? I am well now—so well.”

She laughed, drawing up her graceful arms and throwing them out languidly as if to reach something—to hold something. Anything for exercise to the girl who had known nothing but the open in all her life. Her blue eyes showed the gleam of Irish twinkle in the very joy of living—of seeing. She longed to see more, to go down by the ocean among the orange trees and pomegranates; to sail, maybe, on it—to leave this scary, strange place of big iron gates and guards, and that queer language not understood—and to find Philippe.

The old Juanita looked at her, laughed, and shrugged her shoulders; her eyes took in the luxuriant Titian hair falling so low that it merged with the profile of lithe hip and waist; her pink-white skin, made hothouse white by sickness and pink with the sunshine of that joy which meant so much in the new effort of life. The old Juanita, knowing beauty when she saw it, lowered her lids to a vague sort of wonder, of a dream realized, of palms heavily crossed with silver.

“I thought when I got well,” began Pamela——

There was an instant right-about in her face. Her lips quivered. She remembered Sehoj and was silent. Her peril and helplessness swept over her.

“The General will be at home to-day—he haf been in Havana for a month. He haf been made Gouvernaire of Cuba. Ah,” she patted the girl’s cheek, “will he not be the

glad and happy General to see his leetle girl that follow him so far—that he buy from the robbers and save her for him?”

The Irish in Pamela burst into spontaneous combustion: “Buy—buy me—like a slave? What do you mean?”

Again the old shoulders shrugged and with it shrewd eyes changed quickly to leering: “The General will be here—he will come to see you this evening.”

“Juanita”—the girl came close, her arm went round the old woman’s neck, slowly she sank to her knees: “Juanita, if you ever loved—if you ever had a daughter—if you love the Virgin Mary—save me!”

Catholic that she was, the old woman’s eyes went strangely wild. Rising, they both stood; swiftly Juanita walked to the door; the girl followed, pleading with clasped hands and uplifted eyes. She heard the door open; she rushed to go through. The old face changed to cruel, malignant bitterness. Her eyes glistened as, roughly pushing Pamela back, she closed and locked the door.

In the glimpse Pamela saw a large hall and great doors at both entrances. From the windows of her own room she looked out again; there were two stories below her and it was high. Far below and across the plaza lay the town. The Government House in which she was confined sat in the middle of it. It was a half-medieval castle with turrets and thick walls; beyond was a high rock and cement wall built a century before by the Spaniards. In all, it was a walled town, old in history and strong as the half-pirate buccaneers of ancient Spain could make it.

The iron gates opened on two sides: the northern one guarded and protected by soldiers and marines; the south, which led to the sea, her quick eyes showed her was open and unprotected. On the wall were soldiers, and companies of them lay behind. She noticed great activity among them; officers hurried to and fro across the plaza in clanking swords, or giving quick orders to squads of

drilling soldiers. Red-coated Indians were being drilled by red-coated officers. The uniformed Indians made awkward and ludicrous attempts at alignment, while the officers sweated and swore at them with terrible oaths.

There were many more red-coated soldiers than the blue and white ones of Spain. Out in the bay she counted seven war vessels floating the English flag. Above the forts waved the same flag.

The girl was puzzled. She knew that these red-coats meant English soldiers, for she had heard it from her infancy in the tales her father had told her of the Revolution, of King's Mountain, of Cowpens, and later of the Creek War; and seeing them for the first time, the hatred of heredity burned within her.

But this was Spain. And she wondered if, since she had been so sick, there was war also with Spain. The color left her cheeks: "*Then—then, indeed, I am a prisoner.*"

There were other evidences: the streets were being barricaded, cannons were being placed on the walls, and on breastworks outside the city walls guns were being mounted and soldiers guarded them.

She longed again for Sehoy, whom she saw coming across the plaza. Could it be possible that with Sehoy she saw the French Count, he who had captured her and sold her to Gomez? He was gallant—effusive. And Sehoy? How it puzzled Pamela! She was laughing—encouraging him!

As she passed Sehoy saw her and, quickly raising her hand, placed a finger to her lips. Pamela drew back, but did not cease to wonder.

Later the Count rode across the Square with an English officer and there followed behind two rough, black-hatted men. Fierce nervousness seized Pamela at the sight of them. These were the men who had killed the Indian and chained her to Milly. Behind them followed a bunch of shackled slaves.

They were negro drivers. She was looking down again on the Harps. Her strength left her; she found herself on the bed gripped with nervous, undefined dread. She looked from the window to see if there was any way by which she might escape—a lightning rod; a vine, a trellis, for she was like a squirrel at climbing. She tried the door again. It was locked and barred. She walked her room.

She noticed the appointments: there was a large leather trunk, an officer's trunk; a sword hung on the wall; on the bureau were pipes and tobacco; beyond, clothing, gold-braided uniform, and boots. She understood the Sehoi's warning. She took down and unsheathed the sword. This was her only weapon: it was keen and long; she hid it under the pillow of her couch.

There was a tap on her door, the bolt was flung back, and the click of the lock told her that some one was entering. She stood splendid, with all the Crockett courage in her soul: "*I will die as a Crockett should and as Philippe would have me die!*" She faced the man with that resolve in her soul.

Gomez entered, locking the door. For one full minute he stood looking at the graceful, perfect creature before him, her Titian hair blowing about her shoulders from the stiff sea breeze, her eyes fixed on him appealingly, beseechingly.

He laughed and came forward, holding out his hand: "My little wilderness dancing queen! Ah, but you are beautiful! And mine, as I said you'd be!"

He bowed courteously.

She stood pale, irresolute, powerless.

"Shall I ask if you are well?" he asked. "'Aurora, tiptoe on a misty mountain top,' as your Shakespeare has it, 'Athene bursting full-armed from the front of Jove, Aphrodite from the foam of the sea.' Ah, my little wilderness queen—mine! If Shakespeare, if the old Greek myth builders could but see you now!"

There came to Pamela Crockett that reserve of a heri-

tage that through the wilderness had survived its savages and the beasts that would kill—even as this beast before her. And as she had confronted this peril, so came to her that strength in the surge of heredity and instinct.

“General Gomez,” she said with a kindly, subdued twinkle in her eye, “I am glad that you have come, for I want to thank you for all your kindness. I have been very ill, they say, and you have been so kind, you and the old Juanita. I am sure my uncle will do all he can to repay you; and if you will only help me to get back home—”

The Spaniard laughed: “To get back home? This is your home! This, and a castle in Cuba. I beg that you will carefully consider what I say: I am now governor of Cuba, appointed by his Spanish Majesty, the King. I am just returned from Havana. I have arranged everything and shall take you there. When I bought and paid for you from those slave drivers——”

Her kindling eyes warned him. She advanced fearlessly—her cheeks furiously red, her eyes lighted with the fire of unnumbered ancestors; the instinct of old brogue in the forgetfulness of the present came from her lips for the first time: “A slave is it I am? Paid for! Say it not again to me! A Crockett it is that I am; and if you use me ill, the seven seas will not save you from the knife of my people.”

She stood gloriously, furiously beautiful before him, shaking her index finger in his face. Then she calmed. “If you are the gentleman I believe you to be”—she said it softly, the old wilderness self-possession returning—“if you are the Spanish gentleman you claim to be, General Gomez”—her Irish eyes twinkled cunningly—“I will meet you halfway.”

The Spaniard’s face changed instantly: “Crockett’s niece, ah, how I love you for that fighting spirit! Ah, you are beautiful—beautiful! Perhaps I am awkward about it, but Pamela, I love you! When I found you with those

desperadoes—my pity—ah, my love—ah, well, I paid them for you; for I had seen you dance that night I first met you. Do you remember the sweetness, the romance, the beauty of it all? I desired you from the very first, so—I paid for you—bought you—you are mine! But when I saw you so ill, when I brought you here for two months I watched you and had you nursed—my pity turned into love. My little dancing girl of the wilderness has grown into a beautiful woman, beautiful enough to be my queen—the Queen of Cuba. Do you understand?" He seized her hand, and kissed it passionately, bowing low over it.

On his lips was a smile like Mona Lisa's.

The girl stood unmoved, her clear blue eyes calmly looking into his.

"I want you!" said the Spaniard, passion-swept, drawing her to him.

She sprang from his grasp.

He came forward boldly. "Bought from slave drivers! Here's my bill-of-sale for you—to use any way I please—as a gentleman would use any girl."

He stopped and spoke softly: "That was my first intention, but your sickness, as I said, and these months of watching, and this pity for you, Pamela—to-night, I am going to have you. I am going to take you to Cuba; we sail to-morrow. We will leave this town before the fight comes. There will soon be enough of it, for the Indian-fighting Jackson is almost on us; his army is on the march. We must get away at daylight. To-night"—he came closer—"girl, I love you and I will make you Queen of Havana. We shall have a little ceremony, merely a priest, say, or, since we must leave hurriedly, perhaps it is just as well——"

"Surely," she began, "you will give me time to think?"

He smiled. "Look! Do you not see that already you are in my room? Do not enough gossiping people know this to ruin you unless you go under my protection?"

Think of your own situation. Remember that I love you! And what I, myself, am risking— reputation, honor, position, all—to save you and take you away from here without scandal.”

His words struck her with a cold shock. He mistook her trembling for indecision.

“Will you not kiss me good-by, then, till I return from the ball with everything ready for our sailing in the morning?” He came boldly forward and stooped to seize her.

She was near the bed and seized the sword: “I’ll run you through if you come nearer me.” Her half-turned face was strangely, cruelly pale.

He stood half-hesitatingly. He knew he could not reach her without a wound—and a scene, publicity, exposure.

“Pamela, don’t! On my honor! For God’s sake!”

“On your honor, General Gomez?”

“Yes, my God, Pamela, yes—I love you, girl!”

She turned, facing him.

“Which shall it be Pamela—to-night—a priest and a little ceremony, or you by right of love, of affinity, Queen of Cuba—mine—bought twice, first with money and now with love?” He smiled beseechingly.

“Don’t bring the priest,” she said slowly—“just take me away.”

His laugh was joyously free. “To-night,” he said, “you wonderful creature. See, I leave my cloak here.” He threw it on her bed. “I shall be back soon.”

It was several minutes before she stood undazed and calm. She looked out; she heard the short, sharp drilling of the men on the plaza; the barricades in the street were finished. She measured the distance again and shuddered. She was resolved, if necessary, to leap from the window.

The old Juanita brought her supper. She did not wish any, but she feigned hunger and happiness and ate. The old woman was pleased.

“Ah, the señorita is happy since the visit of my lord.”

Pamela was silent.

"And the señorita will see him to-night," she laughed slyly. "All will be well." She slipped around to the window, closed the shutters and locked them with a pad-lock which she took from her pocket. "Pardon," she said, "señorita, but it is now dark."

Pamela smiled, but she was thinking of the sword under her pillow.

After the old woman left, she walked the floor. There was only one question to be settled in her mind: *Should she kill herself or should she kill Gomez?*

The moon had risen and that sensuous summer night that courts the gulf in autumn had fallen on the city. Below she heard the music and dancing, riotous dancing that went on until the moon rose higher, reached mid-heaven, and then began to slant. During all that riotous dancing Pamela Crockett prayed. At last the sounds of dancing ceased. She heard her door open and a surge of fear swept over her. She lay still, waiting, her hand under the pillow grasping the sword. She feigned sleep. She heard old Juanita talking, then unlocking the door for some one to enter.

The princess gently touched her hair as the lock clicked.

"Sehoy," she said, looking up. "Oh, you have come at last."

The Indian girl sat by her side. "You must fly," she whispered—"now!"

"How?" answered Pamela. "Tell me quickly!"

"They have been dancing to-night. It will soon be over. I, their guest, have left first. They trust me—old Juanita—all—and so—she let me in. For two months I have waited for this. Now—quickly—we must act—the Sehoy will take your place."

"But why should you care for me, Sehoy? Why should you do this for me—this which may cost you your life?"

The princess' smile was tinged with sadness! "You shall know that later—if the Sehoy lives. It is for your

happiness and his, my friend's—the American's. But you must do as the Sehoy says. It means life or death to her; life—and love, for you. Listen closely to the Sehoy. The great White Captain—it may mean his defeat and his death unless you act quickly."

"I will go. I will do as you say, Sehoy—Oh, quick!"

She took the white girl's hands in hers: "You must go as a princess—the Princess Sehoyia, sister to Sehoy. In that guise only will you be safe. Quick—here!"

It was soon done. She dressed Pamela in her own beautiful clothes and she in turn put on the white girl's garments. She bound her hair under the silver and gold circlet and placed over it the silken insignia of her own tribe. She took from her pocket a paste and Pamela's white skin was soon the color of Sehoy's.

"Now, you must act like a Creek princess. All will be well. You make a beautiful princess, Oh Sehoyia. The Creeks will welcome you; especially will the young chief, the White Eagle, whom you shall meet." She took both of Pamela's hands in hers: "Now, my sweet princess, my sister Sehoyia, pay close heed to Sehoy's words: If the Sehoy lives, all will be made plain to you; and if she dies—if you see her no more, remember it is written that you shall be princess of the Creeks, the Sehoy's heir to a fortune of land and gold you dream not of—yours and his."

Pamela looked up quickly. What did she mean? Did she know where Philippe was?

"Hist!" The Sehoy led her quickly to the door: "Go! My brother's horse, the Sky Carrier, is tied to yon orange tree—see?"

Pamela, peering through the midnight, nodded.

"Mount him and ride to the Americans. If quick, you may yet save the Sehoy—from this." A cruel gleam flashed in her eyes as she smiled and drew from her bosom a small dagger. She almost pushed Pamela out: "Ride, now, for your life and mine—and remember always, you

are not American, but Indian—the Princess Sehoyia.”

Pamela’s eyes held tears. She kissed the Indian and held her in the dark.

“By that tree,” she heard Sehoy’s whispering voice. “It is my brother’s horse. I rode him south hunting for you. Ride swiftly to the Red Eagle and his general. Take my brother this note. He will read and understand. Tell them to hurry—hurry—if they would drive out the British before the others come to destroy them—and the Sehoy.”

“How can I let you——”

Sehoy’s stern lips quivered with a smile: “Be not afraid for me: our day of life is nothing, but our honor is all. Go, before he comes. There—I hear footsteps. They are Juanita’s. She comes for me to go that he may come. Remember you are Sehoyia now. Speak not to her. Be quick!” She glided back into the room as the key turned and the old Juanita stood smiling in the half-open door.

Pamela passed out quickly. Glancing back, she saw the princess carefully blow out the candle and seek the cover of the couch. With a half sob of joy in her throat, down the long hall she hurried to the open door and to liberty.

XXXIII

GENERAL JACKSON'S SOCIAL VISIT

HOW long," wrote General Jackson to the Secretary of War (he wrote to that vacillating gentleman about like a Scotch dominie would talk to an unruly schoolboy),

"how long will the United States pocket the reproach and open insults of Spain? It is only by a manly and dignified course that we can secure respect from other nations and peace to our own. Temporizing policy is not only a disgrace, but a curse to any Nation. It is a fact that a British Captain of Marines is and has for some time past been engaged in drilling and organizing the fugitive Creeks under the eye of the Governor, endeavoring by his influence and presence to draw to his standard as well the peaceable as the hostile Indians. If permission had been given me to march against Pensacola twenty days ago, I would ere this have planted the American eagle there."¹

No one knew better than Andrew Jackson the sureness of the on-rushing crisis. The great British fleet and army on the high seas, another in Pensacola holding the forts, a secure point for mobilization of the entire fleet, and the choice to strike anywhere down a thousand miles of unprepared coast.

With characteristic boldness he struck straight from the shoulder. But with diplomatic courtesy and in that spirit of frankness and fairness that was part of the man, he wrote first to the Spanish Governor. He told in plain words of his housing the British, asked him why the enemies of the United States were aided and protected in a territory claimed to be neutral and friendly to the

¹ Parton's "Life of Jackson," Vol. II.

United States, and demanded the surrender of such of the hostile Creek chiefs as were at Pensacola.

The Governor's reply was a marvelous composition of hauteur and bombast. It ended:

"I will feed, clothe and protect my Indians without considering the wishes of General Jackson, who shall shortly hear more from me."²

Jackson, exasperated, remained cool, but wrote the Governor a more peremptory letter and sent it by Captain Gordon, who found the British fleet in the harbor, the British flag floating over the fort, Colonel Nicholls quartered with the Governor, and British and Indian troops drilling on the plaza. The letter he brought back to his chief filled Jackson with rage in the intimation that his letter was neither polite nor respectful.

"Turn your eyes to the Island of Barataria," wrote the Governor, "and you will perceive there that in the very territory of the United States pirates are sheltered and protected with a manifest design of committing hostilities by sea upon the merchant vessels of Spain, and with such scandalous notoriety that the cargoes of our vessels taken by them have been publicly sold in Louisiana."³

It was sufficient.

Jackson's reply came back like a rifle shot.

"My government will protect every inch of her territory, her citizens, and her property from insult and desecration regardless of the political resolutions of Europe; and although she has been at all times sedulous to preserve a good understanding with all the world, yet she has sacred rights that cannot be trampled upon with impunity. Spain had better look to her own internecine commotions before she walks forth in that majesty of strength which you threaten to draw down upon the United States. Your Excellency has been candid enough to admit your having supplied the Indians with arms; in addition to this, I have learned that a British flag has been flying in one of your forts. All this is done while you are pretending to be neutral.

² *Ibid.*

³ Parton's "Life of Jackson," Vol. II.

You need not be surprised then, but will, on the contrary, provide a fort in your town for my soldiers and Indians, should I take it into my head to pay you a visit; and in future, I beg you to withhold your insulting charges against my government for one more inclined to listen to slander than I am, nor consider me any more a diplomatic character unless proclaimed to you from the mouths of my cannon."

Sending this by swift Indian courier, he prepared to march at once. The Government's treasure chest was empty. As he had done for the Natchez expedition to New Orleans, again he went into his own pocket, and again he used the credit of the Government. If he had failed, he would have been bankrupt, nor would any order on his Government have been honored.

On the next day he turned to Trevellian: "Turn out the troops, Jack."

"All of them, General?"

"All! If we strike quick enough, we may surround and capture the British in the harbor."

At daylight he led the way at the head of seven hundred Regulars. Coffee, with his eighteen hundred Tennessee and Mississippi Volunteers, followed. Three hundred Indians and scouts were led by a young chief whom they called White Eagle.

The rays of a wan and sinking moon had barely set and merged into the brighter ones of a coming sun when the picket of Jackson's army, within twenty miles of Pensacola and guarding the main road that lay straight into the town, heard the sound of a horse coming rapidly forward. For a moment he looked—plainly it was an Indian, sure-seated and daring, coming with unflagging speed.

"Halt!"—He presented his gun full in the Indian's face. lowered it, astonished. It was a Creek woman in the garb of the tribe the soldiers knew so well. Her hair was bound beneath her cap, and so, a squaw, perhaps seeking her husband among the soldiers. But—his rifle came to his side. What a beautiful one. And she was smiling as he had never seen an Indian smile before.

"I seek the Red Eagle," she cried. "It is important. I left Pensacola at midnight. I have important news for General Jackson."

The picket looked at her in helpless indecision.

"Be quick!" she said rather sternly. "It is urgent. I must see Red Eagle or General Jackson."

As she spoke an officer came out quickly from the fly of a tent in the edge of the forest. At the same time a bugle blew the *reveille*. There were sounds of stirring, the whinny of horses being fed, the tramp of hurrying feet.

The officer came up. At sight of him the rider flushed scarlet under her vermilion. Her first impulse was to tell him all; her second and wiser, to conceal her identity until——

"It's a squaw, Captain Trevellian," said the picket, saluting. "She has important news for General Jackson—wants to see Red Eagle; guess he's her husband," said the soldier facetiously. "If so, he's luckier than I thought."

Trevellian waved him aside: "Begone, Jim. You don't know a squaw from a princess. Go to your mess for breakfast. We march in a few minutes."

Something in the woman's face told him that she would speak to him alone.

"I seek the Red Eagle," she said simply.

"We have sent Red Eagle on a scouting tour with fifty braves." Trevellian's eyes swept her closely. He recognized the horse she rode. It was as well known to the army as the chief himself. He thought she was Red Eagle's sister. "The Princess Sehoy, I believe," he said, raising his military hat gallantly.

Pamela flushed, but she remembered the Sehoy's stern advice. "No—no. I thank you, I am not the Sehoy—I—I am the Princess Sehoyia, her sister."

"Ah, I see." Trevellian swept her a quick, measuring glance. She flushed, then paled under it. Would he know? Would he remember the Cumberland?

"Ah, I see—I see," he repeated slowly; "the resemblance is marked—and"—it came with a swift flush of gallantry—"you are as beautiful, princess, as your sister."

She flushed hot under the compliment, but breathed easier.

"It is of her, my sister, that I came to your tent. I would see my brother, the Red Eagle—but—it—it is very important—our sister, the Sehoy—her life is in danger. She is in Pensacola—captured."

"In danger? Captured?" Trevellian looked puzzled. "Why, Princess Sehoyia, your sister—I am astonished. How came she—how came you there? Pensacola is in the hands of our enemy. Your brother, Red Eagle, with his horses, is already scouting there—he will report to me to-night; but"—again he glanced keenly into her face—was she an impostor—could it be true that the Creek princess who should be in her castle on the Tombigbee would be in the enemy's camp at Pensacola?

Pamela sensed his doubt and suspicion. With wonderful calmness she replied: "Oh, then I shall see my brother to-night. I have a letter from my sister to him." She drew it from her bosom. "After he reads it he will explain all. You would not doubt his word or loyalty, I know."

Trevellian turned on her half sternly: "Doubt him? General Jackson and I are to-day trusting him with our lives—ay, with the destiny of our army and our nation. No—but—but"—he hesitated. "Oh, well, princess. Of course, the chief will explain all—but," he smiled, "of course, there is another puzzling angle to this after affair. You know what I mean."

Pamela's eyes flashed interrogation. She did not understand.

Trevellian enlightened her: "The Princess Sehoy, your sister, as you know, is a bride, my Creek allies tell me—not the Red Eagle. I have not cared to ask him. But it seems authentic that but a month or so ago she was

wedded, with great pomp and ceremony at Toocabactha on the Tombigbee, to the young White Eagle, a *protégé* of mine. He is in our ranks now, if he did not go with the chief. He should know that his bride is captured and in the enemy's hands—ah! there he is now.”

A splendid chief appeared and stood sullenly at salute before his superior.

“Ah, the White Eagle,” said Trevellian kindly.

“Yes, the White Eagle, sir, and never a Trevellian.” His voice was bitter and hard.

Trevellian flushed: “Your wife's sister, the Sehoyia.” He turned indifferently and walked off.

Pamela went deadly white. This, then, was what it all meant—Philippe—Phillipe married to the Sehoy! She saw it all in her crushed soul, her soul of sacrifice and love for him—a thousand miles of wilderness and suffering and—married! Oh, she knew now why the Sehoy felt sorry for her. Dimly, with stricken heart that fluttered in her throat and smothered her, she saw Philippe advance and stand at rigid salute before the older man. In the splendid trappings of a chief, red with the battle ocher of his tribe, yet she saw the auburn locks, the blue eyes—he turned to her sternly, no recognition in his eyes, no knowledge of her in that Indian dress.

He did not care for her now, no—she would let him know that it was she. For an instant she held out her hands piteously—then, as he showed surprise, unknowing and with sternly fixed eyes on her—cruelly cool and unconcerned it was—her heart seemed to cease to beat. She now saw another splendid chief enter and sweep both with a quick, commanding glance.

“O, Red Eagle—my brother, quick!” She reeled and sank fainting from the saddle.

At the sound of her voice the young chief sprang forward, swept through and through with a strange joy, gathering her in his arms.

“Don't touch me—don't!” In a purposely deep and

changed voice Pamela spoke as dim recollections passed through her mind and then all went blank. The letter fell from her bosom; the chief quickly read it. It seemed but a second before she awoke. She lay on the couch, fainting with bursting heart and half-closed eyes. Something perfumed like rare wine and sweet sirup was placed to her lips. She opened her eyes and sat up. An Indian girl was chafing her arms. She smiled as she placed more wine to her lips.

The two chiefs stood talking. The Red Eagle with the open note was explaining briefly: "This is the word of Sehoy: The Princess of the Wind needs quickly the hurricane of her friends."

"We must go now—like the lean hound for the race before the sun takes the cool from the ground under his feet. Give sign—the battle halloo—call my warriors together—the moon sinks to a still night for action—for very war."

She heard the Red Eagle explain the urgency of the call. Together the two chiefs went over their plans. The chief started out: "Wait for the Red Eagle here, Oh my brother, the White Eagle. I report to General Jackson and my white Captain Trevellian. Wait, my brother, I will quickly be here——"

"But this girl," she heard Philippe ask as the chief turned to go.

The Indian smiled: "My other princess sister—the Sehoy's sister; you have seen her not—but you will understand." He was gone.

"My brother"—Oh it was true. Philippe had married the Indian princess. The Red Eagle himself had said it. This was the Sehoy's note—this was what the note meant. Oh, why did she not read it before coming? Why did she not destroy herself in the castle at Pensacola? She rose haughtily and calmly.

The young Indian stood before her, a picture of silent sorrow and despair. Her haughty eyes melted for an in-

stant when she caught the wistful gloom in his own.

"The Princess Sehoyia, pardon me, but there is something in your voice"—his lips faltered—"I—I—for a moment was overcome. It reminded me so of one I loved on the Cumberland." He stood pale, wistfully looking into her eyes.

Pamela's voice was different when, with measured calmness and imitating the Sehoy's, she coldly replied: "The White Eagle deceives himself. Vain dreams of the past should not weaken him now at the tap of the battle's drum. The Sehoyia, princess of the Creeks, knows nothing of the Cumberland country—that is the land of the Cherokees and Choctaws. The Sehoyia welcomes the White Eagle to the tent of her tribe, and as the mate of her sister, Sehoy, she will be a sister to the White Eagle."

She almost smiled through her feigned sternness when he shot quickly back with irony: "Oh, your love for me as a sister, Princess—you make the White Eagle believe you have been reared among the white maidens of the Cumberland."

"The Sehoyia has!" Then she said sternly: "There is none that compares with you—your"—she stammered, she could not say it—"with the Sehoy, in beauty or wealth." She emphasized the word with contemptuous irony.

The young chief flushed, paled, and said sadly: "Perhaps not, Oh princess, but—but there is one that lights up the heart of the White Eagle as the full moon throws light into the dark pool of the forest."

"You have heard that she is wed"—Pamela's voice was cruelly cool—"she cares no more for you. The White Eagle should talk not this to the sister of Sehoy, his bride."

"You do not understand, princess," she heard his sad voice say.

She winced as she saw the hurt she had given him. She reeled—she, herself, was faint. Coolly again she said: "It is over—it is done. Let the past go into the graves of our fathers at Toocabachta, my brother. Here

is the hand of Sehoyia, your sister—take it and be gone, for the march is on—to save Sehoy—to save.”

His hands closed on both of hers; his face was in hers; tears stood in his eyes. As he fiercely clasped her to his breast, he shouted: “If the White Eagle goes to his doom, yet will he kiss the voice of her—the memory of it. Oh God, forgive him.”

“Go,” she cried, throwing him off. “Oh, the Sehoyia hates you, traitor to my sister Sehoy.”

He fell back with burning head: “Forgive me, Oh Sehoyia, it all overcame me, the voice so like hers—forgive me.”

He turned. The Red Eagle stood at the door, smiling through stern eyes ready for battle. Pamela thought she saw a faint glow of satisfaction in his face. It changed, and then he said to her: “Come, sister to the Sehoy. The General would speak to you.”

With a stern tread, but a breaking heart, she followed with the Indian maid and Red Eagle. She did not speak to the White Eagle again, nor look; but she felt his puzzled eyes follow her, and his stricken helplessness went with her.

General Jackson met them at his tent door, and at once that superb, graceful gallantry that was always his in the presence of a woman asserted itself. With quick intuition he sensed it all. He knew the horse they led, the chief’s trapping.

“The Red Eagle’s sister, the Sehoyia,” said the chief; “she brings a talk that we would the General, our father, hear.”

Again the General stooped and bowed with that grace that made him famous from Salisbury to New Orleans: “I am honored, Princess Sehoyia, by your visit. Come.” He took her gallantly by the hand and led her to a couch in his tent. “You have ridden hard. Your general is grateful. You shall be rewarded for this.”

Then the soldier in him spoke sharply: “The report,

princess; speak it." He sank in his chair; his feeble hands went over his eyes to protect them against the candlelight. Pamela's heart went out to him, as the cruel, sallow, haggard sickness showed in his face. She thought he was almost too feeble to ride. Then, when she saw his eyes flash as she briefly made her report, and the grim satisfaction which followed every word she said, she knew that she was face to face with a spirit that would conquer Spain, Britain—death itself.

He was very calm when she ceased.

"Wonderful," he said, "most accurate, most important. This ride of yours places them in my hands. But now, you must rest. Go to the tent with the maid. Sleep for two hours, then you shall lead me into Pensacola, which I shall attack in the morning. You are the only one who can show me that weak and unguarded gate at the south entrance."

Red Eagle spoke. It was brief, but his eyes flashed as he spoke of the Sehoy's peril and his own desire for revenge. Even as he spoke, Jackson's eyes flashed with sympathy.

"They have killed the Sehoy, perhaps, even now," he spoke tersely and low.

At noon, rested, after having slept on the General's couch, an Indian girl galloped side by side with Andrew Jackson as he led seven hundred Regulars against Pensacola.

The actual taking of Pensacola was as amusingly bombastic as Governor Manriquez's letters to Andrew Jackson, so far as the Spanish were concerned. But it was preceded by an act of treachery which aroused the American General's fiercest anger and caused the storming to be swift and soon over.

With consummate diplomacy, not wishing in this crisis to war with Spain, he sent in a flag of truce by Captain Gordon before attacking:

"I come not as an enemy of Spain," he wrote; "not to make war, . . . but to demand security for the rightful interests of my country and that respect at the hands of those professing neutrality to which she is entitled and which I am here to see she shall receive. . . . I demand possession of Fort Barancas and other fortifications with all munitions of war in your hands. If delivered peaceably, the whole shall be duly receipted for and made to become the subject of future arrangements by our respective Governments. . . . The property, laws, and religion of your citizens shall be respected. One hour is given you for deliberation, when your determination must be had."¹

Contrary to all rules of war, the flag of truce was fired upon, while Governor Manriquez sent lusty calls for Colonel Nicholls to come quickly to the defense of the town. That gentleman, however, preferred to do his shooting with immortal proclamations. He wrote a beautiful, touching, and altogether a thoroughly rhetorical farewell address and, promptly gathering his entire force within his great wooden walls, prepared to sail and leave the rhetorical field to his discomfited rival, the Shakespearean Manriquez.

It is told in a few paragraphs: Trevellian's company fainted in front, while Coffee's Tennesseans, Hinds's Mississippians, and the Choctaws and Creeks, guided by an Indian girl, made a long detour to the eastward and entered the town by way of the beach with the unprotected gates. They swept like a whirlwind up the street, struck the barricade, containing two guns and defended by Spanish infantry, and all in a hail of fire demolished it, their commander, Major Laval, going down under the fire.

Captain Butler seized the colors and led in a charge which overthrew the Spaniards so quickly that they failed even to spike their guns.

Jackson led the Thirty-ninth Regulars against the Governor's house, for it was the Governor whom he wanted first. At the opening fire there was promptly hoisted a white flag. To Jackson's dismay the gifted rhetorician

¹ Buell's "Life of Jackson," Vol. I.

Colonel, the Honorable Edward Nicholls, was already possessed of sufficient wind in his wings and his sails floated out of the bay.

While Jackson burned to storm the fort, he had to parley with a very humble and profuse Governor of Florida. Deserted by his allies and suddenly overwhelmed by his own folly, the Governor advanced from his castle with a flag of truce in one hand and holding his sword by the blade in the other.

"Your Excellency," he said, bowing low and presenting the sword to General Jackson, "I have been deceived and betrayed and wish to surrender, and in token thereof I hereby present my sword. I trust," he added with faltering tongue, "that you will spare the town, and I hereby consent to whatever terms you may propose."

Jackson waved it aside with stately dignity. "Keep it. I make no war on you or your citizens. I do not even ask you to feed my troops while we are here; and since you cannot protect your own town from British invasion, I propose to do it for you. I wish you to use your best efforts to allay the fears of your people and assure them that they shall suffer no harm in person, or in property. In storming this barricade you have killed a number of my men and wounded one of my bravest officers, but I shall not take any of your troops as prisoners and require only that they shall be disarmed while I am here."

He drew his sword and pointed toward the British fleet and fort: "Yonder is the foe I am after, and I have borrowed all of your cannon to open fire on them."

"Such magnanimity is unheard of, General." He laid his hand on his heart. "Will you accept my friendship now instead of my enmity?"

Jackson grasped his hand cordially, and thenceforth to the day of his death the grandiloquent rhetorician of Pensacola proudly proclaimed his friendship for the immortal Andrew Jackson.

"I should like for you to dine with me to-day."

"Gladly, sir, when I shall have taken those forts." He turned to give swift orders to some officers. "And, by the way," he said, "there is one thing I want instantly."

"Name it, your Excellency."

"I learn that you have a captured Indian girl confined in your castle. From what I gather she is a Creek and related to my friend and ally, the Red Eagle."

The Governor threw up his hands: "Ah, General, that is a terrible tragedy. It has cast one great gloom over all. She was, ah, she was a friend of General Antonio Gomez, lately appointed Governor of Havana. Last night—she—ah, she was in his room; this morning, even with the noise of your cannon came the screams of old Juanita—for she—she—murdered him—she drove a keen stiletto through his heart."

It was evident that he was in mental distress.

The American General turned on him fiercely: "Where is the girl? I shall take her to her people. It is a lie about her being in that room of her own accord. A Creek woman's virtue is as pure as the icicle on Diana's temple. If they have outraged her, I hold you responsible."

"Ah, Lord, General, a frightful crime—tragedy. Our law is severe. For murder we execute or sell into slavery. So, in the confusion of your attack, she was seized. We turned her over to the owner of a slave ship from Havana." He pointed to a small sloop rapidly making headway in the gale with the British vessels. "We turned her over shackled, to be sold on the slave block for her crime."

Jackson's calm dignity vanished in a fury that began with a keen blue fire in his eyes and spread in red riot over his pale face. "What! What!" he shouted as he looked toward the sailing sloop. "Stop it—head it off, or, by the Eternal God, I'll hang you to your own gatepost. Go!" He drew a long pistol, his eyes blazing.

"My God, General, don't shoot—wait!"

He wheeled to go. A terrific explosion shook the earth. The two forts in the bay flew up in the air. Another ex-

plosion—and another. The British had lighted a time fuse. The magazines in the forts had exploded as the British ships put to sea.

Jackson had lost his opportunity to trap the British. He turned, furious, with dry, white spittle flecking his mouth. The Spaniard had fled.

In another part of the town there was tragedy which Andrew Jackson did not see.

The White Eagle with his Indian troops struck farther to the south and rushed the gate on the beach nearest the forts. They, too, had stormed the barricade and were lost to their chief for a while in the struggle. Riding toward the beach to discover, if possible, an entrance for a flank movement on the barricaded streets, Philippe heard a cry of a woman and saw where a small sloop lay in the bay ready to sail, a band of rough men dragging a girl toward the wharf. Fighting was going on at the barricade and he saw the Thirty-ninth Regulars being led by Jackson against the Governor's castle. To him, the girl's distress was his first duty; so, spurring his horse, he wheeled and the white sand hissed beneath his hoof-beats as he went to the rescue. He saw with indignation the slave drivers led by Tom Mason and two of the Harps. He was soon on them. The girl made no sound and Philippe saw that one hand was manacled by burly men who half-pulled, half-carried her along. He drew rein, hesitating. This was part of the horrible slave-trade business always so repugnant to him. Why should he interfere while a greater battle was on? He started to go, when above the din there came a voice that froze his blood with indignation and caused him to leap from his horse with fury in his eyes.

"The White Eagle—the White Eagle—save me!"

It was the voice of Sehoy.

Without thought for himself, with keen rapier in hand, he attacked them. Big Harp, who held the girl's wrist,

met him with a swift bound and upraised knife: "You damned Creek, ain't you got no better sense than to tackle a white man?"

There was consternation among them! The red man showed a courage and skill that threw them into a panic. He batted off the onrushing blow so swiftly that no knife reached him; and the next instant, with an all but invisible stroke of the blade of De Soto, the Harp bandit stumbled and fell on the sand with a clean thrust through his heart. Dismay gave way to fury as they closed in on him from all sides. Above the oaths, the White Eagle heard the voice of Sehoy: "Oh, White Eagle, why did you come? Save—save yourself!"

He struck all the harder.

They paid in full before they overpowered him: The breasts of others showed clean cuts to the ribs, leaving a scroll of red death on the white sands to the sloop. Like a catapult, the cursing, maddened crowd of black-hatted white men, slaves, and Indians hurled themselves over the wharf and on to the deck of the sloop. Half-senseless, bleeding from blows, and gripped in the vise-like grasp of cursing, revengeful men, the White Eagle stood looking into the cruel eyes of Count de Chartres.

"You damned half-white Creek," said de Chartres. He waved toward the dead on the beach, while fury glared in the eyes of the wounded ones around, seeking the crueler ones of their stern, cool leader for the privilege of finishing the White Eagle.

"Damn you, Count, I'll do it anyway. He's kilt my pardner." It came from the dead driver's companion as he drew his pistol and leveled it at the Indian's heart.

"Put up your gun, Harp." His voice was calm as he drew his own pistol. "He'll sell for more on the block at old Santiago than dead here; but if you boys think he should die for this, kill him after we get safely away all right, but not now. Down in that hole—all of you," he shouted, waving his pistol threateningly. "Shackle those

two Indians together. Draw anchor, quick! Hoist the mainsail, jibs, all! Look! We'll all be captured." He pointed to Jackson's victorious men now swarming over the barricades. A tall Indian chief sat his horse looking intently toward the group and de Chartres.

His voice came harshly to the men at mast and anchor as he gave the swift orders for sailing. The vessel began to move away. The White Eagle heard the sounds from Jackson's guns, the shouts of the victorious men. He saw the white flag flutter from the castle. He turned and looked into the cynical eyes of the Count. He felt a shackled click on his wrist. He saw that he was chained to Sehoy. She smiled and slipped her shackled hand into his.

"You little murderess," said de Chartres to her; "delighted to see you. We didn't take our morning ride, but the sailing will be equally as pleasant."

He looked at the Indian chief closely. "As for you," he nodded to the rough men around him. He reached and drew from the Indian's sheath his rapier. He looked it over; admiration and wonder showed in his eyes. "Spanish, sixteenth century." He studied the blade, "Toledo blade, elegant and deadly. What a weapon for the *false manco* and good God! the *La coup de Jarnac*!" He turned to the Indian: "Where did you ever get such a beautiful thing as this?"

The Sehoy quickly took the words from his mouth, pressing the White Eagle's hand for caution. "This is my brother, the White Eagle," she said with dignity. "Do you censure him for fighting for his sister's life?"

Count de Chartres looked them over keenly. He was satisfied. "The resemblance is marked," he observed.

"This sword has been in the family of the Wind since De Soto marched through us. He gave it to the great Maubila father," the girl smiled proudly.

"Ah, that explains it—De Soto's. It shall be mine now."

He took the silver belt from the Indian and buckled it

to his belt, thrusting the blade into the sheath. "I have now the two greatest rapiers ever made." He raised his hand to his attendants: "Take these Indians to the North cabin below. Keep them chained together till we clear the bay."

XXXIV

DOMINIQUE YOU

IN one of his letters to Andrew Jackson the Spanish Governor spoke of "the pirates of Barataria."

When Andrew Jackson first makes mention of these men, he calls them "hellish banditti." Later, when he had received from Edward Livingston of New Orleans, letters to these banditti signed by the British sea captain, Sir W. H. Percy, offering them protection for their services against the Americans, which offices were spurned in the letters sent to General Jackson, he spoke of them as the "gallant corsairs of Barataria."¹

Still later, when they proved to be his best gunners at New Orleans, both then and forever afterwards he designated them as patriots. That is the verdict which history will stand by.

The truth is, there was fine looting for every adventurous spirit who could command a bottom and handle a gun in those days on the Carribean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. For ten golden years piracy had poured from her horn the yellow gold. The gulf and the sea swarmed with pirates who brought their commissions from the French authorities at Martinique and Guadalupe, France and Spain being at war.

They sailed under the tricolor of France and preyed upon Spain. They were there from New England to New Orleans, nor did their operations cease with the war, for the Spanish colony of Colombia declared her independence

¹ Parton's "Jackson."

of Spain and from her port of Cartagena issued commissions to all privateers who cared to fleece her own mother.²

The Lafittes and their lieutenant, Dominique You, changed their flag of France for that of Colombia and continued to seize their own wherever they found it. That it was profitable was proved by the indictments against them in the courts of Louisiana in the year 1813, charging them with violating the revenue and neutrality laws of the United States; not with piracy, however. Specific instances were enumerated wherein from their Island of Barataria they captured one Spanish vessel containing nine thousand dollars, another from far-away Trinidad containing thirty thousand dollars. They were arrested, but never convicted. However, Pierre Lafitte was still confined in jail when the British officers sailed to the island of Barataria on their seductive errand.

In sending letters containing their proposition to the Governor of Louisiana, Lafitte said: "Our enemies have endeavored to work on me by a motive which few men would have resisted. They represented to me a brother in irons, a brother very dear, whose deliverer I might become, and I declined their proposal. He is innocent, sick, and I commend him to you in the name of humanity."

In his letter to Lafitte, Captain Percy's offer was in plain terms. He had been directed to proceed to Barataria and "to destroy to his utmost every vessel there as well as to carry destruction over the whole place. I trust at that same time that the inhabitants of Barataria, consulting their own interests, will not make it necessary to proceed to such extremities. I hold out at the same time a war instantly destructive to them, and, on the other hand, should they be inclined to assist Great Britain in her just and provoked war against the United States, the security of their property, the blessings of the British constitution, and should they be inclined to settle on this

² "History of Louisiana," by Monette.

continent, lands will, at the conclusion of the war, be allotted to them in America."

On the way back to his stronghold, which they called the Temple of the Island of Barataria, Lafitte intercepted a letter that showed clearly that the British were going to attack New Orleans. The authorities of Louisiana still doubted everything that emanated from the Lafittes; but Andrew Jackson, who was broader minded, made them the same offer of protection that the British had made and gave them cannon to defend their island and the mouth of the bay in the event the British should land there.

A violent storm, such as is known on the tropical gulf, had swept the coast for twelve hours. The great waves had rolled far up on the beach of Barataria, reaching almost to the pine grove where, on an Indian mound of shells and sand, built centuries ago, was a Temple, the castle of the corsairs.

Small, swift-sailing pirogues were securely anchored in the little harbor. Huts of their followers were scattered around among the trees. Slaves were busy, very black ones, many with rings in their ears, legitimate pirate prizes from Porto Rico and the far southern islands.

The island, itself, lay under the sunshine of that December morning almost an Eden. Orange trees were there laden with ripened fruit mingled with the pines and bananas and lemons. Further down the coast and in the garden vegetables and melons still ripened. Slaves were grinding cane beneath a large lemon tree. The sweet fluid was pouring in a stream from the mill's mouth when there sailed into the bay a battered sloop which showed every evidence of having passed through a night of storm. Her sails were split, her halyards gone, her forecastle almost in splinters. On her deck was a terrified crowd of negroes and Indians guarded by rough-looking men of a planter's type.

Dominique You was superintending the grinding of the cane. He was a small, black-eyed, handsome Frenchman

whose every movement was one of virility. He saw the ship as she turned the bend. It was neither British nor American. It looked like a slave driver from Porto Rico. It might be innocent and it might be——

The corsairs of Barataria took no chances. Lieutenant Dominique You uttered a swift command in French to some seamen in thin, blue shirts and blouse pantaloons with great cutlasses bound round their wrists, who stood in the little fort commanding the entrance.

Instantly one of the two small guns was turned on the sloop. In return a white handkerchief fluttered in the hands of a man on deck. The lieutenant quickly gave another order, whereupon she sailed in and anchored, the guns still on her.

Count de Chartres alone stepped from the sloop and advanced to meet the lieutenant. His smile was reassuring. "I am Count de Chartres," he said with a military bow. "I am from Havana with slaves for my plantation in the Choctaw country. We were battered to pieces last night by the storm. We seek your harbor for shelter, rest, and repairs."

At sight of the ship a stockily built Frenchman, blue-eyed, mustached, and gaudily dressed in a blue shirt open at the throat sailor-like, in boots and trousers with yellow-gold braid down the legs and under a splendid Panama hat, came up. He, too, was armed with a cutlass, and carried a brace of pistols in his belt.

Without pronouncing his own name, Lieutenant Dominique You lifted his eyes indifferently and said: "Captain Lafitte, sir, our commodore."

The Count smiled: "Ah, Captain Lafitte, this is an honor I scarcely expected." Again he bowed becomingly.

The Frenchman returned the bow coolly. His keen eyes swept the Count and his sloop lying in the bay.

Again the Count explained.

Lafitte pondered before speaking. "In the Choctaw country," he said; "and where do you land to reach it?"

The Count flushed, slightly embarrassed, and replied: "In the sound."

"The Sound stretches from Mobile to Lake Borgne, roughly I should say something like two hundred miles," said Lafitte ironically.

"My plantation is very extensive," said the Count evasively.

"If I were arguing with you," said Lafitte, "we would evidently have no grounds on that point."

The Count changed the subject: "Pardon me, gentlemen, but I am quite famished—a glass of that cane juice, please."

Dominique You took from the fork of the lemon tree a clean, half shell of a coconut. With a captivating smile, he said: "I will make it a lemonade, if you prefer."

"Delighted," said the Count; but where——"

Lieutenant You smiled. Plucking from the tree a lemon, he cut and squeezed it into the coconut shell before thrusting it under the spout. He handed to the Count a brimming pint of it.

The Count laughed: "This is, indeed, unique. You did not move out of your tracks, sir, to make me a lemonade. Ah, Nature has done much for you, gentlemen."

Lafitte turned to his lieutenant: "See that those people are refreshed. Assist them in any other way they may need."

The lieutenant strode quickly forward. In the rear of de Chartres, he stopped under pretense of speaking to his chief, looking the man over carefully. Again, when he walked away there was a very pleased, cynical smile around his very rosy and boyish, unmustached lips.

Captain Lafitte and de Chartres walked into the Temple. Breakfast was just being served and it was abundant. Every tropical fruit was on the table, besides rare fish and oysters.

"Like myself," said Lafitte, for the first time smiling,

after they had had black creole coffee, "you are a Frenchman, I perceive."

The Count showed confusion: "The province of Loir-et-cher."

"Ah, near Orleans," said Lafitte.

"I see you are quite familiar," said the Count, his tone guardedly discreet.

"It has been many years," answered Lafitte. He clapped his hands twice and gave orders in French to the chef, who came in, cap on his head.

"You shall have, then," Lafitte said, "this rare old wine, *Chablis*."

"You are most kind," said the Count. "Should you honor me by returning this visit and coming to Castle Hurricane, I shall be glad to duplicate it from my own cellars." A voice in Spanish, which the count did not understand, took the words out his mouth: "Tell him, Commodore, we gladly accept that invitation, and sooner than he now thinks."

De Chartres looked up to see the eyes of Dominique You, who stood in the doorway.

"Come in and be seated, Lieutenant," said Lafitte; "we were hungry and ate without waiting for you."

He turned to the Count: "Of course you met my lieutenant?"

He glanced up in time to see Dominique's finger go casually to his lips.

"Yes, Captain, I have had that honor."

Dominique You came forward quietly and went indifferently to eating.

"The Castle Hurricane," went on Lafitte. "I shall be pleased to return your visit when you shall have told me——"

"I shall give you a chart and printed directions before we leave." He spoke it casually. "We may have to flee and run to you for protection. Let us glance at that chart now."

De Chartres drew a paper from his pocket. Dominique You glanced at it, smiled, and returned it.

"I should qualify my remarks by saying—if—the British leave anything of us," spoke Lafitte.

"Ah," said the Count, "you have no fear of them, I hope."

"I have no fear of any one," said Lafitte calmly, but——"

"We may have to hide in your castle, for all we know," said Dominique You, flashing an understanding look at Lafitte.

Lafitte changed abruptly: "I feel better since Jackson drove them out of Pensacola. Then," he laughed, "with all of Nicholls's bragging, to run like hell! A happy omen, I trust, of the end."

The Count's face clouded. "I—I was surprised myself. But believe me, my friends, it is nothing. In a few days we will hear something thunder. You, of course"—his voice was significantly soft—"have nothing to fear from the British. The Louisiana Purchase, it once belonged to France. Now Orleans is French. Now should we defeat the Americans——"

Lafitte rose indignantly to his feet: "Do you mean to tell me, Frenchman that you are, that you are siding with the British, our hereditary enemy? I—they call me a pirate, a corsair. Look! I am now an American. Here is my commission from Andrew Jackson, Captain of Battery of Artillery, and when they land I shall be there with my guns to fight for my country."

"Oh," the Count hastily began to hedge, "I did not mean that you should put that construction. I was speaking, of course, ironically."

Lafitte did not try to conceal the irony in his own voice when he answered: "I shall thank you, hereafter, to speak truthfully."

De Chartres flushed, then forced a laugh: "Oh, we Frenchmen, we know, we understand. We love our com-

mon mother. We should not quarrel. Captain, my hand and apologies."

Lafitte accepted it stiffly. They finished their meal in silence.

"Did you feed those people on the ship?" Lafitte asked his lieutenant.

"Such as I could," he answered significantly.

The Count turned uneasily in his chair: "I presume you refer to the two in chains, one in each part of the cabin? Rather sad—deplorable. Both Indians and murderers. The woman, a perfect tigress. It was she who murdered Gomez. The man, her brother, an accessory, in Pensacola, you know."

"Manriquez published that Gomez was killed in battle when Jackson stormed the town," said Lafitte.

The Count shrugged his shoulders. "I was there," he said thoughtfully; "I know."

Lafitte looked at him quickly. Do you mean that you sailed out of that town with the British fleet?"

"O no," he lied suavely. "You see we had put in harbor there for water and repairs about the same time the attack occurred, the very night Gomez was murdered. They had both of these wretches under a firing squad to be shot, but Jackson came too suddenly. His attack meant their freedom; so, in the dilemma, the Spanish penalty for that offense being either death or slavery, I bought them and will sell them on slave block in Cuba with some of my negroes."

"You are sailing the wrong way for your slave block in Cuba," spoke Lieutenant You with grim sarcasm in his tone.

"Oh, I shall take them back on my return trip."

Dominique You said nothing.

Repaired, watered, provisioned, Count de Chartres' sloop sailed up Lake Borgne that afternoon.

Two hours later, in a swift-sailing pirogue, Dominique You, with ten fighting men aboard, followed him.

XXXV

HURRY

JACKSON was already on the march to New Orleans. It was a race between him and the British. The British were coming. No one knew better than the American general how helpless the city lay before them. His own force, half-armed, half-equipped, was scattered from Kentucky and the Cumberland to Mobile and the Gulf.

Coffee's Tennesseans, the largest and best-organized command, under the genius and leadership of Jackson's most intimate friend, his business partner and ablest general, were already on the Gulf and already their advance guard was headed for New Orleans. Carroll's men, Jackson's other stanch lieutenants, were floating down the Cumberland to the Ohio and into the great river that would bring them to New Orleans. Like Coffee's, they came from Middle Tennessee—nearly every man was a neighbor of Jackson's, fired by his enthusiasm, held in bonds of steel by his devotion and fiery clamor to any cause the hero followed. So great was their zeal to follow Jackson that the allotted number was quickly volunteered and many paid the stout bonus of eighty dollars, in the scant coin of the wilderness, for the privilege of being substituted for those who had drawn the lucky draft but were not able to go.¹

Two thousand Kentuckians were also floating down the Ohio, almost destitute of equipment. Not half of them had guns and there was only one cooking vessel to ten

¹ Parton's "Jackson," Vol. II.

men. They were led by General John Adair, and, though so poorly armed and equipped, they knew that somewhere they would be in at the killing. And right bravely were they there! ²

In the meanwhile, New Orleans lay defenseless. If the British fleet and force of five hundred men, when driven out of Mobile Bay on September fifteenth, had sailed direct to New Orleans, it would have captured the city without firing a shot. Jackson knew this, and his quick command had gone forth by express rider, by Indian runner, and by hoof beat of galloping horse: "HURRY!"

Where the great Mississippi makes a deep turn—for all its great movements are with dignity—a high bluff looks over the flat country around. Dense woods stretch in unbroken mass except at the bluff itself. Here lies a lake, probably the old bed of the river before it changed its course to the present channel. In this lake is a rich island of more than a thousand acres cleared of forest except the ring of trees on its three sides. On the side next the bluff it is open—a small channel of the river flowing between the bluff and the island.

Facing this bluff, stockaded, picketed, and guarded with sentinels, lies Castle Hurricane, headquarters of contraband from horse-stealing to human life, a rendezvous of banditti, thieves, and wilderness cutthroats.

It was entirely concealed in the bayou depression beneath the bluffs. But from the top of the bluff, if one could scale its sheer fall of one hundred and fifty feet, the log castle, two stories and stanch with all its surrounded huts, forts, and stockades, lay in rifle shot below.

There was only one way to reach the castle from the river: a cavern showed full in the lofty bluffs at the water's edge. From the great spring rises of the river the water had eaten its way through and at certain times of high water a torrent from the river poured through it

² *Ibid.*

into the bayou beyond. This had cut, for a hundred yards, a dark and winding cavern large enough for a team, and with flat rock roadbed. Seeing the smaller and darker opening from the river, one would scarcely wish to go into its uninviting depths unguided. Castle Hurricane was as secure in that unbroken wilderness as if it had been in another continent.

De Chartres sat smoking on the deck of his vessel. Very moodily he watched the half-stripped blacks, some of whom, with long paddles, were assisting the not too strong wind that was driving the vessel, as it tacked from channel to channel along. The December sky was flecked with clouds of speckled mackerel, through which the sun filtered hot, but brought no energy to De Chartres, who, sensible as he was for his own welfare, began to be aware that he had been drinking too much in the excitement of the last few days. The time, he knew, had come for him to act and act quickly. Castle Hurricane, where was stored his none too legally acquired goods, was above the city on the great bluff of the Choctaw country. De Chartres had seen enough in Pensacola. The Americans in a few days would take the entire country from Lake Pontchartrain and New Orleans north; and though the British might land and might take the city, he knew that they would not take the wilderness in which lay his castle. Forever now that soil would be American.

It was time for him to depart. As fast as crew and wind could move it, his ship was headed for Castle Hurricane. There the loot of it all—negroes, slaves, the stolen horses and cattle of the pioneers—would be transported across the country westward to the gulf, while his ships would sail down the river, with the gold and silver, the guns and ammunition, to join them.

And then for France and royal honors!

He had purposely passed New Orleans in the night. There were few lights in the sleepy Creole town. It seemed dead and utterly a prey to the oncoming British.

Still he had hugged the farther shore for safety and watched the fading lights of the little American city so soon to become British.

"They'll celebrate Christmas there," he smiled. "I'll stop there on my way back to France and be with them. Nicholls invited me to eat Christmas dinner with him." He laughed: "That Creole wine and those Creole women—'booty and beauty'—that's the countersign they tell me, every fighting devil of them, now headed for New Orleans."³

Rising, he tossed his cigar into the river and strolled down into the small stateroom in which the Creek princess was confined. He carried the key himself—he intrusted that to no one. He tapped on the door.

"Entrez," came the flutelike voice of the princess as he entered.

The maid sat on a stool at her feet knitting. The princess was crocheting pearls into a hand-meshed purse of rare design. The small windows that looked over the river had iron bars across them. The princess did not rise. Instead, her face, that but the instant before had smiled kindly as she talked to her maid, now became a blank with stoical Indian calmness.

She spoke to de Chartres in French: "Be seated, monsieur. The Princess Sehoy is honored by your visit."

"We will talk in English," de Chartres spoke with terse brutality. "I wish for this girl here to hear it and to witness that I have given you every chance for your brother's life."

The princess said nothing, but continued to weave her pearl beads into the design on her silken purse.

"I'll make it plain, for there is no time to talk otherwise. I have told you that I'll sell you in Cuba with this girl here. You know that. Yes, after I'm through with you," he added cynically with brutal directness.

³ Parton's "Jackson," Vol. II.

The princess did not look up, but the pearl design continued to develop. It had been nearly completed when he came in. Glancing at it, he saw that it was a dueling scene; two men with keen Damascus blades of finest pearls flashed on it. He watched her for a few moments, fascinated, as swiftly and deftly she finished the picture and held it out for him to see, a weird, strange smile on her lips.

De Chartres glanced at it, then seized it and studied it closely while chagrin and astonishment showed in his face. Controlling himself, he added casually, but with inward effort: "The likeness is plain." He sneered. "This is I"—he pointed to one of the combatants conquered, overpowered, his sword down, standing on one leg while beads of blood trickled to the floor. Another stream of beaded blood passed from a wound thrust above his heart. "Yes, this is I, and the other—ah, it is your royal friend or spouse, I have heard, the White Eagle. A very pretty picture, but where did you get the idea of it all?"

For the first time the princess looked up and smiled. But there was a cruel, steely, snakelike glitter in her eyes. She spoke with calmness: "For many centuries the Sehoys, when about to die, have had visions. They are brought to them at night by the winged Sehoi-Nunnee—the first of the Sehoys to come to tragic death for her heart's sake. Sehoi-Nunnee brought me this last night. I saw it all. It was fought before me, from beginning to end, while I lay here on my couch awake and my eyes as you see them now. It is the prophecy of Sehoi-Nunnee and it is as if it had already come to pass—for it will. The Sehoi has drawn what the Sehoi has seen. Does it please you?"

There was cruel cynicism in her question.

De Chartres laughed: "You Indians are all visionary fools. Only one thing about this surprises me: the stroke that has conquered this man here"—he pointed to

the dying man. "It, let us say since you have made the picture so perfect, is the *coup de Jarnac*—not ten living swordsmen know it. I am one, and I know the others, every one of them, for half of them I have myself fought in France and Italy. But no Indian ever heard of it, and—and how did you know of it?"

The princess smiled: "The Sehoy knew it not. She drew the picture as she saw it."

De Chartres threw the purse back into her lap. "Damned Indian nonsense," he muttered. "But here, listen to me quickly: This White Eagle—that hero of yours who has just unhorsed me—we know has been in your tribe all summer. It is believed by many that he has married you. I have good news for him—a fortune, perhaps—and I must know his whereabouts at once."

"The Sehoy knows the kind of fortune that awaits him at your hands. It is death. And we have wondered why for no man has he ever harmed, no woman deceived."

As she said it she looked up into his eyes with a sarcasm of scorn that made the words ring like letters of metal.

De Chartres smiled. "That is very fine talk, and a conundrum it carries that I find it not necessary to answer within the scope of my plans. Dead or alive, I'll have him before I sail to France. Now which will you have it, Madame White Eagle"—his voice drifted to a scornful crescendo—"which, dead or alive?"

The princess arose and faced him with a wild fury in her eyes. Looking into them, de Chartres felt something akin to a frightened shadow creeping over his brain—a numbing sense of hallucination and hypnotism that he dreaded—dreaded, because if it were unshackled and he listened too long he felt that it would hold him for its own will.

To his relief she herself broke it with her first word: "Fool!"

She held the pictured purse up to his face. "Has not

the Sehoy already read the fate that will befall you? Can you turn back the decree of the Great Spirit that pulls the souls of men out of space and hurls them at the stars? And your star—yours”—she drew from her bosom a crystal globe and, holding it up, pointed out exultantly: “See? here it is, Mercury—red, fiery Mercury—deceit, falsehood, impostor, murderer by blade and poison, claimant of another’s lands, honors, riches, despoiler of women and murderer of men—look—there you are—the same picture in the crystal as in the purse—there you are, your twisted, dwarfed, and cruel soul in the fiery depths of the planet which you whites call Hell! Alive or dead? It is you that will die!”

De Chartres looked and drew back startled. She had told his life in words that were an open book—and then the picture!

“You damned uncanny witch! I have heard you were before—a faker. Well, you shall quickly see who lives and who dies. I make you a proposition. You must decide at once: Send your brother to the White Eagle. Tell him that unless he comes to you within the third day from our landing at Castle Hurricane by the big bluff in the Choc-taw country, you will not be there to meet him, for I will have you shot, as a spy, and worse—a witch, a venomous, dangerous witch.”

“The Sehoy will be shot first,” she cried, striking her clenched fist to her heart.

“Good!” De Chartres smiled a winning, ingratiating smile. “The other is easy. If you do not, when the boat stops at sundown at Natchez, if you do not send for him there on the swiftest horse my gold will buy, then, fair princess, two hours after we sail from Natchez I will have your brother shot. Now, it is life or death, indeed. Which will you have?”

The princess’s eyes for an instant swerved under the challenging blow of his own. Very quietly she smiled:

"Let me speak first to my brother alone; our answer will come shortly."

"I will send him at once—here," he said as he turned, beckoning the maid to follow; "but let your answer come soon."

On deck he beckoned to Harp and Tom Mason. The two bandits came, he thought, reluctantly. Very sharply he gave them orders to bring the Indian to the cabin of his sister, to lock them in for thirty minutes, and then take the brother back to his own cabin.

Philippe had been separated from the Sehoy the first day out.

He was locked in a small berth below, one arm handcuffed to a negro. He had one arm free and three yards of chain freedom. The two bandits, without a word, hurried from above and locked him in his sister's cabin.

Then, gesturing silently to each other, with loud talk and blustering, and proclaiming loudly that they would be back in half an hour by the clock, they stalked away. Tom Mason kept on; but Harp, from the innate cunning of his bandit nature, slipped back noiselessly and, lying full length on the floor at the door, placed his head to the board and listened. For ten minutes his immovable face showed no sign that he was listening. Then, it changed with startling quickness. A broad grin of satisfaction swept over the sinister poker-faced countenance. Still grinning and wagging his head, he crept on all fours stealthily away and, beckoning Tom Mason, sought the deck where de Chartres sat.

When the two bandits came on deck where de Chartres sat nervously smoking there was a momentary look of exultation in Harp's face. Mason followed him, stoic and indifferent.

"What is it, Harp? Are you ready to report already?"

The bandits sat down, each cutting a huge chew of tobacco from the plug that Tom Mason passed around, and each chewing deliberately before he spat and spoke.

De Chartres, knowing their moods, sat nervously watching the current of the water, the interminable forest on the banks of the great stream. The soft odor of pines came with the rich odor of ripened wild scuppernongs, when now and then the vessel hugged the shore down which their clustering vines hung. The bandits continued to chew and meditate; a sinister look passed between them—a look of understanding and enlightenment, but on their poker faces there was no token of the cards that were evidently up their sleeves.

De Chartres could sit there no longer. He tossed the cigar into the water: "Their time is about up. Take that Indian back to his cabin, chain him to the negro, and bring me the girl's answer."

"No need for an answer," drawled Harp. "I can give it now."

"Agzackly," drawled Mason in return. "That gurl 'ud give her life fur him an' he wouldn't leave her to save his own life. I know the breed. She'd never desert her brother, however easy it might be for her to dive into the river any night an' swim ashore."

But de Chartres did know this: that Philippe had been with the Creeks and had been made a chief among them. Rumor also had it that he had married this very girl he now held captive, and if he could force her to tell where he now was he should yet capture or kill him before sailing.

This he had thought out in his own subtle, quiet way even in Pensacola. It was not altogether for romance, nor even to sell her into slavery, that would make him follow, capture, and hold the Princess Sehoy.

De Chartres turned on him petulantly: "You think we're lucky to escape with our lives, but we're in the worst of luck. That boy my Indians failed to get—my mission here is fruitless if we do not put him out of the way. And those two Indians, brother and sister to Red Eagle. At any place but Castle Hurricane I would not stop three hours. We're safe there, of course; but we must get back

to New Orleans for the fight there, though the slaves and the vessels may go on. The boy will be sure to be there fighting somewhere with Jackson, and, well, you know what I'll give for him dead or alive. It should be easy for you to pick him off in the fight or afterwards."

"What wuz it you said you'd give?" Harp's tone never changed.

"Ten thousand English pounds and ten slaves."

"Agzackly," drawled Tom Mason.

"That's whut you said before I tol' you I'd get 'im. Red leather—this bargain is done forever. I wanted you to say it ag'in. I've got the boy—wait." Harp spoke it slowly. The deal was closed.

"Agzackly," Tom Mason drawled triumphantly.

Calling the half-naked slave again from the hold, a French East Indian negro with rings in his ears, and no knowledge of English and but little of any language except his *patois* French, Harp unlocked the chain where it joined the beam, snapped the handcuff over the negro's wrist to take no chances on the boy leaping overboard, and brought Philippe from the cabin, saying: "Come on up—follow me. But wait," he grinned, "let me change you a little first."

Philippe followed smiling. The Sehoy with infinite solicitude placed her hands in his: "Farewell, White Eagle. Be cautious, be brave—it is decreed. The Sehoy has seen it."

De Chartres looked up and smiled as they entered. The negro squatted on his haunches. Philippe stood up nearly six feet of as perfect manhood as the Count had ever seen. Harp had taken off his headdress of a chief and washed the red ocher from his arms and face. His auburn hair fell to his shoulders.

De Chartres's eyes went keenly over him. At sight of the auburn hair, the clean-cut profile, his subconscious mind registered a swift picture—the only time that he

had ever seen Philippe, the princely boy on a splendid horse at the mustering out on the Cumberland.

The smile froze on his lips to a cynical grin. His gray eyes gleamed. He bit his cigar in two. One half fell to the floor; the other he chewed savagely. Then he turned to the bandit and smiled: "You win."

To Philippe he said: "Sit down, monsieur." He touched a small bell at his elbow. A comely quadroom girl appeared from the kitchen and stood in the door.

"Therese, bring that bottle of rare champagne I've been saving. No other wine is fit for such a happy occasion. Bring Harp and Mason some red liquor—that's their caliber."

Later, when the wine was brought, he broke the seal, poured it foaming into tall glasses, and, handing one to Philippe, said: "We, sir, you and I—I have the honor of informing you—are Dukes de Montpensier of Orleans."

Philippe touched the glass with his unmanacled arm and drank to his health, gallantly.

De Chartres, as he saw the easy gallant movement of the boy's perfectly poised figure, and the cool, kind, alert eye, openly admired him.

"You seem, sir," said Philippe, still standing with glass in hand, "to know who I am. I have been in mental turmoil and mystery about it all, especially why you should follow me so vindictively—I, who have not wronged you or any one, driven from my home by the cruelty and injustice of my own people, dodging your assassins and murderers. Escaping death three times by a hair's breadth, I became an Indian that I might live in peace. My capture now means death. I am not deceived, neither do I fear to die." His voice dropped: "Perhaps I welcome it. But ere I die, it will be generous of you to tell me why I came to be the innocent victim of all this vicious scheming and hate!"

"If I should tell you"—de Chartres rose and made a mock bow of servility—"that you are my royal master, a

prince of the Bourbon line, legitimate son of Montpensier, second prince of Orleans, you would probably not believe it."

"Then my mother's marriage was legal—plain American marriage by a Justice of the Peace though it was"—his face flushed—"and I am not—not—what they think."

"That's the hell of it," snarled de Chartres. "Legal, yes, now—by this fool new code of the Little Corporal usurper. At first it was not—no Duke of Orleans could marry an American girl, no matter whether married clandestinely by a Justice of the Peace in America, as was your mother, or by a Catholic priest in France."

"But Bonaparte"—he almost hissed it—"has republicanized the whole political and social structure of France. Thank God, he is now at Elba."

Philippe raised his glass high: "God bless him for what he has done for my mother's sake." He turned with a sweeping bow: "Sir, *morituri te salutamus*."

De Chartres returned the bow. "Well said—you are not deceived, nor will I deceive you. That's the hell of it—you are too legitimate. If you were a bastard, I'd stop this ship here, believe me I would (I'm not altogether a beast where my blood is at stake). I'd stop this boat here, give you arms and food, and tell you to go to hell."

"Go on," said Philippe, his eyes moist and gleaming. "Tell me all." His voice was compelling, commanding, beseeching.

"But it happens that," went on de Chartres, "well, never mind how it happened, I am the legitimate son of another brother, like your father, also dead; and well, with you out of the way, I will take your place. For am I not American when I go back to France—born here?" he laughed ironically, but with smile of meaning.

"Go on," almost shouted Philippe—"go on; the one and only favor I ask you—tell me all—my mother."

"You should have known," de Chartres spoke slowly and quietly. "You surely know that the three sons of Orleans,

Louis Philippe and his younger brother Count de Montpensier, your father, and Count de Beaujolais, all sons of Philippe Egalité, guillotined during the Terror of 1793 by the Jacobins, were driven out of France to save their lives. You know that they later came to America, to Philadelphia, and later journeyed across the wilderness to the new town of Nashville—and——” He stopped and smiled cynically as he lit a cigar.⁴

Philippe rose in his seat, his breath taut, his check pale. “And—and”—he took the words out of his mouth—“there my father, the young Montpensier, met and——”

“And married clandestinely,” went on de Chartres, “but legally for her, by a Justice of the Peace, legally for her but not for him, and he should have known it; but,” he smiled, “it was what Romance calls fateful first sight and eternal love.”

Philippe sat down. Tears stood in his eyes. “My little mother—thank God!”

He openly wept.

De Chartres looked at him curiously, that one so unafraid for himself should weep when he thought of his mother.

“It would have been all right but for your high-bred, hot-triggered Virginia grandsire, General Trevellian. He imagined his daughter had been wronged—indeed, she had been—and he drove them away, out of the country via New Orleans.”

“My father intended to come back—I know that.” Philippe’s mouth tightened into a grim smile.

“I am sure he did. When he loved and wedded your mother he had resolved to stay in the beautiful Cumberland valley, live an American and die one. Your grandfather Trevellian’s pistol ended that dream. Later he returned to England and still tried to come back but, well—a prince,” he snapped the word proudly—“and princes do

⁴“The Three Bourbon Princes,” by Judge John H. De Witt, in *Tennessee Historical Magazine*.

not belong to themselves. Then before he could arrange it, he died."

He leaned forward and fiercely hissed it: "You are Count de Montpensier—later, perhaps, a duke of Orleans."

Philippe stood up proudly. Tears were still in his eyes.

"Titles—duke—you deceive yourself. I am a plain American citizen fighting for my country. Take your titles and estates. I want none of them. My mother, thank God, and you have done me a favor I shall never forget; you have swept the false cloud from her precious name. Now that I know this, that she was the legal and beloved wife of my father before God and man—I am ready to die."

De Chartres stared at him in open admiration. "Spoken like a prince! If I ever had any doubt of it, I know it now." He added equally low: "And that's all the more reason why you'll never live to prove it."

He turned to Harp and Mason, now half maudlin: "Take him below, but leave him chained to that negro. Let two men guard him."

"I regret this, your Excellency," he said, smiling to Philippe, "but I have spent years and treasures for this day's opportunity. I will not throw it away."

"One word," Philippe stood calmly before him. "I have one favor—one favor, as a gentleman, to ask of you before I leave you. Will you write what you have said to me so that when I am out of the way——"

"Killed in action—honorable battle," said de Chartres smiling, "fighting for your country at Pensacola. I have a dozen witnesses to prove when I return to France that you were desperately wounded in a hand-to-hand fight with my men trying to rescue an Indian girl on the beach, and that I took you on board my sloop, nursed you, and cared for you till you died of your wounds—all English—all true."

"You have worked it out well, as all villains and mur-

derers do. It appears flawless and perfect in its diabolical planning—but there is one thing all hellhounds of your blood and breeding fail to reckon with.”

“What’s that?” snarled de Chartres.

“My mother’s GOD,” came back softly and worthily. “And another is HIS Instrument, His sword of Vengeance.”

“Who?” asked de Chartres.

“Andrew Jackson!” Philippe’s eyes flashed.

“Pooh—pooh.” De Chartres waved them aside. “I thought you were a duke. You are a plain damned backwoods Presbyterian fool!”

Philippe went back to the sweaty den in the tunnel of the leaky sloop. Chained to a negro, and two murderous guards over him, he looked upon the waters of the muddy, swollen stream. The great forest was silent except for the call of the great horned owl among the woods and for the night birds which returned their shrill or sleepy cry. He knew not what hour would be his last—he knew night came soon, but in his heart was an exultant joy: “Thank God, little mother, there is no stain on you. May God help me to live and prove it!”

For an hour de Chartres sat on the squat, low deck of the sloop as it plowed through the gloom of dense forest overhanging the river. Harp, Mason, and others blood-letting and desperate as he, lay around the deck in drunken sleep or maudlin argument. By midnight they would be at Castle Hurricane with their stolen treasure secure in the stockaded fort, well manned and defended, proof against any ordinary attack.

“Let us once get there,” he said to his followers, “and we will all get drunk—eh, Harp? not to mention the harem of slave girls, and—my Princess Sehoy.”

The last of the Harps sprawled up from the deck on his elbows and drawled: “Yes, an’ fur that reward—that ten thousand pounds an’ them niggers—don’t furgit that.”

This aroused Big Tom Mason, his partner in evil for

years. He drunkenly seconded the suggestion of Harp. It seemed to him, also, that it was time for the payment of the reward and he became generally vociferous in his demands.

De Chartres resented their boldness and the impertinence of their demands. He glanced disdainfully at the drunken desperadoes around him and felt that now was the time to teach them who was chief among them.

"Say, for outlawed men whose necks I have saved a half dozen times, it looks like you have no gratitude, to say the least of this reward. How did you get it that any of you had captured the boy?" he snarled.

Both bandits sat up suddenly. A half dozen turned over to stare at de Chartres.

"You seed it yo'se'f," said Harp—"right thar where you set when I good as told you I'd foun' the boy an' ud' fetch 'im to you."

"You found him, indeed! Yes, after he had run into our trap himself—a pure accident that he saw the girl and attacked us, an accident that we found out who he was by eavesdropping. You had no more to do with his capture than I—and I am sure I am not going to pay the reward to myself."

"Don't intend to pay us?" Harp stood up, his vicious eyes twinkling in the starlight.

Mason followed him glowering.

"No—you haven't earned it; and, what's more, you'll owe me for getting you both out of this country to Cuba. At any place but Castle Hurricane none of your necks were worth the halter that's ready for them. It's time enough for a division of the slaves when we get them to Cuba. Be thankful if you get there alive. This is a military expedition and I am in command. Obey my orders and let me hear no more!"

Neither bandit spoke. Soon afterwards they gathered in the gloom of the bow of the vessel in very earnest conversation.

It was nearly day when the negro chained to Philippe made a queer sound of suffering. Of all the negroes captured, this French Guiana man-hunter was the lowest of the savages and the most dangerous. His record for murders was known. He would have been shot except that the corrupt French officials on Guiana thought a few French coins for a slave for the cotton plantation were more in hand to them than a dead man-hunter in Guiana.

The negro lay in a spasm of colic. Philippe called to the guard and asked him to help the stricken man.

"Let him die," said the brute. "He stole an' et enough bananas before we tied 'im to you to feed the others for a week. Got cramp colic—say, when he croaks, call an' I'll come an' pitch 'im in the river."

With his unbound hand Philippe felt in his knapsack for the Indian herb medicine he had there. He held up on his knee the savage's foul head with bloodshot eyes, and, pitying him, poured the liquor into his mouth.

In a few minutes the paroxysm ceased. The man-hunter crawled to Philippe's feet like a dog, and slept there.

At midnight of the third day the sloop glided into the rift between the great bluff and into the current that took them out of the main channel where no man's eye could see them, and came to anchor in the dense trees in front of the palisade gate.

XXXVI

CASTLE HURRICANE

CASTLE HURRICANE was no ordinary stockaded fort of the wilderness. It was well armed, manned, and equipped. It was the headquarters not only for all the illegitimate slave trade operating from the West Indies, especially the Barbadoes and San Domingo, but all other species of contraband known to the trade: negro drivers, horse thieves, highwaymen, renegade Indians, and even pirates of the high seas. Its armed force contained over two hundred desperate men, fully as many stolen negroes, some of them from the Guineas of the West African coast—the lowest type in mentality of the negro race, savages of the cruelest type, some of them cannibalistic head-hunters of the jungle. Others had been run off the plantations of Louisiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee and were confined within the walls waiting to be smuggled out and sold again.

Its occupants held allegiance to no flag or country and had respect for no law of God or man.

In this castle reigned de Chartres, king of the free-booting banditti. His own rooms were patterns of sensual Eastern luxuries: Turkish rugs of the rarest designs, silks from China seas, mirrors from Paris. Slaves anticipated his commands, among them fair octoroon maids who had seen service waiting in the Grand Plaza of Havana. Wines and whiskies were in his cellars. Bullion, gold, and silver were stored in special vaults of stone—all awaiting final movement to a distant country.

Unknown to all but himself, de Chartres, with it, would be Duke d'Orleans, heir to the dukedom of Orleans, with Philippe out of the way.

Nor was this all—in a special safe were five hundred of the best and latest English rifles, obtained by the looting of a vessel wrecked off the Barbadoes while carrying British guns to the colonies.

It was, indeed, a bandit den worth taking!

To-day the King has returned. To-morrow all would embark for a safer country—safer, for already the unwritten decree had gone forth: there would be a crisis battle at New Orleans. The British, of course, would win. The Louisiana Purchase would be theirs; also the Choctaw country. And the British, unlike the Spaniard, believed in law and order.

It was time to move!

Besides, why delay when all was now ready—slaves, guns, gold, and that which de Chartres had come to America of all things to get—the young heir to the Orleans estate.

To-day the King has returned to pack, to secure, to sail. Boats, long prepared, would sail across Lake Borgne to the Gulf. These would go armed with soldiers. The bullion would be in them. At the Gulf fast ships would meet them. The slaves would go overland. In chains, two and two, guarded, they would march across on a diagonal line and meet the ships at the Gulf. Why not all in one boat down the Mississippi? De Chartres was too wise to put all his eggs in one basket. If the foolhardy Americans got to New Orleans before the British, his people and effects might not pass. If the British—they would never pass. For were not these Anglo-Saxons all the same when it came to law and order?

It was hurry! One day only at Castle Hurricane to pack! To-morrow—fly! To-day the King had come. They must drink and riot in drunkenness—ay, and death.

Death for the young Chevalier at last. The word had gone forth.

In an hour every bandit thief and negro knew it. He was to be assassinated by the man-hunting savage to whom he was chained. It was easy and natural; indeed, an accident. Who supposed the savage had hidden a knife in his breach clout or could have freed his manacled wrists?

In an hour after they reached the fort it was known by that strange grapevine telepathy that is the radio of the savage wilderness.

They had seen the beautiful Indian girl and young man brought in—the latter handcuffed to a Guinea negro of sloping forehead and gorilla jowls who ambled slouchingly along with wicked, restless eyes as if he, too, knew why he was chained to the white man.

As they reached the main building where the princess, conducted by a guard and two octoroon waiting-girls, was to leave him, she broke away from the guards and threw herself on the neck of the young man and said in Creek: "Kiss me, White Eagle, and be not afraid. My brother will come. You will see the white sign of the spiral smoke. Farewell! Be brave!"

It was midnight and the torches threw weird shadows as Philippe walked through the long lines of curious, sullen faces and gloating eyes, to them as surely doomed as his ancestors who rode to the guillotine. Even the Guinea negro was French and knew that.

He was thrust into a strong room dimly lit by moonlight, while two San Domingo mulattoes in officers' uniforms first kicked the head-hunter into furious madness and then unsnapped the iron wristlets from his arms. But they touched not the white man.

The savage hurled himself on them like a gorilla. He was met with a blow from the butt of a gun and fell, lying still.

Laughing boisterously, they backed to the door. The

beast on the floor sat up and then arose to charge again. One tossed him a keen knife and said in French: "Kill him, you fool, and we set you free, set you free with plenty of gold. The king has said it."

The negro seized the knife and felt its edge. His eyes gleamed viciously. The door was shut quickly with a bang and he heard the key turn, the guards go off laughing.

Philippe heard one say in French: "He'll be dead in an hour. That savage will butcher him. The brute will kill him in ten minutes."

Philippe looked at the savage and smiled.

And with the smile and the look went the conquering but kindly, superior power that has always made the black man bow down to the white.

"Come here, Enriqui"—for Philippe had learned his name in the long night before, and Philippe also spoke his French dialect.

The savage came at his call, knife in hand.

The kingly white man speaking his own language—was he not of that nobility Enriqui had always worshiped while they ruled him!

"Oui—oui—maitre," he smiled, dropping on his knees before Philippe.

"You are my man, Enriqui." Philippe spoke in French. "No harm shall happen to you while I am here. If I had been free, those brutes would have paid for felling you."

"Oui—oui, maitre. You gave me food and drink. Enriqui—Enriqui—he die for you."

Philippe laughed and patted his head with his manacled hands.

"Conceal the knife in your clothes; we may need it." The negro smiled and hid it in his waist.

"You are tired and hungry;" and Philippe reached for the basket of fruit and sandwiches left for him. "Eat."

The negro ate greedily, wiping his mouth, as he finished, on his ebony arms.

"Now lie down and sleep while I think for us both."

Like a huge dog, the negro lay down at his feet and slept.

Philippe arose and walked the floor. He glanced wistfully out. The scene was full of action. Torches burned. Bugles sounded, while goods were stored and slaves corralled for the night. There was hurry in every quarter. Then the silence of sleep, broken only by the sentinel's voice calling the hour. They would sleep now; to-morrow they would go. They were going on the Big Adventure.

Philippe wondered what the Sehoy had meant. Would help come or was all at an end—this unknown destiny that had always been his in his passing to an unknown grave—murdered here among this band of thieves. Red Eagle, Jackson—would he never see them again? And the chance to prove himself a man in life and in the battle pending? What did it all mean?

De Chartres had said enough. It was all very plain now and he was the legitimate son of his father; not legitimate by the American marriage, however regular in America, but by the Code Napoleon, the enactment of which, unfortunately for him and his peace, had sent desperate men to hound him to his death—he who cared naught for the title or estate; only to have lived and died an American, son of his own true American mother; to live, to love, to fight for his country, to be a brave man and honest gentleman among them.

And now he would never see them again. They would never know, they, his Cumberland friends, that he was the legitimate son of a Duke; that his mother was pure and blameless, and not "that French woman" who died of a broken heart from the injustice of it all.

The thought urged him to liberty, to escape. He strained at his shackles. He ceased and buried his head in his arms. Then he remembered Captain Trevellian. If he might only live to see him again, his mother's brother; to love him instead of hating. How plain it all was now; he knew now why he remembered the quiet, brave soldier who had stood over him with drawn pistol at the Clover

Bottom race track and defied any man to strike him—a Trevellian. Yes, that's what he himself was: not a French duke, but an American Trevellian, his mother's son, so like her brother, who, long ago, he had seen kiss the sister he loved, in spite of his father's stern decree.

He bowed his head again: "Mother—little mother—God help me to live to tell it again, to prove it yet!"

When he looked up he saw something that almost startled him. It was nearly day. He had seen the great bluff by the river as they led him in through the tunnel that many waters had washed on their way to the lake, an island on which sat Castle Hurricane—but he had not seen how high the bluff was and how the top of it, flat, loomed over the castle, completely commanding it. The White Eagle was a soldier first. His soldier's eye took this strategic point in quickly. His heart quickened at the thought. A few men there and this fort was at their mercy. As he looked, he detected a ring of blue smoke—then another, and another float up at intervals above the parapet. Was it the Red Eagle? Was this what the Sehoy meant? That blue drift of smoke that floated from the bluff into the kindling sky of morning was the Creek signal for help. It went through him in a hot wave—new hope—new life—ay, he would fight for this chance.

Tom Mason entered noiselessly with keen bowie knife in his hand. The creaking of the door on its hinges aroused Philippe. He saw a shadowy form behind him and heard the voice of de Chartres: "Quick now, make a clean job of it; the damned negro has failed us."

Enriquí was instantly up and at the bandit's throat. Their knives clashed together. Philippe saw the bandit sink first, the knife through his heart. Enriquí sprang back and thrust Philippe behind him as de Chartres fired through the door. Its line was for his own heart. Instead, the slave took it standing. There was firing in the

stockade now and Philippe heard de Chartres, with a curse, rush to the front of the house.

The negro died, smiling. His last act was to kiss the manacled hand of his white master.

Though de Chartres had sailed quickly from Pensacola, he went not as fast as the thoroughbred horses ridden by Crockett and the Red Eagle. With Indian instinct for directness, the chief struck across country from the gulf coast straight for the point far above the mouth of the Mississippi where the Castle Hurricane lay. He knew the way, for had he not trailed Cholocta there before the fight in the forest?

It was a hard ride for Pamela. Often they had to stop and let her rest while they camped and nourished her, not so much that she was ill in body as in spirit.

No one knew better than she what it meant to Philippe to be in the power of de Chartres. On the long ride scarcely a dozen words were said. By the Indian, none. Naturally mute, now in the heart of him was a greater muteness: that of sorrow which precedes the Indian's revenge. He spoke not at all. But always straight ahead the scout saw the clean-stepping gray thoroughbred, his nose pointing always westward.

Before leaving Pensacola he sent forward an Indian runner to his friend, Captain Trevellian. They had captured the Sehoy, his sister, and the White Eagle, his brother. Would he come with his company of picked men?

On the clean, white bark of the sycamore he drew with red ocher the great river and the bluff where stood the castle. With arrow marks he pointed the trail from Jackson's camp to the great bluff. With unconscious accuracy he gauged the time of the march: On the morning of the third new moon the White Captain will be with us, that the Sehoy, my sister, and the White Eagle, my brother, may see the full moon rise again.

Thus having written, the chief said no more. He had given the warning. He had guessed the bond, untold, but to him plain, that bound Trevellian with blood ties to the young White Eagle. He knew Trevellian and the temper of his steel. He knew he would come, but—would he come in time? Would they do away with the captives before they reached the castle—the one shot, or drowned; for the Sehoy, a fate worse than death.

Two hours past midnight of the third day they reached the great bluff. A mile back they concealed their horses and stealthily crept up to the bluff.

It was well known to the scout Crockett. Only three weeks before he had camped there alone on the trail of his Pamela. He knew the cave, the secret entrance, and, best of all, the impregnable, strategic top that crowned the bluff.

With the silence of the velvet-footed panther, they slipped into the secret tunnel that ran through the bluff to the lake and castle beyond. Neither spoke. Here the scout and the Indian read as an open book the freshly made signs not two hours written. At both the entrance and the exit, in the clean sand of the river they read it. The chief fell on his knees and pointed to a dainty mocassin track. In his somber eyes flashed a half smile of joy as he pointed and, looking up at the scout, tapped his own breast.

She was his, the Sehoy, so far, safe. Again he studied the sand. A cruel scowl swept his face as he pointed to the track of the White Eagle. A chain's link had struck the sand behind it. The flat foot of a negro followed. The chief looked up again, the scowl still in his eyes. He crossed his wrists and pointed to the mark of the chain. He crossed them again and pointed to the negro's track. Carefully he took stock of all. Five times he held up the fingers of both hands—fifty had gone in—slaves, soldiers, prisoners.

He pointed to the sharply outlined heel of a boot of

fine morocco leather. He drew his knife, his eyes blazing viciously. He drew a circle around the track and struck his blade in it. Rising, he followed the scout.

The latter showed the Indian something no man had seen but him. In past ages the water had rushed through the bluff in two directions. Another winding cavern led up to the top. The scout entered it, struck fire from a flint and steel, and by long steps led them to the top. They stepped out in the starlight on a small platform of rocks that seemed to have been made for their purpose. The water of untold ages had eaten into the lime, leaving a vein for a barricade around it. It was waist high in places and a natural breastwork. Moreover, crevices had split here and there in the rock, making natural portholes. Beneath them in fair rifle shot and at their mercy lay the buildings of the fort. With two gourds each of powder and lead supply in abundance, they could stand a siege of days. They could pick off the inmates of the fort now at their mercy. The cliff was unscalable save for the small passage that led up. One man could hold it against thousands.

The scout chuckled. Even the Indian's face relaxed.

In a small cavern on the slope they placed blankets for the tired girl.

"Uncle?"

"Yes, honey."

"Is—is—Philippe safe?"

"If they kill him, honey, they'll have to kill him inside that trap. For the man that fetches him out to shoot 'im is dead already.

Pamela's eyes filled: "Uncle—can't—can't we storm it—take it now?"

The scout shook his head. "They's three hundred to one ag'in us. But listen, gal"—he drew her to the parapet and pointed through the bright mist of starlight—"see that pretty castle in the center, right down thar under us? That's whur the King Bee o' 'em all is. See them high,

open windows? They've got the little Duke in thar with 'im. Likewise the Creek squaw. You know the looks o' that King Bee devil—you've seed 'im—you can't forgit 'im. Now, honey, go to sleep. At good sunup I'll wake you. Then lay on yo' chist with yo' rifle in this rift an' watch them open windows. Watch—an' pray, that's yo' job—that's what the Good Book says; but, honey, you notice it puts watchin' fust."

The girl's face paled; then her eyes flamed exultantly.

"Honey," the old scout added proudly, "it's a chance—a b'ar chance—a techus, techus shot. I'd give a hoss to do it, but, honey, Old Uncle kaint draw it fine enuff—an' you kin."

"God helpin' me, Uncle, I'll—watch an' pray."

"An' shoot?" He looked straight into her eyes.

"Yea, by the sword of the Lord an' of Gideon, Uncle, by the might of his righteous good sword, I'll shoot, you know I will!"

"Amen," said the scout. "Now sleep. You'll need yo' nerve this day."

XXXVII

TRAPPED

DECHARTRES was up before the sun, for this was the day when everything had come to him at once. Fate had been kind to him; it had thrown all things at his feet: even if his first attempt at assassination had failed, with Tom Mason dead and the boy still safe.

And now, one by one, he would pick them up. Bathed, perfumed, and dressed in the rich uniform of an officer of the royal line of Orleans, he had breakfasted and sat rapidly smoking one Havana after another.

The fort was soon alive with bustle, for it was moving day. Soldiers marched here and there under sharp orders; slaves were busy packing; blacksmiths were shoeing horses or welding iron bars for ship or chest; sailors were busy with ropes and sails. A bugle now and then rang out commands for mustering and drilling troops. De Chartres, as he smoked, wrote orders rapidly, and with a smile of supreme fullness. Never had Fate been so kind to any one before: fortune, title, honors—all in his grasp this day. Yet he was clearly nervous. He now walked the floor in nervous strides.

The sun had risen above the tall pecan trees whose leaves glittered in the strong light. A scene of bustle and hurry was all about. De Chartres watched it with satisfaction: It meant that all would be ready except the last—there would be no failure. Why had he trusted it to any one but Harp, a bandit who knew his business?

As he stood looking over the scene, there came a still-

ness which almost startled him. It began with the Indians, who suddenly left their places where they had been idling in the open plaza and slipped quietly away into the fortress. The negro slaves followed. Even the soldiers broke rank and sought shelter.

What did it mean?

De Chartres went to the door and spoke to the orderly.

In a few minutes Harp appeared. His entrance was not marked with the awe and deference that characterized the two San Domingo lieutenants. However desperate his character or bloody his past, his breeding was of the unafraid and independent Anglo-Saxon. The wilderness, always without law and order, the Far Reaches of the ever-going Aryan, always a law unto itself, and the cruel creed of the survival of the fittest in the encounter with savage and the scalping knife, the survival of him of the longest arm and the quickest with the bowie blade, may have changed the current of his morals in the inrushing, boiling, muddy waters of its channels; but nothing could ever change or dwarf the inherited, fixed instincts of the race-life of the independent and the unafraid. Whatever its virtues, whatever its vices, that of cringing to another race was not in the race-life of the Aryan. Nor in all the dim ages of the past, from the first settlements of the Scandinavian race in the green meadows of England and America, had it ever, like other races, mixed its blood in degenerating miscegenation with a baser people.

Harp and his companions, backwoods brutes that they were, were not so far removed from chivalric Robin Hood and his merry men or even from the freebooting knights of the holy Crusades.

Harp despised de Chartres. He despised the camp of half-breeds, mongrels, and mulattoes; and he despised more than all the impostor to another's titles who had lied to and deceived them in the matter of the division of the ill-gotten spoils.

Nor was he in any better humor because de Chartres's

guard, a half dozen half-breed soldiers that stayed always with him, had asked him to leave his arms outside.

De Chartres took no chance with American bandits of his stripe.

De Chartres did not look up when Harp entered and took his seat near the open window. It was invitingly open for inspection. He took huge chews of tobacco, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and awaited developments.

"What's the matter, Harp?" De Chartres shot out suddenly.

"Don't know. 'Lowed you'd tell me. It don't look good to me an' you let that nigger kill my pardner."

"You will get that much more yourself. Why bother? Go on, tell me what you think."

"We want to get away from here quick! We're trapped," said Harp.

"It's cu'ious," went on the bandit; "they wuz all busy, as you saw, some even dancin' with the gals in the lower stockade—all drinkin' an' havin' a good time, an' I seed the Injuns stop fust like a herd o' buffalo that's grazin' quiet like an' sniff a wolf scent. They jes' seemed to smell somethin' in the air. They stops short, them renegade Creeks, grunts, an' walks off without a word. This skeers the niggers an' they goes right into their holes and"—he laughed derisively—"it spreads all among yo' jay-bird uniformed nigger troops, yo' white Frenches, an' all. Look!" He pointed to the long stockaded barricade where the soldiers sat huddled, some playing cards indifferently, but all glancing now and then at the great bluff that towered over the fortress. "Look. Three hundred an' ever one a coward. What you need to git out o' here is jes' one real fightin' man—not a lot o' Creek bastards an' mulatto soljers."

De Chartres sprang up and with a scowl took in the scene.

"Yes, yes," he said; "perhaps I need you only. But

this unknown fear. It's cowardly nonsense. We're safe. Nothing but cannon can knock down these walls. And that takes troops—five hundred troops. Where are they in this wilderness and how can they get here, even if they know of our refuge, before we can get away by daylight to-morrow—away with our slaves and our—*gold?*” He said the last word slowly and smiled at the bandit.

“I’m thinkin’,” went on Harp, “that them Creek Injuns knows. They’ve smelt the scent o’ another Creek.”

“Who?” asked de Chartres. “They are all with Jackson by now nearly to New Orleans.”

“Red Eagle,” answered Harp, “that Sehoy gal’s fightin’ brother. I tole you at Pensacola to let her alone. Do you think he’s goin’ to New Orleans an’ leave you to use that gal as you please an’ sell her like a nigger in Cuba?”

“You’re a fool,” said de Chartres with feeling emphasis. “We leave at midnight. I’m telling you he could not get here before. Indians can’t capture this fort. It takes white troops. We’ll get out of this before the rain comes.”

“It ain’t a rain comin’,” said Harp. “It’s a tornado. Them Creeks knows. They knows they deserted their chief an’ turned traitors, an’ when Red Eagle ketches ’em their necks’ll be wrung. Them Injuns knows, for their necks depends on it. An’ my rule is, knowin’ how an’ whut a storm w’u’d be fur us, liable to fetch on pneumonia or other short’nin’ o’ the breath, our rule is to git out before the rain comes. I cum to git my part o’ the loot an’ for that reward fur ketchin’ the little Duke.”

De Chartres stood up, his eyes blazing: “You’ll not go out of this fort until I go. You’ll not get any of that trade until you carry out all the conditions of the capture. I have sent for a firing squad, and I want you to go with them and see that this young and treacherous spy is shot now, NOW.”

“Say,” said Harp, “I’ve done some mean things, but I ain’t never shot a handcuffed gentleman yet. Tom

Mason allers was a low-down cur. He held and took what he got. Say, they's somebody big on that boy's side that we can't see. And him an American," said Harp.

"All right," de Chartres spoke coolly; "but you know who he is and that I'm justified under the laws, civil and military. A spy in our camp—a murderer—he killed your pardner and friend on the march." He spoke softly, appealingly.

"He orter been killed at Natchez," said Harp. "He robbed the bank on me an' beat me outen two thousand dollars."

"A spy—a spy in our camp."

"Wal, kill 'im yo'se'f," said Harp.

"I've sent for a firing squad; and if you will not do it, they will. But hear what I say. You shall not go from here till I go."

"I'll promise that," said Harp, "an' I ain't goin' to go till I git my part."

His tone was insolently daring. "An' say, I ain't been in the woods with Injuns all my life fur nothin'. You better act quick, fur yo' goin' to heah somethin' drap outen the woods befo' long. An' it ain't goin' to be thunder alone," he added dryly.

The orderly broke in: "The squad and Lieutenant Monier."

"Let them in," said de Chartres.

Lieutenant Monier was a gaudily dressed mulatto, a Haitian half-breed Frenchman. His four soldiers were West Indies negroes in English uniform.

De Chartres gave them orders in French which Harp could not understand. He gave lengthy and explicit orders. His voice was dry and harsh. Cold sweat stood on his forehead.

The Lieutenant grinned, tapped his cap, and the file marched out to the room where Philippe was confined.

"That'll end this disagreeable business," said de Chartres conceitedly. "You take a drink and we'll sit

here and listen. Presently you'll hear four shots and, well—I don't mind saying I'll be Duke d'Orleans."

"I think you'll sho' hear the shots," said Harp, "an' you'll likely be Duke in Hell befo' sunrise to-morrow."

"You are in ill humor. Have a drink." He set the liquor out. "You see there are two armed orderlies, one inside and the other outside this door. After you drink you will occupy a room by yourself, locked and under guard. If you stop to think, you are mutinous and traitorous, perhaps a spy. I may be in hell, as you say," he shot out angrily, "but—well, you are under arrest now and from now on. So have a drink."

Harp drank heartily. He was unarmed and the orderlies stood armed at the door. Besides, there was a cruel and malicious gleam in de Chartres' eyes and he was armed.

The lieutenant and his squad entered. De Chartres gave them drink after drink.

"I want them half drunk, to do it well," he said to Harp.

Extending under Castle Hurricane was one of the numerous caverns so common wherever water meets the surface rock of past geological upheavals. Easily disintegrated under the action of water, just as in the case of the channel in past ages which ran through the great bluff at the river's edge, and of the other to its top through which the scout and his party had climbed, so did the channel beginning at the bluff follow the rock underground and come out beneath the castle itself. It was, in fact, the high, dry cavern, discovered by Indian hunters many years before and well known among all Indians of the Choctaw and Creek country, that had caused the bandit fortification to be built over it. Its opening was a secret panel beneath the room of de Chartres, known only to himself and a half-dozen of his most trusted lieutenants, daredevil bandits of half-breed French negroes, who

only lived to do the bidding of their chief. The knowledge of it was withheld from Harp. He was American. He could not be trusted, for in that cavern was stored the bullion and the looted wealth which would make him a prince in France when de Chartres had accomplished the purpose of his long stay in America and destroyed the living, legitimate claimant to his dukedom.

The opening of the cave was at the foot of the great bluff, a small fissure grown over with cane and briars, and in high water beneath the surface.

Tradition had come down among the Creeks for many centuries concerning the great cave in the Choctaw country. To-day, Red Eagle remembered it.

It was nearly sunset when the Red Eagle arose from behind the turreted walls of the great cliff where all day his rifle and that of the white scout had played such deadly havoc within the fort, and looked intently at the forest across the river.

Touching the scout, he pointed to what the latter thought were the head of a school of alligators pushing silently across the waters of the bayou. There was suppressed pride in the voice as he said: "My warriors. They come. They have not failed the Red Eagle, though the journey has been long and the path a weary one. They have trailed the long forest but a sun behind our horses. It is well."

He slung across his shoulder the strap of the deadly new rifle which Andrew Jackson had given him, and carefully adjusted the bowie knife in his belt. It was plain that the chief's time had come for quick action.

"Stay here," he said to the scout, "you and the white squaw that shoots like a man. Watch for the lights in the White Eagle's room and draw steady beads on the shadows if they come. They will plan to murder him quickly now. Cover his window, and watch! It may save his life. The Red Eagle and his men will be moles in the ground; the fort will soon be theirs, though the

White Eagle and the Sehoy may not live to hear the war whoop of the Creeks. Watch—watch for the lights, I go.”

Even as he spoke lights began to gleam from the rooms of the fort. Once there passed before it the form of an officer hastening to de Chartres’s room.

Pamela stood up and grasped the Indian’s arm. “See!” she said. “It passed before the window in plain rifle shot. Is it that the chief means they will gather in the White Eagle’s room?” she asked. “Uncle, I will cover it myself.”

She dropped low and laid her rifle across the rock.

The chief smiled. “I go. Stay here and—watch.”

In a few minutes he had vanished to meet his men. Silently they had swum the bayou and gathered around the base of the cliff. An Indian silently arose to meet him.

It was Sequatchie. He seemed to have risen from the dead. He had come out of the secret opening and had waited for hours to bring the message of the Sehoy.

Their words were few. When he finished, the chief beckoned but once. Sequatchie led swiftly to the hidden opening. One by one in single file more than a hundred armed warriors followed other chiefs into the underground tunnel. Silently the earth seemed to have swallowed them.

XXXVIII

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE

CONFINED in a room in a far corner of the spacious house with a maid for attendant and two armed, half-breed San Domingan ruffians at her door, the Sehoy had slept but little; and, until daylight, she had alternately sat statuesquely still, or had paced the floor alert and lithe as the panther of the forest. Her food had not been tasted and in her deep brown eyes were somber shadows that might be likened only to those that fall amid the deep shade of a twilighted wilderness where no man's foot had ever fallen.

Her eyes alone showed the depth of her woe—not for herself, for she cared not for her own fate. It was for the White Eagle and the terrible fate that she feared might soon be his.

Was he still alive? She did not know, nor could she with the utmost adroitness get the slightest clue from her attendants. Then came the great silence. Sehoy wondered as she saw it. Not a sound, not a footstep in the plaza.

As she glanced out of the window to the open plaza she saw an ill-looking Indian strolling leisurely along. The Sehoy's lips curled mockingly. He was one of the desperate Creeks of her own people who had refused to surrender and had fled to this fort and the banditti life. She soon saw that the Indian wished to speak to her. She made a deft motion with her hand: he returned it. She turned to the maid: "The Sehoy will breakfast now. Will you bring me some fruit?"

As the maid went out she returned to the window. The Indian, at a sign, slipped under the limbs of a fig tree that extended almost to the window and, looking up, said in Creek: "The Sehoy—our princess of the Wind."

"Sequatchie," the princess replied, her lips tight with scorn.

"Let the Sehoy know now," said the Indian, "Sequatchie did not, like the red fox, run before the dogs. They stole him, brought him here, chained him, worked him with the coward black from Domingo. See! the chain's mark." He pointed to his bare ankles, which showed unhealed scars of circles, and to his naked shoulders, where whip-wheals had broken the skin. "Sequatchie feigned humble. They give him air and watch him no longer. But now Sequatchie die for the Sehoy. What is it you say do?"

"The Sehoy rejoices to hear it," she said. "She will tell you quickly; but first: Does the young White Eagle still live?"

The Indian pointed to another room. "He is there. A slave sleeps at his feet. It was the slave they thought would kill him."

The Sehoy's eyes changed from the forest in gloom to the forest in sunlight.

"It is well," she whispered calmly. "My brother, is there any token?"

"It is that the Sequatchie came to tell." The Indian said it stoically and unconcerned. "The signal light of the White Swan has gone up from yonder bluff. That makes them, like the wolf, hunt cover to hide. See: no soldier, no Indian, no nigger." He pointed to the top of the overhanging rock towering over the fortress.

"It is the Red Eagle," she laughed softly, musically. "Reach him, even with your life. Tell him to act quickly and, Sequatchie, show him the room of the White Eagle. Stand by, go, one comes."

The Indian slipped off as the guard unlocked the door and the maid brought in the breakfast. Very joyously

the Sehoy ate. There was a new light in her eyes.

As she finished, a sentinel entered.

"I have orders to take you to the king, de Chartres," he said. He walked up and seized her roughly by the wrist. "But first we are to search you to see that the little murderess has no dagger in her bosom—a pleasant task, truly." He grinned sensually in her face as he attempted to thrust his hand into her bosom.

The princess sprang back, a dangerous gleam in her eyes. "Touch me not. I am the Sehoy Creek princess, who shall feel only the touch of love from her equal. No mongrel shall ever touch her. But you shall see that I am not armed. Your looks can defile me not. Your touch is death."

She touched a clasp and stood before him as her short gown fell, clad only in a thin chemise of richest silk that left bare her breast and limbs. Her exquisite form showed plainly through it. There was no place for a weapon in its folds.

With another deft movement she slipped it on and said with dignity: "Now I go to the Count de Chartres."

The brutal face of the man flushed with a sensualness that she, never having known, did not see. In him was awakening the fiercest of all beastly passions as he led her forth.

She came into the presence of de Chartres guarded by the sentinel. With supreme aloofness she stood before him, her eyes mere sloping slits of silent contempt. De Chartres, looking at her, thought she bore herself more like an avenging conqueror than a supplicant.

"I have sent for you"—de Chartres fairly snarled the words—"you beautiful murderess, to know what unseen devilment is afoot. My men seem panic-stricken without cause. It is believed that your brother is here and has surrounded the fort. If he is and you have any secret signs, as they tell me, you had better warn him now. The first move from him and it will be death for you."

"Do you think the Sehoy fears you or your death? She fears neither. There is only one thing she would give her life for, her honor, her all."

"What?" he asked.

"The White Eagle. Take all, everything, the Sehoy among them, but give this young life back to his people and his country."

"I have already ordered him to be shot—a spy that came into our lines, attacked us as you saw, killed one of our best men, and wounded others. By the laws of war he should have been shot sooner. Now, look, I have sent for you to see him led away to death, your lovely White Eagle. Look!"

The princess looked at de Chartres and a faint blue gleam crept into her eyes. Her mouth had narrowed to a bitter twisted smile: "You mock yourself. Your plans are futile. The White Eagle is safer now than you are."

De Chartres turned on her fiercely: "That's your game, is it, you she-devil? Well, there they are. They will march him to the farther wall and shoot him. And you, you devil's sorceress, shall stand here and see it."

As he spoke, two men came from the room into the open. Philippe followed shackled, but with uplifted head. Two more followed with fixed bayonets at his back and cocked muskets with hand on the locks. De Chartres laughed cruelly: "Now, see him go to his death, fair princess."

"Yes," she cried; and, springing to the window, she drew from her long coiled hair the great white feather of the White Swan and tossed it up. It came fluttering down. Instantly came the report of two rifles as if from the sky above the window. The two foremost soldiers dropped in their tracks. An instant and two more followed. The lieutenant staggered a few yards and fell. The other, wounded, rushed off screaming and dived under cover.

Philippe, sensing the scene, sprang back into his room.

For one brief second de Chartres stood motionless. A thin rift of black powder smoke floated from the top of the bluff. A dozen soldiers rushed out. Three were shot down quickly. A dead silence ensued and a scene of scampering soldiers seeking cover.

Harp, who had sat sullen in his corner, rose slowly and broke the silence. "I guess you'll remember the remark I made to you jes' now," he drawled. "We're trapped here like varmints. The man who sticks his head out of doors is dead befo' he gits it out."

"Fool!" cried de Chartres. "Can't three hundred rout them? There can be but three or four there; but, great God, how they shoot!"

"There ain't but one way to git to the top o' that bluff," said Harp—"a hole that leads up. One man at the mouth of it on top could stop a regiment comin' up one by one. We are trapped. I knew them Indians smelt their doom when they slunked around this mornin'."

De Chartres turned on the princess like a tiger. "You damned, uncanny murderess! That was your game, and that snake of a brother is here, perhaps with the whole Creek army. Ay," he turned to Harp, "but no Indian ever fired with the accuracy of those rifles. It's more than Creek here, Harp."

"Them guns"—Harp scanned the great bluff towering above them—"the triggers o' them guns wuz teched by the three best shots in all this wilderness. My gang has felt 'em both; that Crockett scout, his shootin' gal, and that Red Eagle Indian. They're thar on that bluff. All hell can't git 'em out, an' they've got the drop on us till night."

"Yes, till night," de Chartres spoke relieved—"and, thank Heaven, there is no moon. It'll be a dark one."

Harp nodded.

"We must plan fast." De Chartres paced the floor and talked more to himself than to Harp. "We must plan fast, but first——"

He turned to the princess. She stood stoically watching him, a cynical, unafraid smile on her lips. He stopped before her, cool, cruel, calm: "And so, as I understood you to say, you would give all, everything, for the life of the White Eagle—even your honor."

In spite of her calmness he saw that her eyelids dropped. She winced; then flushed upward again to his.

"Your honor," he went on, only lingering on the word, "your princess honor. And, am I correct in saying that you hold that above all—your life, for instance?"

"A long line of the Sehoys have died for it," she said calmly. "They have gone, maids with their hair unbound, into the far land of those who are happy. The Sehoys will join them there. They are already around her here, now. I see the aureoles of their unbound hair. They await the coming of the Sehoys. She can only go with them in the purity of her unbound hair." She raised her proud head high: "You cannot take it from her!"

"I cannot, you treacherous wench. See my murdered men lying yonder swelling in the hot sun and no one can touch them! See my troops turned cowards!"

"Turned cowards"—she echoed the words. "You, they, all of you are born cowards. You have not turned."

"Hush," he cried, and slapped her fiercely on the mouth with the back of his hand.

She drew back her head and swayed, her eyes gleaming like a snake that strikes.

"That's what I think of your honor." He turned to the mulatto guards who stood on each side. "Her honor! Here, you lusty bullies, listen to my order."

Grinning, the two brutes came to attention.

"Take her, you two, honor and all; bind her in her room; do with her as you please; but if you return to me and tell me she is not humiliated to the basest degree, drag her out," he shouted.

With a demoniacal grin the two negroes wheeled to grasp her. But already she darted to the low window,

which, like all to the castle, opened from floor to ceiling, though barred by iron rods which ran across for safety, a foot's depth between them. She stood braced against it, holding her arms backward wrapped around the bars as if clinging for protection. Again her free hand went out and a white feather fell.

"You can't get out there," de Chartres laughed as the two brutes sprang forward to seize her, their heads fully exposed in the broad light of the window.

De Chartres's laugh froze instantly on his lips. Two keen reports came out of the sky again. Both men fell at the Sehoy's feet. She placed her sandled foot on the neck of one and stood up, her bare breasts faintly showing in tragic beauty, reaching one arm out to de Chartres: "Come, the Sehoy has saved her honor for you. Unbind her hair, take it, come!" Her eyes pleaded graciously as she bent forward and said again and again, rhythmically, sensuously, rapturously: "Come, come, come; the last of the Sehoys awaits you; come."

It was so subtle, so soft, so like the deadly charm of the snake, of which her writhing, live form and swaying head was symbol, that even the Frenchman stood speechless under the spell.

"Come, beloved, come; the last of the Sehoys awaits you."

De Chartres felt her eyes drink up his as fire drinks water. He seemed to go back into unknown past of a faintly remembered other life. Great palms, Mesozoic paths were around him. He walked into their shrubs faintly tinged with the sweet poison of the hemlock, passed eons ago. A hot mist arose in clouds from an earth that burned his feet and urged him ever onward. A pterodactyl broke the air above with wings that were claps of thunder. He fought to go back. "It's death," he said to himself. He struggled in the rhythm of it, but helpless to resist. And she, she, it was—his soul for her soul—all eternity—had he not waited for this?

"Come—come—come!" Her voice came out from a million years of time and like starlight from distant nebulae—a million light years of peace; and all these million years he had waited for her—her, his soul's mate—her—he felt himself slipping forward, her face almost reached to kiss his—the beautiful form for his arms—the queen—the soul queen—*his*—he reached to embrace her.

He was jerked back by a powerful brute hand and hurled in a helpless fainting bundle beside the door. There was a faint whirring as if Time's wings went out like air in a vacuum, vanishing him to the past.

Harp stood over him, shaking him into life. "You damned fool! You missed death by six inches. Jes' six inches nigher to that window."

De Chartres arose, wringing the hot perspiration from his brow. He dared not look at the girl in the window clinging to the iron bars.

He turned and called from the squad of soldiers, panic-stricken, the two guards who stood grinning at the strange scene—two uniformed blacks.

"Take her, drag her out to another room, bind her, do with her as you wish, but leave nothing of her honor first, nor her life last."

The two black savages grinned maliciously: "We'll finish her. She can't charm us like a snake." They advanced to seize her, but already she had walked calmly to the door and with a cool smile said to them: "The princess will go with you and do your bidding. You need not use force."

De Chartres turned in fury. "Seize her," he shouted to the two men, "seize her and tie her hands behind her. Take her—dishonor her and murder the wretch. But keep her hands pinioned even then—she may kill you with her eyes."

He watched with satisfaction as the two brutes carried out his orders with fiendish brutality, and dragged her, with pinioned arms, from the room.

The Sehoy had been roughly shoved back into her own bedroom by the half-drunken savages who so gaudily wore the uniform of Spain. With her hands tied behind her she was flung on a couch; but she quickly arose, backing away toward the open but barred window. Both men started toward her; then each stopped as suddenly in his tracks, for as they looked there came into her eyes the same strange, uncanny snakelike charm that chilled them when De Chartres had had so narrow an escape. Then they remembered the open window and the shot.

"Blow out the light," shouted one—"that'll fix her, eyes an' all."

In the semi-darkness of the room the Sehoy was dragged back to the couch. A brute sat on either side holding her arms.

"She's mine," one said; "the boss told me first."

The other scowled savagely: "If you are a better man, take her!" They looked into each other's face for a moment and gradually broke into an understanding grin.

"Light the candle again," one of them spoke in a whisper. "We can't both have her. Let's be fair about it. No need for us to kill one another for a woman when there's so many around. Where's the cards? Let's draw—the three highest gets her. The loser goes out like a gentleman. Ain't that fair?"

The other assented. The candle was lighted and the cards shuffled.

They had turned their backs to the princess, engrossed in their game.

"Jack!" shouted one as he cut first.

"Ten spot!"

The other's face clouded with disappointment as the worthless spot of spades showed under his cut.

"Two out of three! Now, ace, come—come, old man, an' give me the girl," shouted the exultant winner as he cut again.

A faint sound caught the princess' ear. She leaned forward, then with a cruel smile tapped the floor with her sandaled heel.

Slowly a hidden trap in the floor opened. Not a muscle moved in the princess' face as the great form of her brother, his fierce eyes blazing with smothered wrath, slowly and noiselessly came out of the darkness, a gleaming, heavy tomahawk in his hand.

"Queen," again shouted the negro soldier as he exultantly stuck the card under the eyes of his fellow.

"You draw—beat it if you can!"

"King!" thundered the Indian's voice. They turned in abject terror.

The fierce, swift light that flashed from the hiss of the descending tomahawk was not fiercer or deadlier than that which came from the Indian's eyes. Two swift blows, and as the blacks sank he caught the stoic, immovable princess to his breast.

"My sister, the Sehoi."

"My brother, the Red Eagle."

No other words were said. He cut her thongs as she whispered: "The Red Eagle is just in time. Come, we will save the White Eagle."

Silently they passed back into the darkness of the underground passage.

It was mid-afternoon. The sun had already begun to slant with fierce, hot waves toward the west. For two hours the fort had been silent in a cowardly, subdued panic. Only two soldiers had obeyed de Chartres's orders and gone out to remove the dead of the firing who lay where they had fallen in their fatal mission for the life of Philippe. They would not have been injured on their mission had they not foolishly fired at the top of the great bluff above the river. There came two more quick shots from its top and one threw down his gun, shot through the shoulder; the other was bumped off on one leg.

It was plain why their lives had been spared.

De Chartres assembled his men behind the only side of the castle not exposed to the deadly fire. He posted them behind the house and gradually extended a barricade of logs on the castle wings. A constant fire was directed at the bluff's top for an hour. No shot came back in reply. Believing that such a fusillade had by chance or otherwise reached its mark, de Chartres, safe within the unexposed door of the fort, gave orders to cease; and, the gate having been opened, he ordered all to charge and surround the bluff.

And to de Chartres' consternation, not the two or three, rifles, that were plainly all there were in the forenoon, but a dozen or more now cracked with such staccato regularity they told de Chartres that reënforcements had arrived and only night and the secret passage could save him.

He called together the few he could trust and prepared to wait for night. In the meanwhile, he made all preparations for a departure. As for the slaves, bandits, and renegade Indians, they might save themselves as best they could.

Only one mission was left—a dastardly but deadly one. This must be done.

The sun was already setting. With darkness the fort was safe until daylight. At daylight he would be gone. De Chartres gave his orders quickly. In an hour all was ready—the bullion and the money, both silver and gold, packed ready to be carried down the long underground channel to the sloop, hid in the bayou, that would sail for France.

He felt safe: for no force without cannon could storm and take the fort, impregnable in its high walls and natural surroundings.

Throughout the day, Harp had sat sullen and indifferent to the futile and panicky efforts around him. His situation was not to be envied: From East Tennessee, where his career of murder and robbery had begun ten

years before, to the Cumberland, Natchez and New Orleans, he had been trailed and hounded and a price put upon his head.

Of all thieves caught in this trap, he knew that first of all he would be hung to the pickets of the palisade.

To get out of the way with his share of the loot was his problem. Not only did Harp distrust, but now he thoroughly hated de Chartres. There was honor among thieves, unwritten and so the stronger—a fair division and a fair count. De Chartres, he knew, would give neither. And it was plain he intended that the American should be left behind and to save himself, if he could.

It was nearly dark and weird, silent shadows fell over the fort—a pen of death. The superstitious negroes began a funeral chant for the dead that, until darkness came, had lain where they fell for fear of the deadly rifles that hurled unerringly bolts of lead from the sky. They were burying their dead in the dim light of the stars. Not a torch was used for fear of more deaths. Within, however, candles were safe and already the castle was lighted.

The burial was done with swiftness—a gruesome task. It was believed by all that the king would lead them out and away by the mild light of a rising moon. Instead, de Chartres had assembled in his own room, above the trapdoor and secret panel, a dozen of his trusted lieutenants who knew their way through the tunnel and would carry the treasure to the sloop that lay hid in the bayou.

There was much he realized now that he could not take with him—the slaves, the guns, the loot of other kinds. But with the treasures packed on the backs of strong men he had wealth enough that he might lose some and yet be the richest duke in France.

The princess, no doubt, was already outraged and murdered. It was nothing to him.

But for Philippe—the supreme moment had come. He should not be left behind to turn up again. With devilish

ingenuity he had planned it. He would go to the boy's room himself with Harp, who, bribed and convinced that he should have his part of the gold, would kill him ruthlessly. Then quickly locking the door, he would bar the desperado in with the dead. When the Americans took the fort next day, as he knew they would, de Chartres with the gold would be far out on the lake in a swift sloop, and Harp, the murderer, would be hung at the castle gate.

In the panic and consternation of the first shots from the bluff no one had dared approach the room where Philippe was held, but now with the darkness the time had come.

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XXXIX

LE COUP DE JARNAC

DUPRÉ!" De Chartres spoke sharply to his orderly. "Take Lieutenant Maupin, be sure you both are well armed, and bring Harp in. Better take a squad with you, all white, no mulattoes in this, and, before he comes in, have him searched and take his weapons. I will take no chances with this American bandit."

Harp had practically been a prisoner all day, watched and suspected. He had taken no part in the fighting, nor in the busy preparations for flight. He had, however, watched the room that led to the secret passage. He had found where the gold was. He knew what his share of it was, and he read de Chartres and his plans as easily as he read the road down the public highway.

Moreover, he saw that de Chartres—vain, boastful, and self-assured—did not see that in the end they all were trapped; and whatever it might mean to de Chartres, to him it meant death quick and sure.

All day he had planned, not idly.

The bandit came in sullen and silent, his keen eyes flashing right and left at the files of white soldiers, the packed chests, the complete preparations for departure.

"I have a mission for you to perform," de Chartres spoke sharply. "You are to witness the execution of this young spy captured at Pensacola and who should have been executed this morning."

"Wal, what's yo' idee in that? His death ain't nothin' more or less to me."

"Here is your part of our profits," he pointed to a small wooden box—fifty thousand dollars in gold and silver. I am more generous, you see, than my word. After this execution we will go; but you say you prefer to remain and take your chances. I have added ten thousand dollars more to what I agreed; but you are to go with me and do this work for me. Then you can stay here or go, as you please."

A quick understanding light came into Harp's eyes, a cynical smile on his lips. "Lead the way an' let's get through with it." Harp spoke it gruffly and with business-like briefness. "But give me my gun first."

"Oh, you'll be handed that at the proper time."

De Chartres arose and buckled on his two keen rapiers. He looked to the priming of a fine blue-steeled, rifled pistol in his belt. He gave orders for the soldiers to stay where they were above the gold in the cellar and be ready on his return for swift flight underground and to safety. Beckoning his two lieutenants, he walked with the bandit down the hall to Philippe's room; he called them aside and whispered: "Stand at that door outside, and after the shot is fired lock Harp in. We will be rid of two at once."

De Chartres entered, stern, quiet, and with determination in every movement. The last of the Harps followed with set eyes, indifferent. Two lighted candles were placed on the center table. They threw their shadows out of the barred windows. Water and food were on the table, a huge basket of fruit. Philippe had eaten heartily.

"Who brought this?" De Chartres paused in surprise at the table.

Philippe arose with a calm smile: "There are invisible hands here that you know not of. Your dead which lies at my door should convince you of that."

De Chartres flared angrily: "Ay, and for it all do you reckon to escape with no penalty?"

"If you were man enough to take these things from my wrists and give me back that sword of mine—you have or

its mate—I'd show you who the real Count Montpensier is and who is the bandit coward."

De Chartres laughed: "My fine boy, you are going to die soon enough. You are not deceived about that, I can see. I would not cut short any of your precious time by such an unequal duel. I may be a bandit, but I am not a coward. Of this there is abundant evidence in France; indeed, if alive, a long list of dead gentlemen would testify, if they could speak, that I am a most expert swordsman."

"Then give me that chance for my life, if you are not a coward." He stood eagerly wistful. "You say it is foregone that you could run me through. It's death anyway. Then let me die like a gentleman—a duke, if you please, and not murdered in shackles." He smiled wanly: "I think, sir, I'd have more respect for myself in another world."

"Another world," sneered de Chartres. "Some half-baked Presbyterian has spoiled a beautiful duke."

"You will believe it, too, before my friends are through with you, sir," and Philippe's eyes flashed. "Do you really deceive yourself into believing that you can get out of this country alive?" Philippe shot it suddenly at him.

"You'll be dead and I'll be gone on the high seas before your friends will ever hear of it. Now see?"

De Chartres wheeled, drew his blade, and deftly struck at the boy's heart. Philippe did not wince. Instead, he stood up, baring his breast. With a deft thrust of his wrist, de Chartres, to show his skill, in the flash of an instant, turned the blade aside.

To Harp, watching with keen accounting eyes, it seemed to have gone through, so sudden and unerring the move.

Philippe shot back: "I knew you couldn't do it, you coward!"

De Chartres drew back amazed. What did Philippe mean? Trying to madden him into killing him? Or, he hesitated, panicky with the thought, were his friends al-

ready in the fort? Did he know it and so taunted him? In the panic of it he placed the sword on the mantel thoughtlessly. He listened. Silence held the night. Then, a reverberating yell came down the river, and the sharp crack of rifles.

Harp sprang up in near panic. "Do you know what that is?" he shouted. "Do yo' work quick. Them's Kentucky troops on the flatboats goin' to New Orleans. That scout has stopped 'em. They'll take this fort, guns an' all. Better dive for that hole o' yours before they storm this fort."

In the near-panic of this thought, de Chartres drew his pistol. His hand shook. His face was frozen in determination. Twice he attempted to cock it. It was not fear that held him back. He knew it. It was the overstrained nerves of the thing long planned and now to be consummated. It was the cessation of action, now that action had come. With the report of the weapon he would indeed be Duke d'Orleans. Instead he turned to Harp. The man stood with keen eyes, sullen and malicious, watching him. He thrust the pistol into the bandit's hands. "Take it, Harp. Shoot him quickly where he stands. Quick! Half the gold is yours. Quick! Half of it, I say. Shoot!"

Harp seized the weapon and broke into a cruel laugh.

"Shoot, Harp, shoot quick and end it. His friends are here. We must go now. Shoot! It's now or never!" He was beside himself with frantic gestures. Curses came from his lips; his eyes flashed their madness.

He turned to hear Harp's cruel laugh and to see the pistol pointed at his own heart.

"Say," the bandit drawled, "you lyin', thievin' murderin' Frenchman, d'ye think I'd murder one o' my own people for you? Oh, you'd lie an' take my share an' then leave me locked in here to be hanged, would you? Throw up yo' hands, quick! It'll be a fair fight!"

De Chartres, shaking with rage, knew Harp too well to

hesitate. Slowly, slowly his hands went up, while the long blue barrel followed within two feet of his heart.

"Now, hold 'em there," Harp smiled cruelly.

He walked over to Philippe, inserted the key, and with a snap the shackles fell from his wrists.

"I thank you." Philippe stood up and quickly reached for the sword on the mantel. "Now let him come on."

Harp nodded. "I like a fair fight. Go to it."

He turned to de Chartres: "This boy ain't got much chance, but he's my fo'ks. He's American, an' ef you lay the hairbreadth of a foul on 'im in this game I'll blow yo' brains out."

"Oh, that's the game, is it?" De Chartres sneered it loftily as he wheeled with drawn rapier. "I'll cut his beautiful face to pieces, then——"

The rapiers clashed instantly.

"Fair play," shouted Harp. "My gun is umpire." He fixed his keen eye on de Chartres, and as the rip of steel hissed with the fire of the circling blades an unheralded delight glowed in the bandit's eyes.

De Chartres was quickly and startlingly surprised. With a skill he had never met before, Philippe, nerved with the holy madness of all his wrongs, fenced with the subconscious skill and fury of the disembodied spirit of all the masters of the rapier. Breaking through de Chartres's guard, his point leaped out like bolted fire directly in the Frenchman's face. A red gash opened in its upward twist across chin, cheek, and temple. A steel pen had written first blood in ink that was crimson.

Both sprang back, Philippe without a word.

De Chartres wheeled softly around and with a curving sweep of his left forefinger, as if it were perspiration, swept the blood from his face.

The umpire bandit roared in delight.

"You damned little Duke"—it came with profane pride—"in hell's name whur'd you l'arn that? Fust blood for Tennessee!"

He was openly proud of his citizenship in a life-to-life struggle that made all citizens equal.

De Chartres recovered, smiled coolly. "It was a scratch. I am trying him out." He leaped at Philippe and the two sword blades pirouetted back and forth in a circle of fire from blades that, beginning wide, narrowed steadily until they now seemed to revolve around each other in slowly narrowing, closing parabolas of flame. Even Harp knew this was supreme—that the surest, quickest, steadiest blade would wield at last with the weapon and, reënforced to double strength, would reach the heart.

Fiercely, swiftly, and with overpowering skill, Philippe's blade fused into the Frenchman's as the latter threw all his weight on the point for the boy's heart.

Never before had any man parried this supreme thrust of the Frenchman; and when the boy took the point with the sureness and the meeting of an unbelieved science, the shock of the impact unmanned de Chartres for the fraction of a second. But in that second his heart lay bare before his cool antagonist.

Even Harp was surprised when the boy sent his blade swiftly through de Chartres' shoulder and spared his heart.

Instantly Philippe sprang back on guard.

"What the hell you savin' 'im for?" shouted the bandit.

"For a coup de Jarnac," shouted back the frenzied impostor. "Ha—for capture—the guillotine in France—that's your game!"

Weak from loss of blood, his wounded shoulder cramping his sure aim, he sprang forward for a death grapple with the boy.

Coolly, with swiftness and skill which the baffled and infuriated renegade had never seen before, the boy played him for the coup de Jarnac, the stroke that is so rare because so difficult, severing from the rear the great tendons of the leg so that the victim stands powerless, for capture and death.

For some minutes Harp watched, exultant, while the men went round in a circle, the blade of the American fiercely, slowly, and surely working to the Frenchman's rear. The latter fenced furiously to protect his flank, but the power and skill of the younger man were not to be denied. A sparkle of fire lit up the moving circle of steel.

Panting, bloody and beaten, the Frenchman fought. Cool, with a bitter smile on his lips which never was there before, Philippe circled him.

The bandit's shout was the only sound that told of the final stroke as Philippe's blade shot through the calf and severed the tendon with a snap that sounded like a hand-clap. Staggering, de Chartres stood on one leg, using his sword as a support. He stood at the mercy of the American.

"Kill 'im, kill 'im," shouted Harp. "He's yo' meat; kill 'im, little Duke!"

Philippe stood wiping his blade: "That's as far as a gentleman can go with a murderer and a bandit. The rest is for the law."

De Chartres with a bound leaped back against the open window and quickly drew from his pocket a two-barreled pistol concealed there. "We'll go together—we Dukes of Orleans," he said as he wheeled to shoot.

"Drap, boy—down—" the shout came from the bandit—"Oh, you damned coward!" His pistol went quickly up, to be knocked aside by a swift form that came out from the floor that opened at his feet as the Princess Sehoy sprang out, followed by Red Eagle and other Indians, and threw herself on de Chartres as he fired point-blank at Philippe. She reeled as she caught the ball in her own breast, but struck, in frenzy, with a small dagger that reached de Chartres's throat.

Venomous, frenzied, he slapped one hand to the wound and with a diabolic smile that raced with death he leveled

at the heart of the boy who, unmindful of his own danger, had caught the dying princess in his arms.

The scout and his niece lay prone on the bluff, a rifle thrust out from a crevice under each. All day they had lain there waiting for the moment which had arrived. And now through the open window they could faintly see the struggle within, but it was only at this moment that de Chartres had come clearly between them and the light.

"Look, uncle, look! He's killed Philippe. No—Oh, he's——"

De Chartres stood staggering, his head showing plainly, even to the murderous grin of revenge on his face. He leaned forward, leveling his pistol.

The scout's keen eyes peered across the darkness: "That's him—That's his head, gal, draw it fine—quick—now, freeze!"

"I've froze, uncle. God help him."

The shot that rang out from the bluff was followed by another in the room, as Harp fired to save the young prince. De Chartres collapsed, his sword bending double as he fell on it. So quickly he died that the vengeance stamped on his face for others was stamped in death for his own.

Harp arose and shuffled coolly up to the dead impostor. Noting the fatalness of the first shot, he drawled: "Hell—beat me to it, an' jes' in time." He glanced toward the bluff—"Lord, but they drawed it fine from that bluff."

"Uncle, I—I—Oh, I killed him!"

The scout saw her face grow white as she threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, uncle, I didn't kill him, did I?" She began to weep hysterically.

The scout deftly changed guns, thrusting his own freshly primed where hers had been.

"No, honey—you forgot to shoot. Yo' old Uncle Dave done it—see? yours is fresh."

"Oh, uncle, I must have dreamed it. I'm so glad! But

see, they've captured the fort—the room is full of men. There's Red Eagle and Captain Trevellian. But look! Oh, the Sehoy—he's killed her—she is dying."

She burst into tears. The scout held her gently, patting her hair: "Steady, gal, stay here—don't move—I'm gwine in. Trevellian and the Tennesseans is there. And look!" He pointed to the river below. Troops swarmed over the walls.

"That's them lousy fightin' Kentuckians gwine to New Orleans an' to Jackson, with one kettle to a mess and half o' them with no guns. Lord, but they'll get guns enough now. Thar's a Kentucky drink in that bunch an' I'm gwine get it. You jes' stay here an' rest. I'll be back soon."

"Uncle!"

"Yes, honey."

"Look, look, he loves her!" She could see the dying Sehoy in Philippe's arms. "Oh, that I should have come so far to know this—that he loved her—Sehoy."

She was in tears again.

"Honey, I'll be back soon. Don't fret. I told you all the time you couldn't trust these little Dooks. It's back to the Cumberland we'll go, start this very night. I've come mighty far to git you an' you're goin' back with ole Uncle an' marry Brother Shepherd. He's been waitin' mighty patient."

Pamela's answer was a sob: "But—but—he kissed her—see?"

She pointed to the half-seen tragedy in the lighted room a hundred and fifty yards below. The scout looked, scowling.

Red Eagle stood looking at the dying Sehoy. Gently she sank—the White Eagle on the floor holding her head in his arms.

"The way of the Sehoys," she whispered—it was the breath of the sougning pines—"the way of the Sehoys.

Oh, my White Eagle, my soul's mate—the Sehoy's way—to await you in the fair lands. Kiss her and forgive her, White Eagle, the way of the Sehoys—her life for her love—Oh, White Eagle, beloved—kiss me.”

The White Eagle placed his lips to hers.

Philippe turned. Red Eagle stood near him, looking long and earnestly into the face of the dead princess. No sorrow was there—only a calm resignation as if there had been enacted the inevitable ending of a tragic drama.

“The Sehoy will sleep in the home of her fathers,” he spoke in monotone.

“And we, Red Eagle, we shall carry her. Only chiefs shall take her to her tomb,” he spoke slowly.

He raised her quietly in his arms.

Philippe arose: “I, the chief White Eagle, I will go with you.”

With no further word he stood by. A look of tenderness flashed in the eyes of the red chief as he said: “It is well, and the Sehoy will sleep the sweeter for your going. White Eagle, my warriors are here.” His eyes swept the sea of dusky plumes that had gathered in the yard. “We will await the White Eagle at the great trail by the bluff. And then——”

The chief's eyes flashed a sullen fire: “And then——”

Philippe grasped his hand, his own eyes for the first time kindling: “Red Eagle, my brother, we will join the Great Chief at New Orleans.”

The Indian nodded, and other plumed warriors gathered around them solemnly trailed out chanting a weird song.

Philippe turned. The room had filled with officers and soldiers. There had been shots and shouts, as a large contingent of Kentucky soldiers, floating on rafts down the Mississippi without guns, in their hurry to reach New Orleans, had been stopped by Captain Trevellian, and, led by him over the walls, captured the Castle. Here were guns for those who had them not, new English rifles, which would soon be turned against those who had made

them. Three hundred slaves and banditti had been corralled in a large stockade. The barrels of the Castle's choice whiskies had been quaffed exultantly by coonskin capped and hunting-shirted soldiers as they laughed over their good luck.

Philippe, ignorant of the nearness of Pamela, not knowing, indeed, whether or not she lived, and stricken with sorrow at the tragedy, which sparing his own life, had taken that of the Sehoy princess, stood moodily with a heavy heart watching the procession that marched by the flame of the torchlight as they carried her on her bier.

He turned to find Captain Trevellian at his side. He felt an arm go around his shoulders. Philippe stood unashamed of his tears and grasped his uncle's hand.

"Will you go back to the Cumberlands now, Philippe? You know, of course, who you are."

"Thank you, sir. I shall go back to the Cumberland when General Jackson no longer needs a soldier. Then I shall go and carry my mother's vindication."

"We will go together then, Philippe. But come, Lieutenant Dominique You is here. He wishes to speak to us. It was he who stopped long enough at New Orleans to tell General Jackson and me of your capture and direct me and my men to where you had been carried. Moreover, he has something of interest to tell you."

Dominique You came in, and with military precision saluted.

"This is Lieutenant Dominique You, Philippe, newly appointed lieutenant of a battery for the defense of New Orleans."

"Late pirate on the high seas, sir"—Dominique You's voice was partly humorous. "But now, by the pardon and grace of Andrew Jackson, an American soldier and lieutenant of artillery and a man with a country."

He saluted again: "Ah, Monsieur, I have followed you here on the trail of this false de Chartres whom I have been trailing for five years. I have some papers

of great importance to you. You see, I knew this impostor de Chartres in France. I knew of his crimes and the price on his head. But never was able to find him until he put into our harbor five days ago. I would have captured him then, but I wished to find his place of rendezvous—his booty. Much of it is Captain Lafitte's and mine, taken on the high seas by our men from English vessels, and by him later—treacherously taken by him, the bandit and counterfeiter."

The lieutenant's contempt was so great that the ludicrous title to his claims was not apparent save in the smile that swept Captain Trevellian's face.

"Now I bribe one of his men. Here he is, the noble Harp," and the exuberant Creole clasped this bandit to his breast. "He, too, we pardon, Captain. We will have General Jackson pardon him also, that he may fight for his country with Captain Lafitte and me. Is it not so? Ah, it is! But the Harp, he tell me where the Castle Hurricane is. I go at once to General Jackson. I tell him all. I tell of de Chartres and who the young Montpensier is." He again saluted Philippe. "I follow him like a hound. I follow him here, alas too late. I have not the pleasure of killing him myself, but I have the joy of knowing of the beautiful way the young Montpensier finished him with the coup de Jarnac. The worthy Harp he tell me the story. Is it not so? Ah, it is, and I would have carried him to a guillotine in France but for some unknown shot from out the dark—some one, doubtless, he had wronged in life."

He turned to Philippe with a profound bow: "Count Montpensier, I congratulate you. Let me explain: I was your father's valet from the time he had to flee France to the day of his death in England. I know all about his marriage to your beautiful and most excellent mother. I have all the papers here which prove it and many more which establish your claim to the stolen treasure here of this impostor de Chartres and to your landed rights in

France. I accompanied your father, Montpensier, to America with his two brothers, Orleans and Beaujolais—the three Dukes of Orleans. I witnessed the marriage of your father and mother. I waited on your father until he died—he trusted me—Dominique You, and Dominique You has not betrayed the trust. He tells me at his death to come on the high sea. All of these were taken from me by this impostor and pirate, de Chartres, who conceived the idea of doing away with you and seizing your name and fortune, all now being dead but your uncle, Louis Philippe, who knows nothing of the matter, even of your father's clandestine marriage. In turn I became pirate myself; not for myself, but to get back the fortune your sire entrusted for you, and to wreak my vengeance on this de Chartres here, whom you so beautifully conquered for me. My task is done. I have given General Jackson valuable aid and information that the British are sailing for New Orleans. Already they should be there. For this, he makes me Lieutenant Dominique You, of the United States of America, a man with a country. *Vive l'Amerique, vive le Jackson—vive le Count Montpensier.*" He threw his arms around the astounded Philippe and kissed both his cheeks.

If Crockett's solution of Pamela's trouble was satisfying to him, it was far from satisfying to the distressed girl. As she stood on the bluff alone in the darkness and saw the capture of Castle Hurricane by the Kentuckians and the Creeks, and later the weird funeral procession of her only friend, the princess, go by, a strange feeling of sorrow, resentment, and defiance struggled in her breast. That kiss—he could not have kissed the Sehoy had he not loved her.

All her love and devotion, her sacrifices, her perils to reach Philippe had been in vain, now that he loved her not. There was nothing else she could do but go back to the Cumberland and wear out her grief with her years.

Back to the Cumberland! She started at the thought; back, never to see Philippe again?

It was more than she could stand. She had borne too much ever to go back again. And well she knew the sternness of her uncle, once his mind was made up. She would either have to leave his roof or marry a man she did not love.

The word of the Sehoy came to her: whatever her feelings were, gratitude was deepest in her heart, for the Sehoy had saved her honor and her life: then she remembered: "If I die, remember you are my heir, you are the Sehoy's sister. You will be our princess of great wealth and live among our people."

Instantly she decided: She would go to the Creeks. Already she was dressed as an Indian—the Sehoy had told her to go. Red Eagle was her friend and brother—there was no white friend on earth she had—none. In her sorrow and humiliation she would go to the Creeks and be their princess—away from all whites—away from all sorrow—from her uncle and the detested preacher, from, ay—even from Philippe himself.

It was easy. Many already thought she was an Indian. Even Trevellian and General Jackson had failed to recognize her.

The way—she had only to mount the chief's horse and give him the rein. That thoroughbred would soon carry her to the Sehoy's home.

Quickly she slipped food into her deerskin satchel. Picking up her rifle, she stole silently down the long tunnel and out into the night, and, mounting the great gray thoroughbred, dropped the reins on his neck and gave him the spur. In a swift gallop he wheeled and bounded away through the pines—not south, but due east.

He was going home!

At daylight, with a steady gallop, the thoroughbred had placed many miles behind him, going always steadily toward the sun. Pamela knew that by the stars and then

by the rising sun. All night he had slipped through the open pine forest in a canter so easy the girl felt no discomfort, save drowsiness.

As the sun broke over the tops of great trees, silvering their seas of green with light, she drew rein for the first time.

"Ah, we are safe now and far away. We will eat and rest awhile—then onward—onward to—to"—her voice halted—"to peace and forgetfulness."

She petted his neck. He breathed without quickening. Then one long breath from his thin nostrils and he fell to eating the rank rich grass.

There came suddenly the whimpering of a horse from out the woods.

Pamela started, seized her rein, and threw her rifle into position. Her own horse answered to the call of the first.

Friends—and her rifle went down.

An armed band of Indians rode out of the forest. At their head, and on a horse, black and powerful, sat an aged chief with long hair of white, contrasting vividly with the black sheen of his horse's mane.

They advanced, surrounding her with great deference. The aged chief, without apparent interest, swept her quickly with his keen eyes—her rich costume, leggins, and the coronet band around her temples. He bowed low in the saddle, his white hair falling like a mane around her shoulders.

"A Princess of the Wind—Red Eagle's sister."

He rode up, reached and laid his open palm on her head: "The old Pushmataha, chief of the Cherokees, is made glad to see you, as the ancient eagle the morning."

"I am the Sehoyia, sister of Sehoy, and seek our home at Toocabactha, where the two beautiful rivers meet," she said quietly.

A pleased look swept the Indians. "It is well"—the old chief bowed again—for we, too, seek Red Eagle there.

My young warriors here, and I, the ancient Pushmataha, shall be your guide and guard. We go to join Red Eagle and the great white Captain at the field of the great fight."

Pamela had heard of this great Indian. The fame of his natural goodness and his wonderful oratory was known throughout the Cumberland. It was he who, at the war council in which Tecumseh had instigated the massacre of Fort Mims, had opposed and defeated the great Tecumseh. A few weeks later, when the great comet of 1812 appeared in the heavens, the Indians in superstitious frenzy had swept away from Red Eagle and Pushmataha and sacked and burned the fort that ultimately proved their undoing at the hands of Andrew Jackson. The British, at Detroit, had told Tecumseh that this new star would appear at a certain date, and when Tecumseh had been outvoted he called them cowards and told them that in another moon they would see his hand in the sky. It would mean war. When it appeared, Pushmataha and Red Eagle were unable to control them.¹

All this swept through Pamela's mind as she looked at the noble figure before her.

Pushmataha's tent was near. With the greatest deference they led her to it. Refreshed with food, she slept while they guarded her door.

And thus Pamela, a right royal princess of the Creeks, guided by the great chief and his warriors, was conducted to the new home at Toocabactha.

¹ Pickett's "History of Alabama."

XL

"T'LL SMASH THEM, SO HELP ME GOD!"

THE battle of New Orleans was not won on January 8, 1815, when it was fought, but on the night of December 23, preceding. And it was won by a strategy and boldness that no other general in all history would have risked—not one, Greek, Cæsarian, Tartar, Hun, Carthaginian, nor Corsican; none but Andrew Jackson with all his will merged into the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian belief of a foreordained and predestined instrument of Divine planning.

And that will was victory.

Looking now at the chance against him, the man of little faith wonders at it all. And that is why he has little faith: for unlike Jackson, he knows not that there is no chance with GOD. Looking at it all now, when a century and more has narrowed this man's achievements to the focused circle of the rounded limelight of Fame, we know that this, indeed, was the secret of all his success—this faith, and with it the Divine power of planting the same confidence in the souls of all who touched him.

It stood him in greatest stead when, in early December, 1814, so weak and worn from the malaria of Southern swamps and the strenuous, crushing, and cruel campaign of near sixteen months against savage, beast, and Spaniard and British, he rode into New Orleans on that crisp second morning of December, scarcely able to sit in his saddle. A comfortable but comical little leather skullcap was over his shaggy iron-gray hair; a faded blue military cloak was over his shoulders; his gaunt, long legs dangled loosely

in huge unpolished boots that came above his knees. His face was sallow to yellowness and drawn with pain and weariness.¹

Only his blue-gray eyes were natural. They blazed with the divine light of his unconquered soul.

The terror-stricken citizens of the lazy, sleepy, half-Creole city of twenty thousand souls—French, Creole, American, Spanish, Indian, and negro—met him as he rode easily along the old Fort St. John's road with a vociferous welcome for the reputed "Savior of New Orleans" and withal a rare Creole breakfast under the supervision of an ancient and honorable Creole chef.

The French citizens looked at this *Grande Generale* once, and a wave of shrugged shoulders swept from the Bayou St. John to the Mississippi—seven hazy, lazy, languid miles—and a sign of disgust and despair followed the shrug as a sea lisp ends the roar of a wave broken on the beach.

And the great dinner. "Ah, monsieur—monsieur—behold!" cried the indignant chef to the great citizen, Livingston, who was entertaining the General. "Ah—behold monsieur. I work myself to death to make your home *au fait* for the *Grande Generale* and prepare this splendid *dejeuner*, and this rare wine from your cellar, and behold, it is all wasted. There is no *Grande Generale* with sword and epaulets and plumes and long mustache—no—Oh, Mon Dieu, only an old Kaintuck flatboatman, and all he consume of my splendid viands is a spoonful of mush and milk. Oh, monsieur—monsieur—I resign. I queet—I go—I absconde."²

It was true. The General ate only mush and milk, but his young staff with Captain Trevellian left nothing of the good chef's viands.

Then they mounted their horses and rode to meet the stricken citizens who already reported the British fleet

¹ Parton's "Jackson," Vol. II.

² Parton's "Jackson," Vol. II.

in Lake Pontchartrain, almost in gunshot of New Orleans. They were in despair. They were ready to die or to fly. It is ever a toss-up with the Creole—there was no head to it all, no guns, no order, no discipline, no leader. The Governor (Claiborne) eloquently addressed the tired General in glowing welcome. The people shivered and sighed; the fair Creole women wept and slipped small daggers in their bosoms for self-destruction when the bullying British should come.

And then the sallow went out of the General's gaunt face and the fire-flashes of his eyes reddened the sunken cheeks and kindled his whole frail being with flames of a divine purpose.

"O ye of little faith," it said so plainly to them, "am I not here? Is not God with me? Aye, but I tell you—I, Andrew Jackson, instrument of God—rally to me—obey me—cease your bickerings—throw away your fears, and, so help me God I'll smash them! I will drive them into the sea."^{*}

The English-speaking heard it with a roar; an interpreter shot it into the French and Creole, and the sigh that had swept over shrugged shoulders from the bayou to the great river now broke out of vociferous Creole jaws that were fierce with fangs of faith.

New Orleans, gay, valiant, exuberant, and irrepressible—New Orleans was Jackson's tooth and nail!

"Vive le Grande Generale! Viva la France. Vive l'Amerique!"

Men sprang up full-armed and determined. Every available gun and man was soon armed—drilling—drilling: Americans, Creoles, Corsicans, "free men of color," negro slaves, wharf rats, highwaymen, bastards, and wharf bullies.

And Coffee with his long-barreled Tennesseans almost there, Hinds with his Mississippians in rifle call, and Carroll's flatboats with two thousand men from Jackson's own

^{*} *Ibid.*

home, passing out of the mouth of the Ohio; and the Kentuckians, full of fight and the hot and rebellious Kentucky liquor in their blood, partly armed now with captured rifles at Castle Hurricane, were pushing long raft poles in frenzy to be in at the killing.

"I'll smash them, so help me God."⁴

And, as order is God's first law, so did Jackson bring order and courage and discipline out of chaos, cowardice, and despair.

And when he dismounted and was led into the dining room of the most fashionable exclusive of all Southern society, with a manner that was kingly, a calmness that radiated faith and sureness, and sparkling wit, repartee, and anecdotes that held the grand dames like a prince of old, the fair Creoles surrounded him, admired him, worshiped him in the faith that their deliverer had come, that their lives and their honors were saved.

"A backwoodsman," they cried in one voice to their hostess, Mrs. Livingston, when he departed, "a backwoods General, indeed! He is a prince."

It was all now so easily, so plainly to be seen. With him to lead and organize, they had only to unite, obey, and when the foe landed, whenever and wherever, attack him instantly, drive him into the sea!

But the British were equally as sure. This was their plan: Leaving Negril Bay, it was the 10th of December before they saw the shores of Louisiana. They approached with all confidence that there was no force at New Orleans to stop them, that the Americans were not even aware of their coming. Landing at Chandeleur Islands, the Sound of which opened into Lake Borgne, across the Lake they would land unmolested, ten miles below the city, and take it at their leisure. The small flotilla of American boats on the lake, under Lieutenant Jones, fought the big British vessels to a finish—a sad finish for the game little boats: a most gallant fight while it lasted, and against

⁴ Buell's "Jackson," Vol. I.

overpowering odds: the little flotilla with its brave force killed or captured to a man.

The lake lay open for the landing of the British troops and they did it quickly. Keane, the ablest of their fighting Irish generals, landed first with sixteen hundred veteran troops, mostly of another breed, fighters, impetuous, incarnate, equal to the Irish: stubborn, bulldog, thinking fighters, who, unlike the fiery Irish, planned calmly, gruellingly, with uncanny wisdom and ferocity: the Highland breeds of the ancient Scots—Jackson's own breed.

While Jackson was guarding Lake Pontchartrain, expecting a landing there, the British General Keane landed nine miles below the city near the old Villeré plantation, at a spot no one but the far-seeing, gallant Keane thought available, and with his force now strengthened to two thousand four hundred picked men, Scotch and Irish soldiers as intrepid and daring as their brilliant leader. Before him was a plain march, and unobstructed, to New Orleans, which lay without an army between it and the army bent on its capture. For Jackson was beyond the city as many miles in another direction, and the city was already captured but for one man and one bit of daring which should be not unheralded of fame in any story of the great fight. The man, a young Creole, Major Gabriel Villeré, saved the day in a ride that deserves the fame of Paul Revere of Lexington, and Jimmy Blair of King's Mountain fame.

The sleepy Southern mansion of the Villere plantation expected no event that early morning of December 23, 1814. Young Gabriel was sitting on the front veranda in his shirt sleeves smoking; his brother Celestin was near by cleaning a fowling piece when men in red coats, led by a captain, rushed out of the woods and surrounded the house. Gabriel rushed through the hall to escape by the rear; Celestin was captured where he stood; Gabriel

was captured as he came out of the rear door; and both confined in a room to await the coming of Keane.⁵

The Villerés were from ancestors whose deeds were heroic in old France. They knew that unless warned in time the Americans' cause was lost.

Gabriel sprung from his captors, leaped through a window, overthrew soldiers in his path, and cleared a picket fence, shot at from all sides as he ran.

A large oak, thick with hanging moss, was in his path. Instantly he acted, but as he sprang to swing up on its limbs a low whine startled him. His favorite setter was at his heels begging him not to desert her. Then came a forest tragedy that shook the soul of the sensitive Creole. The enemy nearly on him, his dog at the tree would be the innocent cause of his undoing—not his alone, but his country's. With a blow on the skull from a club, he killed her, covered the body, leaped up in the branches, and saw his enemies run by.

When they had passed he leaped down, ran in another direction, seized a canoe, and crossed to the other bank. A patriotic neighbor gave him a pony, and with whip and spur, he rode hard to the city and to Jackson. It was nearly two by the clock when Jackson heard the sound of galloping hoofs down the street. He met the rider at his door.

"What news do you bring?" It came quickly from Jackson.

Villéré told it quickly—accurately: the British were at Villéré's plantation—a host of them. They would take the city before night.

Jackson's eyes flashed. With clenched fist he struck table: "*By the Eternal, they shall not sleep on our soil!*"

He turned to his aides and said: "Gentlemen, the British are landed. We must fight them before night."⁶

Fight them before night! And with the force he had!

⁵ Buell's "Jackson," Vol. I.

⁶ Parton's "Jackson."

Was ever before in all war a move so apparently disastrous?

This act alone proclaims the greatness of his generalship.

Here were the British, more than a match for him in numbers, equipment, and in the supreme confidence of their triumph. So sure were they of taking the city that they had loafed along as they marched all forenoon, and now in the afternoon they had gone into camp on the banks of the great river, preferring to march into the city the next morning and not hurry about it that night. They were brave and buoyed with the certainty of the coming fight, jolly as boys just out of school, and full of fight. No general of all history with the inferior force of Jackson but would have said: "I will fight them in the morning; this afternoon I will prepare. I will intrench. I will barricade. I will throw up my wall of breastworks between them and the city. To-morrow I will fight."

And this would have been fatal. In broad daylight Keane would have attacked before they could have intrenched and would have defeated them; or, if intrenched, have stormed the feeble works and routed them. For the Americans had no bayonets.

Without let or hindrance the British had filed down the gangplanks of their transports, out from the marshy lowlands, and formed in line of battle on the plain. At the tap of the drum they were off—solid, splendid lines of them—joyous to be off the decks of ships again and feel the firm earth beneath their feet.

It was quickstep forward with wit and laughter and a spirit of fire and desire. They had landed first, they the men of Keane, the veterans of Badajoz, Toulouse, and Salamanca. They had outstripped Pakenham—outstripped Cochrane and his marines armed with cutlasses. The glory of the capture would be theirs, the red looting of the city, their conquest of fair cafés and fairer lips.

"Forward, guide left!" And they swung off with the

firm, trained step of the battle line. Only ten miles away in the distance thin smoke settled across the northern horizon, showing where the quiet city lay. And nearer they came, this battle line of red, as sure of the city being theirs before night as the great marshhawk, flushed from the low grass before the thundering tread of their feet, was sure of the field mouse clasped in his cruel talons.

It was a low, level plain and easy marching. Across it they poured, now crossing sloppy bayous, now through clusters of trees, now cut fields of cane, the sharp stalks cutting into many an inexperienced foot, until they learned that the pointed stubble of cane was a thing to be avoided.

There was stubble ahead of them more to be avoided, though not one of the big fighting fellows had as much conception of it at that time as the field mouse had of the talons of the hawk before he strikes.

Not even did they dream that any organized force opposed them.

A few half-fed, half-armed, half-clothed, backwoods militia, perhaps, but what of that? Were they themselves not the conquerors of Ney, of Spain, and the Peninsula? Were there not comrades in their ranks who had also been in Detroit and at the burning of the American Capitol, and was it not campfire talk how the cowardly Americans had always slunk before their arms like scared rats? Fear them? They would brush them away as they did the blades of stubble over which they were steadily marching. They hoped, indeed, that they might really meet them. What they feared was that the untrained enemy might run before they would give battle.

What a farce if they should take the fair Creole city without a fight! Oh for enough fight to stir up again their fighting blood and give them excuse to charge in on the city with war madness enough to claim it for "beauty and booty."

Onward they swing! It is now noon and not even a sign of the cowards. Have they no sentinels out, no lines,

no order, no semblance of discipline, no army? What does it mean? This is ridiculous, it is fun, it is play, it is not war! It is irritating to think that a bloodless capture shall be theirs—they, the first to disembark and plunge forward to the long-sought goal.

A mile or two farther on, and the sun, now slanting toward the west, poured hotly down. They have been cooped up in ships and not used to long marching. Their uniforms are close and warm, their bayoneted muskets heavy, their accouterments lead.

There is nothing in sight and the city is only six miles away.

The cowards have heard of their approach and fled. There is no need for haste.

"Halt!" and the red lines stand still. It is a beautiful place upon which they have stopped. Here on the right is a cool pecan grove, and yonder is the mansion of a rich planter, in another grove of oaks and pecans and great fields of cut cane around. They have stopped, too, near the banks of the Mississippi, in easy reach of water and driftwood and long, dry stubble, good for the camp fires.

Good news! The guns are being stacked, the lines ordered to rest and cook rations. Word has been sent down the line that they have marched far enough for the day. In the morning they will take the city.

"Stack arms!"

They obeyed with the alacrity of schoolboys turned out at recess.

By battalions and companies they choose camping spots. Soon the open campfires begin to burn in the twilight and the savory smell of coffee and bacon floats out in the evening air. Sentinels are put out, double lines of pickets formed, and the others lay aside all restraint with their guns and accouterments, loll on the grass, and smoke and eat, go hither and thither, even to the banks of the great river, and watch the twinkling of lights far across the plains that tell where the city is.

And in groups and in companies they talk and wonder. Did any soldier ever! Isn't it too good to be true? After all their hard sailing and months of confinement, and much-talked-of Jackson, the Indian fighter, now all this quietness and calm, this balmy starlit plain, this full supper for hungry stomachs, this rest in an encampment more like an outing than war, this night of sweet sleep on the dry, soft grass, and not an enemy in sight! And, best of all, New Orleans theirs in the morning.

It is seven o'clock, yet the darkness is not dense, for the stars are many and the air is clear of water. The low, jolly, contented murmur of the camp is heard around, the murmur of many voices mingling in talk, in soft song, in laughter, and in bantering jokes. It floats over the plain, out even across the waters, and the twinkling lights of a hundred camp fires make the background of the picture beautiful. Suddenly those by the river banks, gathered in clustering squads, first heard the splash of waves against the side and prow of a vessel.

What is it?

They look, and now it looms out of the half-garish light, still lingering over the river, a mean-looking, queer little, half-made-up thing with high prow and sides and gun holes under the black decks with muzzles pointing out. On it comes, silently creeping like a black hearse over the river, and with no sound from its decks to the top of its mainsail.

Like rollicking boys, the British flock from camp and fire to see it, standing in clusters and groups on the bank. It comes nearer and is greeted with derisive laughter and halloos and—

“Ship ahoy, there; who are you?”

“Can you shoot, or are you ducking?”

“Is that a fish boat or an American-at-war?”

“Ho, ahoy there!”

They are answered quickly enough. They are so near

that the British distinctly hear the ringing, loud command: "Now, boys, for the honor of America, give it to them!"

And the sides of that mean little craft crinkle and then flash into bellowing roars of flame, and a hail of shot and shell sweeps down on the unarmed squads of British, mowing them down in heaps and sending the others pale-faced and stricken to camp and to arms, only to meet the sentinels rushing in from the front shouting: "*To arms—the Americans are on us!*"

But discipline was theirs, and the British, amid the roll of their long drums, form into their solid battle column, guns bayonet-tipped, lines straight and touching, elbow to elbow. Behind them the camp fires burn, above them the stars, before them the plain and night, and out of it across that plain they hear the advancing wave of a column coming—for a moment noiseless, with the murmuring sound only of whispered talk and the brush of a body of men slipping forward into the night. Then, as a fife bursts into music on their right, the long black lines loom up, not compact and the easy mark for bullets of the double English column, but the true alignment of the Indian fighter slipping up on the foe, each individual man taking care of himself. And to the surprise of the British it bursts on their front while it flames on their flanks—and the accursed little thing in the river still hurling its spiteful shots.

And now, with a rush and a crinkling flash of guns splotching the gloom of the night, the Tennesseans, led by John Coffee and Jack Trevellian, are on them, firing from grass and stubble, from bush and cane-shock and from the darkness of the night. With them came the Seventh and Forty-fourth Regulars, hand dragoons, and even Daquin's battalion of St. Domingo negroes all under Jackson himself. For a while the British columns stand up before the terrible death which comes to them so swiftly out of the dark; and then they stagger and fall

back, shocked, shaken, dismayed—their comrades dead, their officers with blanched faces, dazed and doubting their own senses.⁷

Smoke now hangs over the field, concealing all; but out of it, still encircling them, following the sound of a fife which leads them onward, the yelling, crackling lines of flame encircle and beat the British back.

And some of them remember and whisper: "Great God! It is the same long-haired yelling devils that wiped out Ferguson and his command at King's Mountain."

And still they fall back, unable to meet a foe that comes in the nighttime to fight them with such savage yells, and shoots so straight by starlight and yet no line, no seeming order, no fixed movement, save that wherever they hear that piping fife lead, there are the yelling, fighting, cut-throat lines behind it.

It was Braddock's fight over again. Would they never learn how to fight Indian fighters?

Back—back they reel, before the fire in the front of the flank. Then out of the darkness—it is Keane himself upon his horse, hastily saddled, riding among them shouting: "*Charge and rout them with the bayonets! They are butchering you!*"

Stolidly the British charge with the bayonet. Out into the night they hunt the foe, shoulder to shoulder, in the famous British battle line, a crest of steel in their front.

For the first time they reached the line that has come upon them, and they plunge the cold steel into it with maddening fury. They drive the backwoodsmen, bayonetless, back—for the line of British is solid and steel-tipped, and they surge back and forth over the plains beneath the smoke-covered stars and the sulphur-smelling earth.

Back—fighting with clubbed guns, cursing them, yelling, shooting—the Americans fell back out of the reach of the steel and the unbroken lines. But there is method in

⁷ Bassett's "Life of Jackson," page 176.

that retreat. It is the tactics of the game cock who knows how to retreat in order to draw his foe recklessly on, until, his lines broken, confident, off his guard, and then a forward plunge and the gaffs!

And so the British charge on until in the night they fail to hold their alignment, they separate in groups, in squads, and single men, covering ground too wide for their flanks, hunting for the foe that has slipped away until now, formed again, that foe waits for the word that comes to them from Trevellian: "Meet their steel with your knives, my men. Go in on them with the bear knives!"

And the broken lines of the British meet then what they had never met before. Panthers springing from darkened woods could not have astounded them more than these wild fighters that run in under their guns, grappling with them backward again in the rout and confusion to their camps, leaving more dead behind them in their flight than from the rifles in their front.

The starlight is shut out in smoke. The British and Americans charge back and forth over the plain in a fight new to the British and fatal; but to the backwoodsmen, trained on wild beasts and Indians, it is the delight of a hilarious blood-letting, following always the shrill notes of a fife that seems never to be out of its place. The British stand up like men, though scattered and demoralized; for the mix-up is great and they know not front from rear nor friend from foe.

But the British will not be beaten. Forward they charge again, only to feel their foe give way before them and lead them again out into the open and into that night which they have learned so to dread. Then, their column unaligned, broken into squads, they hear again the returning yell of the charging foe and fall back with clubbed muskets under the knives of the bear fighters.

It is too much for the British—they make their last stand in front of the camp and camp fires. Here they fight like cornered beasts; here they club the bear fighters

to a standstill. Slowly, slowly, they drive back the Tennesseans for the third time. British huzzahs burst out!

The victory is theirs!

But suddenly they hear a piercing fife on the right flank, leading the lines of the foe all night through the dark—that fife, which they have learned to hate as a messenger from hell, burst out now in the center, while the backwoodsmen rush to it as bees to a queen.

The British halt, for they know that the iron wedge is being formed behind that fife, and they have felt that wedge before. They are so close that they hear the command of the American leader: "Are you ready? Go in, my boys, and follow the fife—it's too dark to see—follow the fife: the White Eagle will lead you!"

And he led them in. It was a rush that swept the British from their feet. The wedge went through, cutting their column in twain; and turning, the British found knives at their backs as well as their fronts. Broken, they rushed back in groups and squads to their camp fires and tried to rally; but even there the daring fife sounded, echoing at the headquarters of Keane himself, and the British fell back under the banks of the river, staggered and cut to pieces as they had never been before.

And there it was that the fife ceased.

At good daylight the next morning, when the British, from levee and camp, looked out, they saw three things which their historians yet write about:

A young Creek chief lay bayoneted and unconscious with an ivory-mounted hautboy in his hand, almost in Keane's camp door.

Three hundred of Keane's own men lay dead and wounded on the plain or in the hospital camp.

Two miles up the river and clear across the plain the American General was desperately building a breastwork behind an open ditch of an old canal.

As Keane in his camp door looked over the scene he

was heard to say: "Great God, I have missed my chance. It will take our whole force to break that line. I must wait for reënforcement."

As he turned there came out of the early morning mist a squad of horsemen. A splendid chief on a gray thoroughbred led with a flag of truce. The officer in command dismounted and saluted the British General: "Colonel Trevellian, sir, of General Jackson's staff. I bring a communication to you from the commanding General which he hopes will be mutually reciprocal and advantageous."

For one brief moment Keane's tired eyes were animated, as the thought of a truce for surrender flashed through his brain.

It proved to be a truce to bury their dead.

Keane smiled grimly. So far as he could see there appeared to be only a few dead Americans, and one an Indian chief lying at his tent door, so nearly had he captured the British General himself.*

"It is agreeable," he spoke at last, concealing his thoughts further by adding: "You will not be molested on the plain we hold while you perform that duty to your dead."

Trevellian saluted, and with irony said: "Thanks, sir, we have but few." He pointed to the body on the grass at Keane's door: "It is he we have come for."

But already the Red Eagle was off his horse, and, with Trevellian, very tenderly lifted the White Eagle, across whose breast a red stain ran redder than the background across which it had flowed. The chief held him tenderly while he placed one ear to the young chief's heart. For the first time in his life the grim Red Eagle smiled, then he shouted: "He lives—the White Eagle lives."

* The British lost 46 killed, 167 wounded, and 64 missing; the Americans, 24 killed, 115 wounded, and 74 missing. (Bassett's "Jackson," page 180.)

The other Indians joined in the shout. The stern colonel was visibly rejoiced as he drew his whisky flask and forced some between the Indian's teeth.

Slowly Philippe opened his eyes. Slowly he remembered. A smile broke over his face. He felt Red Eagle's arms around him; Trevellian's busy hands bandaged the wound that had been plowed with a bayonet's point through his chest near the heart.

"Thanks, Red Eagle. Uncle Jack—if I die, you will know what I mean, but I want to say it now," and he pressed the hand of Trevellian, who released it with tears in his eyes.

"You'll be all right yet, Philippe, my boy; Uncle Jack has always loved you and his sister, your mother. It's all right now, Count Montpensier," he added, smiling.

"I do not want it, uncle; promise me that if I die I shall be known only as Trevellian, the White Eagle"—he turned his head and smiled into the eyes of the chief—"even as my brother is known as Weatherford, the Red Eagle."

Jackson himself met them at the breastworks: "Don't tell me he is dead, Jack. By the Eternal God, I'd rather lose every Indian in the camp. Here," he fairly shouted to an orderly, "tell Dr. Jones to go at once to my headquarters. Yonder it is, see?" He pointed to the old Southern mansion in a pecan grove: "Get him there at once. And you, Jack—Red Eagle—go straight over with him. Give him my own room and bed, if necessary. Go!" He glanced at the fife in the hands of the Indian, the sword that lay sheathed in its case. "By God, by the way he led them in with nothing but a fife and a toothpick! Jack, save him. I've always believed it—always said so. By God, he is worth a regiment!"

He beckoned them on, still swearing. But it was an Uncle Toby's oath before the dying LeFevre, and, like it, the Recording Angel failed to jot it down!

The surgeon was awaiting them; but more efficient

than his skill, perhaps, was that of the tall, beautiful girl who had already come out from the city to care for the American wounded.

Face to face Trevellian met her as they carried Philippe in—Juliet Templeton.

He stiffened in spite of his efforts, then bowed coolly. She went white for half a moment—then turned deftly to her charge, preparing his couch.

Trevellian stood beside her. The surgeon had gone into the hall for his instruments. Only she and Trevellian stood by the bedside of the now unconscious Indian.

Suddenly she knelt by the bedside and put her bare arms around the boy. "O, Jack—Jack"—she sobbed the name openly; too long had she tried to conceal it—"it is—it is—our Philippe."

He was on his knees by her side in a moment, his arms around her: "Yes, Juliet, ours—but now Count Montpensier, my sister's son. By the Code Napoleon she was legally married to the second Duke of Orleans."

Her arms went around his neck: "Oh, Jack, can you ever forgive me?"

His answer was to draw her closer and kiss her.

"A damned, ragged bad wound," said the swearing old surgeon later. He was plainly disgusted. He took his time, they thought, in the examination.

"What did Jackson order me to waste time on this Indian savage for? Here, Colonel Trevellian, some more of that whisky. Oh, helping me drink it, eh? You damned bully young Indian brave. Love it, do you? All of you damned renegade Creeks do. I'll bet you took some white scalps at Fort Mims, eh? Damn you, if Jackson hadn't made me come here, I'd seen you in hell before I'd give you a pill, even, heh? What?"

Philippe had opened his eyes, and, seeing Juliet, smiled and held out his hand.

She dropped on her knees and took it, kissing him tenderly.

"Well, I'll be damned!" The old surgeon stepped back, an instrument in each hand, and consternation on his face.

"Madam, if you are so damned anxious for something to kiss, why—why—try me or Colonel Trevellian here—we're white at least."

She looked up, the tears in her eyes intensifying their loveliness: "Oh Doctor, you don't understand. This is not an Indian—he's white—pure white, and he's—he's—our boy—ours—mine and—and Colonel Trevellian's."

Trevellian met his eyes with a happy smile.

"Oh hell, now—a thousand pardons, madam. What an old fool I am!" He went quickly to work. Then: "Sure—he'll get well, though it is a close call. Yes, a close call, for the blade went clean through, but it missed by an inch both the heart and the lung. Besides, he's built like a young god and he's got the nerve of the devil."

"Thank you, Doctor," Philippe broke in feebly. Even the old surgeon laughed when he added: "My respects to General Jackson, Uncle Jack, and tell him I'll soon report for duty—but the next time I'll get into Keane's tent."

He looked up to see Red Eagle standing solemnly by his bed. Philippe reached for his hand. The Indian smiled and held it, saying: "No more fighting for you, White Eagle. The Red Eagle will do it for both. The Red Eagle will take you to Toocabactha and there the White Eagle will find peace and health. Aye, he will find more than that—he will find love. Now sleep—farewell."

But Philippe already slept.

Sixteen days later the British, with all their forces and led by General Pakenham, the ablest general of their time, save Wellington, hurled themselves on Jackson's breastworks, to suffer the bloodiest defeat and the only rout ever recorded in English annals. In this day of understanding, when the English-speaking peoples are

united for the preservation of their democracies and ideals, when the American flag and the English a century later floated together above the Parliament House at London, in commemoration of the World War victory for democracy, there is no place for that tragedy in this story. For our hero was not there, wounded as he was almost to death.

The battle however was opened with an incident that brought a smile and closed with one that brought the tears: As the American General stood on the breastworks on that fatal January 8, 1815, with a long spyglass watching the splendid red martial lines of the British approach, a silence fell on the grim American lines behind the breastworks, that was painful with an ominous intensity. It was broken by a gray-haired soldier who sprang from out the ranks to the top of the works and blew from his bugle a lusty call that rolled down the entire line. It was followed by a battle song which stirred his comrades to their fighting depths:

"Old Gabr'el was standin' by the gate,
An' a-watchin' down below-ah.
Thar was jes' one minute fur to wait
Fur to heah dat Trumpet blow-ah.

Den, O honey, I'm a-comin', a-comin',
Good Lawdy, a-comin' for shoh-ah,
We're every one comin', comin', comin'
When we heahs dat trumpet blow-ah." ⁹

The song had brought every soldier's gun to his shoulder. They were all coming. General Jackson turned on him with a smile: "Get back into ranks, Sam. I thought you were dead."

"I thought so too, General, but I ain't. I'm now yo' old bugler from hell and Horseshoe Bend to New Orleans."

Jackson's lips parted in a smile for the first time in

⁹ Buell's "Jackson," Vol. II page 16.

all those days of pain, of sleepless nights and fighting. Old Sam took it for an invitation to sing something else. With bugle in hand and great gusto he mounted the breastworks again.

"Shut up, Sam!" It came from Gen. William Carroll, standing near. John Adair, of Kentucky, stood by him.

"If the British hear you sing that song again, Sam," drawled Carroll, "they'll run like hell. We want them to come on."¹⁰

Jackson's cannon had opened on the advancing line with roar that followed roar, but still the tall and slender man stood alone on the breastworks in the full regalia of sash, sword, and uniform with field glasses to his eyes, a fair mark for ten thousand British. . . . Would he never give the word? . . . Four deep and two miles long, Tennesseans and Kentuckians stood behind the breastworks waiting with clutched rifles and tense trigger fingers for the word. They had been there since daylight. It was now past seven. They stood under coonskin or nondescript caps with their deadly long Decherds in their hands, bear knives in their belts, and powder horns and canteens over their shoulders. Adown the line and bravely backing them up, clear across the plain from river to swamp, stood the gallant flashy Creoles, intrepid Louisiana militia, swarthy, daring Mississippians, and farther down toward the swamp, Choctaw and Creek Indians, "free men of color," and near the most formidable redoubt the repatriated buccaneers, Lafitte and Dominique You, with their pirate band bravely handling their guns. . . .

It was a cold morning and foggy that January 8, 1815, and silently and grimly they stood in the fog that rolled up from the river. But standing in silence they remembered in sternness; and they gripped closer their rifle stocks, as memory went back to the burnt cabin, the

¹⁰ Buell's "Jackson."

butchered mother, the children of a thousand wilderness homes scalped by the hand of the red savage allies of these same red English armies. They remembered bloody Tarleton and Camden, they remembered the vicious Tories and Ferguson, and but recently they remembered the massacred Fort Mims and the bounty the British had paid for the scalps of their women and children. The Kentuckians remembered with bitter burnings for revenge the massacre of their own brave brothers after their capture at the River Raisin—and they all remembered the dark and bloody grounds of Kentucky and Tennessee.

Did the grim man on the breastworks remember his two young brothers, dead, from British bullets and saber, his mother who gave her life nursing the stricken patriots dying of smallpox?

There was a roll of drums in the fog, a burst of bugle notes; and a pale pink, orange, and red rainbow bloomed above in the deep fog, as the signal rockets burst above the advancing lines.

But still Jackson stood alone on the breastworks with glasses to his eyes, his background a field of deadly grim faces carved into stones of silence as the fog began to lift and showed them first the feet, then the legs, the bodies, and last the burnished, fixed steel of the sublimely brave British lines that came relentlessly on in that acid test of courage—the fixed bayonet. . . .

It was prophetic, this silence of these soldiers in the forest, as if some ancestral Druid ghost in the far-away woodlands of his ancient, native Britain, sorrowful in the vision he beheld, had raised a hand for a benediction or a prayer.

It was ominous, this silence. It meant more than a battle; it meant more than men facing death; it meant more than untrained soldiers awed for the first time at sight of veteran soldiers; it meant more than a death struggle in which the odds were against them. It was the silence of duty, the muteness of lips in the presence of

eternity, the unspoken oaths of souls that were unafraid.

It was uncanny, this silence; for though they had conquered the wilderness and had fought wild beasts and wild nature and wilder men, never before had they stood before the unconquered Briton, bone of their bone, blood of their blood, sons of their father's sires. The British who had never met defeat, coming so grimly brave across that plain with the latest guns bayoneted for breastworks and with courage sublime; the British whom they had heard their fathers curse from Cowpens to Kings Mountain; the British who had defeated Ney and driven Napoleon's veterans across Spain and the Pyrénées; the British who had but a year before from Detroit to Washington marched across their country burning and conquering; the British who, in spite of the treaty of Ghent, already signed but not yet known, had schemed even in the terms of the treaty to hold New Orleans and the Louisiana Purchase; the British—the damned, brave, bullying British! . . .

Jackson brought down his glasses for the first time and stepped down into the line: "They have come far enough, General Carroll," he said. "Tell your men to shoot for the head or the crosspiece over their hearts."

General Adair turned to Morgan Ballard, the ensign of his right company, who stood with his thumb on the lock of his rifle: "Morg, see that officer on the gray horse?"

"Yes, sir."

"Snuff his candle!"¹¹

The order was scarcely uttered before Morg's rifle cracked and the brave brigade Major Whitaker, of General Gibbs's brigade, toppled from his horse to rise no more. . . .

Then crinkled the American lines with a flame that ran from river to swamp and back again—little red spouts

¹¹ Buell's "Life of Jackson," Vol. II., page 17.

of fire with scorpion tails of smoke—and as it ran the British columns went down by platoons and battalions, as if a horizontal bolt of lightning had run down a picket of steel.

The brave Keane, the gallant Gibbs, the veteran Pakenham fell in a dismay of glory—the two last to lead their brave battalions no more. It was a galling, ceaseless, crackling blaze save where a larger and deeper roaring flame shot out from the batteries between. Never did braver men go up against deadlier breastworks. . . . In twenty minutes it was over. Across the field the British lay hugging the ground, the ditches, the clumps of trees. One-third of them never arose. Even Jackson was astounded and awed by the death scene when he looked over the breastworks and saw the dead and wounded, while those who had dropped for safety began to arise and run out of rifle shot. "See them rising from the dead," he said. "It looks like the Resurrection morn."¹²

It was a holocaust, not a victory.

When the American fire ceased, long-haired men behind the breastworks looked out appalled and silent. Not a cheer came from their powder-grimed ranks; not a sound save the groaning of the dying in their front.

Not a sound—ay, but there is a sound! A British bugle sounds the charge. They look around amazed to hear this snarling, taunting bugle blast come again and again, sounding its charge over dead battalions that moved not, over wounded struggling in the agony of death on the ground.

"Who is it? Where is it?" they ask, cocking their pieces for another rush.

Then one sees. Just beyond the breastworks on a limb

¹² Parton's "Life of Jackson."

of a tree sits a little British bugler sounding his charge to the red battalions beneath him. In the hell of that fire he had sat there untouched, blowing them to the charge.

Some long-haired Indian fighter runs out, pulled him from his perch, and carried him in triumph and cheers into their lines—a greater hero to them than all the dead Britons.

What little things it takes to move the hearts of the brave!

And the British departed. And the pecan tree under which Pakenham slept was the nearest point any British soldier ever came to New Orleans.¹⁸

¹⁸ Parton's "Jackson," Vol. II. This was the most brilliant and decisive battle ever won on American soil. Besides their ablest Generals the British lost nearly a third of their men, killed or wounded. For a full description see Parton's "Jackson," Buell's and Walker's "Jackson and New Orleans."

XLI

A PRINCESS OF THE CREEKS

FOR weeks Pamela had rested in her new home—and so beautiful a home the orphan niece of Crockett had never seen! One wing of the great mansion, built by the Sehoy's grandfather, the famous diplomat and statesman, Alexander McGillivray, many years before when he became chief of the Creeks, had been given over to the new princess and her maids. This wing had been the home of the Sehoy. It was now that of her sister, Sehoyia. The last will of the Sehoy had been proclaimed aloud in all the Nation—Sehoyia was her heir, her sister; her wealth, her jewels, her home, her maids, all that the dead princess had left was now Sehoyia's. It was the law of the tribe and not without many precedents. Princesses had before bequeathed not only their estates, but with it their titles to others.

Every respect and courtesy was shown the new princess, every attention given her. Never before in all her life of pioneer struggle and poverty did the orphan niece of Crockett find herself in such luxury and splendor. The maids of Sehoy had for generations been of the family who were ladies in waiting to the princesses of the Nation. Under their deft hands Pamela, in the rich attire of the Sehoy, was so completely disguised that even her uncle, had he trailed and seen her, would not have known her. Even the maids acclaimed that never before had there been so beautiful a Princess of the Wind.

She had no regrets for what she had done: that last kiss had steeled, as it had broken, her heart; and to go

back to the Cumberland with Crockett meant death for all love to her. She knew the unwritten law of the wilderness—and that law in the hands of her uncle who believed she had been wronged and the quickest way to remedy it was to marry her to another!

Here no one would ever find her—ever know how foolish she had been—how she had risked her life for love—and lost!

To the sensitive soul of Pamela Crockett, unfettered by the customs and superficialities of a civilization of which the Cumberland had not yet become a part, her life was her own; she owed no man or woman anything, and there were no rules of society to hedge her about with shadows in which were no substances.

As the wilderness was a law unto itself, so was she, its child, her own law.

Ay, and there was Philippe. Had she really deceived herself? Was it not at last the overpowering wish to be near him in spite of all, rather than fear of her uncle's inexorable determination that brought her here?

In the humiliating thought of it tears came, in secret, to her eyes.

But where was a better place to forget it all than here, in this peaceful land of sweet, calm nights and days of sunshine; and amid a loyal, faithful people without guile or evil, but her loyal subjects, always ready to give their life for their new princess.

Nothing affects us more than a change of fortune, of conditions. Given wealth, honor, position, and power, the meanest of men will take on a new dignity with the new life and comfort, and honors will give to them even virtues which poverty and obscurity had denied.

How much more did they give to Pamela, naturally beautiful and brilliant, who needed only this wealth, these honors, princely as they were, and the dignity of her newly inherited station to make more pronounced the graces which had always been hers?

But as her subjects, always quiet and undemonstrative in their daily attitude toward her, took it all as a matter of course, soon she also accepted her wealth, honors, and the loyalty of her subjects, as if she had always inherited them. Her graciousness and natural dignity held them all, her kindness and gentle courtesy won their hearts. In all the story of all the Princesses of the Wind, the ancient Pushmataha, and chiefs still older, solemnly proclaimed that the princess Sehoyia was the peer of any.

Daily she saw the Red Eagle. His courtesy and devotion to her were characteristic of the last of the great chiefs. He saw that she had no want unfilled, lacked no honors that were her due, and with it all his native courtesy excelled even his devotion. So great was his native tact that he made her feel that it was he who was receiving courtesies and favors.

Withal, the white princess had a sense which even the Indian lacked: a voiceless, unspoken sense that told her that through it all the stern, solemn, devoted Indian was playing a part in a well-planned scheme, and that she was part of it!

As days passed and she heard nothing of the White Eagle, she wondered, but she did not speak. Perhaps he had gone back to the Cumberland, perhaps he still lingered in grief around the grave of the Sehoy, his betrothed; perhaps the white belles of New Orleans held him captive, protégé of the great victor of New Orleans, and with all his influence and social power now behind the young chief who had fought so brilliantly at the great battle. For Red Eagle had told her of the great fight and the new honors that came to the White Eagle there; how desperately he had been wounded in the night attack, how near to death; but how he had recovered and how the Great Captain had made him commander of all the Indians, Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees—with the rank of Brigadier-General in the American Army, the same title that the British had given to the great Tecumseh.

All this he had spoken as if it were of one scarcely known to her, and with the indifference of a casual narrative; but eagerly she had listened and yearned for more she dared not openly seek.

Would he never come back to the tribe again?

No word came from the White Eagle, no token or sign that he would ever be with them again.

And Pamela's heart ached as she wondered.

The day she was crowned Princess of the Creeks in the great Council House of the Nation, she rode by the side of Red Eagle, who had returned with many warriors from the distant tomb of the Sehoy, silent and sad, but with no token of it in his voice or looks. Surrounding her on white ponies, even as her own horse was white, rode her maids in waiting, followed by the old gray-haired prophets with their medicine bags and blowing horns of conch shells. Behind these came, in ranks, the painted warriors of the Creeks, fresh from the triumphs of New Orleans. Following them the aged Pushmataha, chief of the Cherokees, with his warriors all mounted, singing the weird battle song of the mountain Indians. Bringing up the rear were the old men and women leading the boys and girls, all carrying flowers for the new princess' reception.

In the Council House the black brew for fighting men steamed over the fire in the center, around which the prophets danced and sang till the brew was done. It was passed to the warriors only and in conch shells; and when they had drunk their fill they, too, joined in the dance with the maids of the Nation around the pot of black brew and before the new princess.

Pamela sat upon a cane throne studded with pink sea shells and cameos, resting on a pedestal of turquoise and cushioned with finest black beaver skins above carpets of black bear and buffalo. She was crowned with a circlet of pure gold band studded with gems of jade and cameo and pearls. Around her neck were two ropes of

fresh-water pearls gathered for centuries from every beautiful river of the Creeks—the Tombigbee, the Coosa, Cahaba, Tallapoosa, and the lordly Alabama; and over the mountain streams of the far-distant Black Warrior and the Tennessee. One rope was white. It was wound around and around her hair: the other was black and shone like ebony around her throat and over her bosom to her knees.

No gorgeous queen of the East ever surpassed Pamela in splendor and weird beauty.

At the finish of the ceremony there walked in a handsomely decorated chief, whose plumes of the eagle, falling from his helmet, almost swept the floor. Unlike all other chiefs, a keen, lithe sword was at his waist and he carried a rifle instead of a spear. The singing and dancing ceased and the entire audience showed their delight by shouting "*A-loo-yah, a-hoo-yah—White Eagle.*" He had been wounded in a brave fight such as became men, but he was strong again and had come to join them.

They thronged around him like delighted children, while Red Eagle left his throne to meet him and seat him by his side.

Turning to Sehoyia, the chief said: "Sehoyia, sister to the Sehoy, this is our young chief, the White Eagle."

The new princess's heart pounded, then almost ceased to beat: a maid seeing her pallor sprang to her support. Rallying, she met his own eyes calmly, saying: "Sehoyia welcomes her brother's friend, the White Eagle."

At the sound of her voice Philippe, startled, shot a quick glance into eyes which met his with unaffected calmness. They held him for a brief second, while the color fled from his face and neck and he stood, partly holding out his hands, silently, beseechingly, in pitying indecision. She flashed him a haughty, defiant, rebuking glance, and said coldly and in an altered, harsher tone: "Weakness and a long fight bring the White Eagle to staring and

rudeness. The Sehoyia's eyes are not mirrors made for young eagles to view themselves."

The White Eagle smiled: "I beg your pardon, fair princess, but your voice—it has drawn me with sacred chords of the past. 'Tis the voice of one I loved and"—his own voice fell to a whisper—"shall ever love."

For a moment Pamela's courage almost failed her. She feigned harshness and unnaturalness, lifting her head as she said: "Ay, perhaps the White Eagle means—I have heard"—her voice almost broke—"I have heard that the White Eagle was to mate my sister, the Sehoy."

"It was not true, princess," and his voice was softly sad. "I gave her but one kiss—a brother's—as she died. It was not she I loved with the crowning glory of mating."

"Oh"—Pamela went white, then red with shame. "Oh, and will the White Eagle not yet seek out his own love? Such love should be rewarded."

"She married another, sweet princess—she has gone from my life—but not my love."

A stifling sob came into Pamela's throat. She longed to fall upon his neck and cry. But a hundred keen eyes were on her. The dignity of her new rank held her.

"Perhaps," she began, "perhaps the White Eagle may yet find freedom and a lover which will bring back his love. If he found one like her——"

"Ay, if I find one like her! Ay, I shall marry—'tis the law of the Nation. It was my oath when I joined—to take a bride of the tribe."

He turned on her quickly, boyishly: "If I must, princess, I would marry you for your voice." He came close, whispering it low. His breath swept her cheek. She grew faint. She felt his hand in her own holding her as she swayed. "Your eyes, too—Oh Tripping Toe, gone from my life forever. Oh princess, why did you live to remind me?"

They were both aware of others around them. Red Eagle, Pushmataha, and others had formed a circle of

which they were the center of attraction. The warriors and maidens had ceased to dance and all stood expectantly and solemnly attentive.

Pamela and the White Eagle, still holding hands, looked in startled wonder on the impressive scene: the great hall lighted with the blazing fire of lightwood and resinous knots that burned in the center and around the Black Drink, its smoke going upward through an opening in the roof. Spears gleamed in the hands of warriors on whose red bodies the firelight shone redder, and dark-haired Indian girls with garlands of flowers around their slender waists and shoulders and coronets of starry flowers around their brows. The chanting of the prophets ceased and the monotonous beat of the drums died away.

Red Eagle stepped from among them, his tall form towering high, his head plumes sweeping down his back to the floor. He spoke to them briefly, but with an earnestness and intenseness that showed his deep emotion: "The voice of the Nation has spoken to-night and the Red Eagle is here to give mouth to the voice. Many moons have passed since the White Eagle came among us. His wings, and his talons have been tried. No eagle has sailed higher, no eagle has struck quicker, no eagle has flown farther to fight or folded his wings closer in peace than the White Eagle."

A barking, coughing, hallooing applause swept the audience, followed by the rhythmic stamping of many feet.

"No longer need the White Eagle trail in the woods to strike his foe beneath. The war is no more. With the great white Captain he struck in the city by the great river and they drove the foe into the sea. War is no more. Our nation prospers, peace is ours—White and Red. Now is come the ripening of fields, the garnering of grain, the worship of the Great Spirit, the rearing of children for a new race. By the law of the Nation the White Eagle must mate. Behold the mate we have brought for him—the mate for our White Eagle. As

the moon makes beautiful the night, and the flowers the land by day, so is her beauty to him. As falling water makes sweet melody in the woods, so is her voice to him. And as the magnolia opens its evergreen leaves to hold out a blossom pure and white, so shall her love be ever green and the flowers, her children. It is the voice of the Nation, the law of our land. Let the White Eagle take his mate."

Still holding her hand, the White Eagle looked down on the new princess only to meet a new and radiant smile. There were tears of happiness in her eyes, and through the tears Philippe saw afar off the Cumberland.

The Indians stood silent. Not a sound broke the intense stillness.

"Princess, you have heard. What shall my answer be to the chief and the Nation?"

"What is the wish of your heart, White Eagle?" Her tense lips bravely whispered it.

"My heart does not speak again, princess, though your beauty and that within you—that within your voice and eyes that brings again to me memories undying might all but make me say I love again."

"But will you not say it if I love you as she did?" Boldly, blushing, she spoke it.

In answer she felt his hands clasp and tighten. Again she looked into his eyes and smiled. She turned to the chief: "The Princess Sehoyia has heard your voice, great chief, but should she not also be asked if she love and will unite?"

The reply came with unmistakable sternness: "It is not for the woman to say. Her life is the Nation's. Its will is her will. Behold your mate."

Again there was applause.

"It is the voice of the Nation"—the chief's voice came sternly to the White Eagle as he spoke—"the Nation's will and command. Behold your mate if you will live

to be a chief among us. Speak! Will he wed our princess?"

Pamela looked up into his face and smiled as she felt his hand close tightly on hers: "The White Eagle would know your wishes, Oh princess."

"My wishes are no longer my own," she said. "My brother, the chief, has spoken. By the vows I have taken my life is the Nation's—my love, my all. You shall speak for us both."

It was said so simply and beautifully that he looked down into her eyes thrilled with the rare, sweet memories they brought. What was it about them—about her? And, as it swept over him—exquisite—tender—there came to him through the open window the rare, sweet odor of the wild grape bloom.

"Since it is the will of the Nation, Oh Red Eagle, I will be proud to mate with the Princess Sehoyia."

Amid the shouting and clamor that followed, the White Eagle turned to the princess, standing stoically and aloofly apart, a smile half-scorn and half-entreaty on her lips, and her eyes—Oh Tripping Toe! He sprang to take her in his arms—to imagine it, to feign it, that it was she, his Tripping Toe.

Slowly her eyes met his. He bent low, his lips all but touching her cheek. But again she drew back, and an infinite tenderness was in the voice that already held and thrilled him with memories of a holy past: "Your will, or the Nation's? Oh White Eagle, beloved, say it is yours. Say it, beloved." She was clinging to him, her arms around his neck, her cheek against his and unashamed tears in her eyes.

Trembling, shaken, he lifted her face to his, and as his lips met hers he whispered: "Mine, Oh princess, mine, for I love you."

They stood there entranced, holding each other. Forgotten was all else. No sound came to them save the rapturous beat of their own hearts, the quick, hot pulses

of their own fierce breathings. When at last they turned, the great hall was emptied of all Indians save Red Eagle and the maids in waiting who stood reverently apart. Silently, deferentially the others had gone as if the scene were too sacred for other eyes.

Solemnly, sternly the Red Eagle, clasping a hand each in his, drew them apart, and as he took the princess away he spoke: "To-morrow, Oh White Eagle, even with the going down of the moon into the arms of the great red West, so shall your bride, the Sehoyia, be given again into your arms. Till then, farewell."

He led them stoically out while Philippe stood with infinite happiness and yearning for the morrow.

XLII

THE BETROTHAL

THE Creeks are a branch of a greater race and older family, the Muscogeas.¹

From time beyond the memory of any of them the marriage ceremony had been the same; and White Eagle, knowing the ancient marital law, fulfilled it with the ardor of the love that now burned within him.

He arose early and was dressed in the richest costume of a chief. He was painted by his attendants anew until his face, arms, and the exposed part of his breast were a rich red bronze. His headdress was most carefully planned, the plumes of the eagle falling to his heels. But amid them he also wore the feathers of the White Swan, emblem of the great tribe from whence he came. Instead of the Indian tunic of dressed deerskin with tassels of turquoise and pearls, he wore the dark blue tunic of the House of Orleans, with the silver buttons of the family monogram and tall morocco-topped boots with silver spurs which the Chevalier Dumouriez had bought for him in France. And always around his waist he wore a silver girdle from which hung the sword of De Soto.

Strange emotions filled his heart as he stood superbly dressed and ready to receive his bride, the Princess Sehoyia. He realized what he was renouncing: wealth, honors, a dukedom in France, and perhaps a bride there as royal and beautiful as any that ever came from the land of royalty and beauty. These he gave up easily and

¹ Pickett's "Alabama."

without a pang. They had meant nothing but sorrow to the mother and the outcast ban of the bar-sinister on him. It was removed now; but too late to give him that peace and happiness which had been his, which was his now, in the quiet, peaceful, and honored life he now led: chief of the bravest race of American Indians, and wedded to their most beautiful princess.

And that princess—it was this which troubled him. He had thought that he would never marry—the memory of the lost Tripping Toe in his heart; but with one look of her, and but yesterday, in one sound of her voice there had come mysteriously to him all the old love with the old memories of the Cumberland; ay, this it was that troubled him. He cared nothing for the dukedom, for France; but with that look in her eyes, that voice, the kiss of betrothal, had come strange longings again for the Cumberland—ay, even for the changeful Tripping Toe.

It alone marred the joy of the morning.

Could he resist it? Not now, perhaps, but in after years? Would he be satisfied with the love of this gentle, beautiful, and highly endowed princess if the call of the Cumberland should continue to come in the years that lay before him?

There was now no turning back. Her Chief of the Creeks would forfeit his word, and she—he blushed hotly as he thought of her, her beauty, her queenliness as she stood amidst the great assembly the night before, and as she parted her lips of love to his, and—“*Say it is your will, Oh White Eagle, beloved.*”

In his heart he had to admit it: he loved her with all the fierce love that he had for Pamela—ay, and more. He would sacrifice all, even the yearnings for the life of a white man, vindicated, honored, upstanding, and unafraid, on the Cumberland.

All was in readiness for the bride. His own mansion, presented to him by the Nation, had been garlanded and

decked with flowers, ferns, and that most beautiful of all vines, so prolific of the wild beauty of Alabama, the Jackson vine. The bridal chamber had been prepared by the princesses of the Tribe of the Deer, who, by the law of the Nation, would be the bride's ladies in waiting the full length of the honeymoon. Its simplicity characterized all the undecorated art of the Nation.

By the law of the tribe, the White Eagle must send to the Red Eagle, nearest of kin to the tribe, the presents which purchased for him his bride. These gifts were not fixed, but depended entirely on the rank and wealth of the bridegroom. In this instance, the White Eagle took advantage of the rules to remember most generously his friend: Fifty beautiful horses purchased by him in New Orleans after his recovery were ridden by fifty warriors all gaily bedecked with trappings which the young Count Montpensier had purchased at the same time, and each carrying, besides his lance, a bright new English rifle taken from the Castle Hurricane. In addition, there followed, in wagons, kegs of powder and bars of lead for bullets, all presents for the Red Eagle.

The Muscogees were supplied for war by their friend, the White Eagle. There were trappings and hunting clothes, horses and cattle, sheep, swine, and plow mules, besides gold and silver coins—all parts of his heritage stolen by de Chartres and captured at Castle Hurricane.

Following these, twelve beautiful Indian girls came carrying his presents to his bride: rare strings of pearls and beads of amethyst; silken gowns and cloaks; satin slippers and gowns from Paris taken from the trunks of de Chartres which Dominique You had opened, having made solemn oath to the fact that they had been of the wardrobe of a queen of France, a princess of Orleans, and as they now rightfully belonged to the Count Montpensier they should become the property of his own bride.

No bride should come more beautifully gowned to her husband than the Princess Sehoyia. There was a sound

of drums down the street. His heart fluttered strangely. The princesses were bringing the bride to his home! The Red Eagle rode at the head, his proud form still prouder and his face happy with exultant pride as if this great event were the culmination of a long-wished desire. He was followed by the ancient Pushmataha and the Cherokees and by hundreds of women on foot, while it seemed that every Creek mother or maid was in the throng.

The Princess Sehoyia came in a decorated float patterned after a long canoe drawn by white horses. The sides of the float were of the softest white pine, on its sides the talismanic sign of the Muscogeas. It glided over the resinous pine needles which lay thick on the ground from the tall pine trees above, like a billowy boat. A canopy of fine deerskin was its roof and silken curtains on its sides were drawn back that all might see the beauty of the bride of the White Eagle. Her presents from the groom lay in the boat, that all might view them.

The White Eagle met them at his door and from this point the Red Eagle spoke loftily: "The mate of the White Eagle is at his door. She comes, a Princess of the Wind, by the law of the tribe and in the promise of love to be the White Eagle's mate till death they shall part. Does the White Eagle take her for his bride?"

"By the law of Love and of the Nation, the White Eagle takes for his mate the Princess of the Wind," the White Eagle spoke as loftily, advancing to the float.

The princess arose. There was a faint, far-remembered light in her sea-blue eyes. Her head was crowned with royal gems; double strings of pearls around her bronzed neck fell to her feet. She was dressed in the beautiful gown her lord had sent her, and only her head, neck, and shoulders indicated the Indian she was. She stood within the drawn curtains waiting for her lord to take her. A chant arose among the maidens, who, dancing in circles, surrounded them both, strewing garlands of

flowers about them and in the Creek tongue praising their love and beauty.

They ceased. The song, so soft and tender, seemed to melt into the flowers that fell at their feet.

The voice of Red Eagle was heard: "And now, Oh White Eagle, by the law of the tribe, take thy mate in thine arms and carry her through the door of thy home, that, perchance, her feet may not strike the root of sorrow. At the doorway she is thine, children once twain now one, spirits of love and the sun."

Philippe smiled and reached out his arms. She slipped into them, laying her cheek against his, her arms around his neck.

He lifted her; but as he turned there came a startling sound—a company of troops galloped up. At the head rode Colonel Trevellian and Dominique You.

"I object to my nephew, the Count Montpensier, marrying an Indian." It came stoutly from Colonel Trevellian.

Philippe carried his bride safely over the threshold. She still clung to him as by ancient custom he placed her feet firmly on the castle home that was now their own, husband and wife.

She sensed it all in one gracious, rapturous smile, and from her radiance came a voice of love and memory that strangely shook him: "I am yours now, White Eagle, forever."

How strangely that voice thrilled him!

Philippe turned to face the gentlemen before him. The princess had been conducted to her chamber by her Indian maids in waiting. Colonel Trevellian approached and, with a well-tailored man in a silk hat, grasped his hand: "Philippe, this is Ambassador Duran, of France. He arrived in New Orleans a few days ago on a special mission from your uncle Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans. It will be well to hear what he says before you consummate a marriage that you may afterwards regret."

Philippe laughed good-naturedly: "I fear you and the Ambassador are too late, uncle. This marriage is already consummated by the laws of the Nation. Only one thing remains before I can claim my bride: I must go at once into the forest, and by skill bring home a deer or bear for our marriage feast."

Red Eagle nodded: "It is well, White Eagle."

A faint smile was on the Ambassador's lips as he shook the young chief's hand, while Dominique You bustled around, actively exclaiming his own admiration as he vehemently whispered: "But listen to Ambassador Duran, Count Montpensier. Remember, I was your father's friend and wish only your welfare."

"Sir," said the Ambassador, presenting an open letter, "I have in my hand here a letter from the Duke of Orleans, your uncle, who has lately come into possession of papers establishing your relationship to him, chiefly through the efforts of General Jackson. The Duke, your uncle, has now ascertained the facts of your birth, your life, and where you lived in Tennessee, and I was instructed to proceed to Nashville, acquaint you with your good fortune, you being now the only heir to your father's estate in France, and by his instructions to present to you the Duke's respects and love, and to invite you most cordially to visit him and arrange for the transfer of your father's estate to you, his only son. He expresses the hope that, if alive, you shall bring your excellent mother with you, as he desires to know her, having heard much of good report about her, and that she may also enjoy the title and estate of her late husband, his brother, the Count Montpensier."

For a moment the White Eagle was silent. The mention of his mother's name swept him with a past sorrow.

"I thank you, sir," he spoke slowly, "and I shall avail myself of the invitation of the Duke of Orleans to visit him and to meet my father's people; but I am not the

kind of a duke ever to leave my bride behind. If I am to go, my princess, the Sehoyia, goes with me."

A storm of applause arose from the Indians.

The Red Eagle clapped his hands.

The Ambassador smiled: "I shall be the last one to insist on anything else, sir, especially since I have seen the beauty of the Indian princess. In your uncle's home she will be a perpetual delight and a toast to all France—for from no land has a more queenly bride come. But——"

He paused, slightly embarrassed.

"But it is this, Count Montpensier," said Dominique You eagerly: "in order to fully consummate your marriage to the princess, that her own title and that of your future children may be secure, you must take off these Indian clothes, let me dress you as a Duke of Orleans, and have a religious ceremony by the form and in the faith of our Church."

"Undoubtedly that is the right thing to do, Philippe," said Trevellian quietly; "and since I have seen her I have no objection to the Indian princess you are giving us; but for her sake and your children in the future, you should be married again as a white American."

Red Eagle solemnly nodded his head: "This is also my wish, White Eagle. By the will of Sehoy, the princess has a large estate in the Creek Nation; let the children of her bosom enjoy also the lands of their father in France." He turned to the maids: "Speak to the princess and have her maids prepare for her the new wedding. As a Duchess she shall be attired, for she is a princess in blood, ay, even a Princess of the Wind."

For the first time Philippe thought he detected in the stern Indian's voice a note of hidden satisfaction which seemed part of a long-planned scheme.

"Come," said Dominique You, leading the White Eagle into another room. "I will dress you as I did the Count

Montpensier, your father. Ay, you will have a royal wedding, one worthy of so beautiful a bride."

It was soon arranged. An hour later the White Eagle, cleansed of his war paint and the dress of a chief, stood by the side of the Ambassador, with Dominique You on one side and Colonel Trevellian on the other, in the ancient attire of a Duke d'Orleans. His heart beat fiercely as he heard laughter and the sound of coming feet from the room where his princess bride had likewise been prepared by her maids.

He stood expectant, exultant, and yet there came a far-away memory that swept over him—this was the evening of his meeting with Tripping Toe: a lonely boy on the Cumberland, a wild, hilarious night of revelry, a tepee under which stood an old Indian hunter with a fiddle under his arm, a quaint dancing tune, a girl springing over the heads of the spectators in the front row and dancing toward him, his own heart beating in unison with hers, his own eyes for hers, the sea blue in them, the beckoning look, the quick snap that dared him to dance with her, and then a whiff from the forest, the odor of wild grape bloom. Tears sprang into the White Eagle's eyes, he turned his bowed head; then, instantly remembering, he raised it aloft to see the picture unfilmed from memory into reality before his eyes. Was he dreaming? Was it true, this which he now beheld? For before him, on the greensward and under an Indian tepee which red warriors erected even while he looked, stood the Honorable David Crockett with a fiddle under his arm. He almost fainted. No—now he knew that he was dreaming, for by his side stood old Sam Williams, dead, as he thought, for more than a year. And then a voice spoke. This was not a dream, for the voice came clear. Again it was speaking: Philippe heard the very words which had been stamped forever in his mind a year ago that very May day. Could it be true? Was it the old hunter's voice he heard?

"Ladies and gentlemen: Indian warriors, squaws, papooses, and all: we're goin'ter have a dance," The old voice drawled, "an' my old partner, in war here, old Sam Williams, is gwine ter do the fiddlin'. My little Tripping Toe will start the dancin'."

Philippe grew faint. He reeled, but felt a strong arm around him as the Red Eagle by his side whispered: "Faint not, Oh White Eagle—it is no dream. Look! Much has the Red Eagle planned for this. The Tripping Toe of the Cumberland, she is your Sehoyia; her feet shall twinkle for him like the swift doe of the forest to meet him in the dance of love. Let the White Eagle meet the white doe with the twinkling feet."

She came to him as of old, dancing in the royal costume of a Duchess of Orleans. And as of old he danced to meet her, dancing a statelier reel around her. Closer he came, but this time she did not dance away from him; instead, she danced forward and into his arms. He met her lips with his and again the odor of the wild grape bloom changed to nectar.

Through the rapture of it all there came to Philippe the far-away voice of the Honorable David Crockett: "Ladies and gentlemen: We'll now have a old-time Cumberland wedding. This here gal o' mine has led me a chase; but I've tracked her here, me an' old Sam Williams, him allers a watch-keerin' the little Duke, an' I've arrived jes' in time now with Brother Shepherd and his Bible, determined that Brother Shepherd shall marry my little Tripping Toe——"

Philippe and Tripping Toe turned in indignant anger.

"Shall marry her to the little Duke," finished the Honorable David Crockett, amid shouts of laughter from the Indians. He beckoned to the smiling Circuit Rider: "Brother Shepherd, you've come a long way for her ye'se'f. It's hard luck, an' I'm sorry the wiles of the female sex has for once stopped me from redeeming my

word. But take your medicine like a man, splice 'em up for keeps, an' if you want any consolation remember that whom the Lord chasteneth he leadeth into wedlock."

They joined hands and were made man and wife in the sweet ritual of the faith of the Cumberland.

A week later the Red Eagle and his warriors stood at solemn salute on the bank of the Tombigbee. The boat rose and fell at the bank of the beautiful river. Philippe's bride stood in the prow awaiting her lover.

The Count Montpensier stood while the Red Eagle with great dignity and deep emotion gave the farewell salute: "You will come back to us again, Oh White Eagle, more than my brother, more than the sun of my life."

"I will come, Red Eagle, my brother; as I hold both your hands in mine, so shall the White Eagle hold them again. I shall visit my kin in France; but the call of the Cumberland, the spirit of free America is in my blood, and there will I return from France to live and rear my children, neighbors to the Great White Captain. Both Red Eagle and White Eagle love him."

"And there will the Red Eagle be often with you both to the end of your days. But you also should come often to the land of the Sehoy, whose heir the Sehoyia is. Know you not the law of the Nation that never changes?" he asked with a keen, understanding twinkle in his eyes.

"No, my brother, I had not heard of it." Philippe sensed the embarrassment which his bride seemed to anticipate.

"By the will of Sehoy, the bride inherits vast lands in the Nation of the Creeks. That her children may also inherit, each child born must be brought to the great Creek Council House and be registered in the Book of the Fathers, in the presence of the chief and the prophets of the Nation."

"That settles it—they'll visit you often, Big Indian,"

drawled Crockett, while a faint smile spread over the faces of the Indians present.

The Indian oarsmen, taking up a weird chant which was joined in by those on the shore, bent to their paddles. The flower-canopied boat shot down the stream. The lovers stood in their cabin door, hand in hand, waving a farewell to the fast-vanishing village of Toocabactha, the restful green and shaded woods on the river bank, the silence that fell in sadness over the thronged multitude of their Indian friends that bade them good-by. And far out on the high rock that projected itself into the river they saw, with a strange swelling in their hearts, the form of a great chief, mounted on a superb horse, carved as in marble, one hand uplifted, palm out, as a token of friendship eternal.

There are roses in New Orleans even in January.

It was the night of the great ovation given to Andrew Jackson after the enemy had departed from the soil of Louisiana, and forever, as foes, from the soil of America.

He had received the honors of the city and the ovations of its people in the old cathedral where *Te Deums* were sung by choirs of white-gowned youths with the voices of angels. The General had marched, with his staff, down the old cathedral's aisle amid the grand music of the organ and the blessings of priests and the wild acclaim of the people.

It was over, and also the reception at the famous hostelry fronting the square made famous by his valor, and the grand ball had followed, opened by the General himself, and his wife from Tennessee, who had ridden long miles through the wilderness to share his honors with her idolized husband.

"It is past midnight," he said to his driver; "drive us to our rooms at Mrs. Templeton's."

It was a pretty home, verandahed, and with roses in front, while in the rear the walks were lined with cape

jasmines, and some which climbed ran over the porch, so that when the General and Mrs. Jackson went in two radiant lovers came, holding hands, to meet them.

"You should not be weeping, my dear." The General took Juliet Templeton's hands in his while his wife kissed her.

Trevellian stood silently by, moisture in his eyes.

"It is because I am so happy, General, that you, too, are safe. A woman's tears are really intended for her smiles." She reached out and Trevellian caught her hands in his.

"Do you remember what I said to you two that night when I caught you at the Hermitage making love?

'Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of York.'

He placed his hand on the epauletted shoulders of the young soldier: "My dear, permit me to introduce to you my duke—your Duke of York—for I have his commission in my pocket as Brigadier General."

Trevellian laughed and, stooping, kissed her: "Ah, General, you will find me a poor sort of Duke; but I am willing to admit to you that you have, indeed, created a duchess worthy of her title."

"Mr. Jackson"—it came in a quaint drawl from his wife—"isn't it about time all of us were going back to the Hermitage and having a wedding? It will soon be spring, you know, and all the chickens and colts and lambs and calves will soon be coming. You are going to rest there for a long time, Mr. Jackson, and I'm not going to let you go to any more wars—leastwise, none farther away than the White House, anyway."

It was said so seriously that even the General had to laugh. But midway he stopped so quickly that the three looked up to see the cause: In his keen eyes they saw the intuitive flash of the stern realization which his wife's prophecy had foretold.

THE END.

